CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

109th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JANUARY 1974

194

DOUBTS ON GERMANY'S ALLEGIANCE
Peter Coulmas

RECOGNITION AND RHODESIA
John Biggs-Davison, M.P.

THE MAN WHO WAS SUNDAY: G. K. CHESTERTON
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POVERTY AND SCHIZOPHRENIA
John Wilder

and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

30p

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CUK - H0615 - 191 - P510

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

January 1974 Vol. 224 No. 1296 Founded 1866

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.08; U.S.A. and Canada $13.50. Rates for all other countries on application.

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DOUBTS ON GERMANY'S ALLEGIANCE

by Peter Coulmas

THE doubts and anxiety recently enunciated by Chirac, who although only a 'technical' minister nonetheless has the ear of the President, could have been heard some months ago in the corridors of Helsinki. Chirac stated his unequivocal doubts about Germany's allegiance to Europe and expressed his anxiety that the Federal Republic of Germany, France's closest ally, might seek the key to reunification in Moscow and, consequently, in the long run envisage a 'finlandised' central Europe. He spoke in these terms: 'This fear is always at the back of the President's mind, it feeds his pessimism and limits his scope of action.' As far as Moscow is concerned the Conference for Security and Cooperation in Europe will give international sanction to the present frontiers, in particular those of the German Democratic Republic, and thereby acknowledge the hegemony of the USSR in eastern Europe, including the annexation of the Baltic states (1940), as yet unrecognised by the West.

An obvious by-product of this conference has been the first meeting of the foreign ministers of the two Germanies. Fourteen years ago at the Geneva conference of foreign ministers, their predecessors, von Brentano and Bolz, sat under the same roof together for the first time, but only as advisers and at separate tables without so much as shaking hands. This time Scheel and Winzer were the stars of the conference. At the state reception President Kekkonen bade his two German guests take the seats of honour

beside him. Another gesture was the final address by foreign minister Karjalainen—in German. The two large receptions (apart from that of the host nation) were given by the two German delegations. The Americans even denounced the idea of having a party themselves, despite the fact that the conference coincided with their day of national celebration, on the correct assumption that they stood no chance against the German performance. For the GDR the five days at Helsinki were days of fulfilment and triumph. After twenty-five years in the cold it had won not only political but also social acceptability.

The meetings of the two German ministers—six in all of which four were at a social level—aroused emotions of vigilance, reservation and suspicion. Sinister plots and secret agreements were suspected by French, American and eastern European observers alike. Cooperation behind the scenes suggested the initial steps towards a federation. These apprehensions were a reappearance of or a variation of those of Rapallo, which accompanied the emergence of the *Ostpolitik*, until it was gradually realised that such a comparison was not valid. In 1922 the two nations which had lost most in the first world war found their way through to a limited cooperation. This was in tacit opposition to the artificial and europacentric treaty of Versailles which ignored the real world of power politics (exclusion of the USA; isolation of the bolshevik revolutionary leadership; punishment of the German Empire; resurrection and development of the colonial empires under the guarantee of the Royal Navy). There are no parallel situations in the post-world War II era, in which any cooperation between the world power USSR and the partitioned Germany might from the outset have made a disturbing impact. The present mood of anxiety has been aroused by the fear of such a cooperation and not by reason of the growing mutual understanding between the two Germanies.

All sorts of arguments from the fundamental to the tangential were and are being cited as substantiation for the general apprehension.

Did not Ambassador Brunner, head of the Bonn delegation to the CSCE, praise without ceasing the GDR delegation which 'had entered the discussions with such industry, and full preparation, and had worked in a spirit of reasonable and constructive cooperation?'

And do not FRG national interests demand agreement with East Berlin despite a detour via Moscow?

In the last resort, are Germans not Germans, speaking the same language and sharing the same history?

Furthermore, the constitutional responsibility of the FRG is (and remains as such according to the judgement of the constitutional court of Karlsruhe on the interpretation of the Grundvertrag) to restore the 'unity and freedom to the German people in free elections.'

Finally, the FRG alone can offer the USSR such significant economic and technological cooperation that Moscow might be prepared to make political concessions in the direction of reunification.

These arguments are reasonably straightforward. The fears pertaining to them—that the Bonn policies will upset the European balance—are without

foundation. The marginally improved relations with East Berlin, despite the Grundvertrag and Breshnev's visit, and the highly unproductive negotiations with East Berlin on the other treaties, such as that on representation at law, indicate that true *detente* and the normalisation of relations lies in the distant future! This was also demonstrated by the Scheel-Winzer talks in which even the vagueness of the topics did not ensure unity. Bonn and East Berlin would attempt (particularly in respect of the entry of both countries into the UN) to manifest their unity on issues of common foreign interest and to refrain from intra-German controversy on issues which demanded divergent attitudes. Both countries take the view that the world has had enough of the *querrelles allemandes.*

Nations with a feeling of complete national identity cannot comprehend that the two German states are not attracted to each other with the magnetic power of natural affinity; unlike China, Vietnam or Korea where the concept of unity is paramount despite political and ideological enmity. Why should Germany be different?

At this point, it is worth considering two pertinent points of German history:

1. The German Empire lasted only 74 years in toto. The philosopher Karl Jaspers renamed it the Bismarck state some fifteen years ago and thereby reduced it to an *episode* in the history of heterogenous German states. The Empire of 1871 to 1945 exercises no compelling power today. A paradigm is more likely to be seen in the case of Austria—where separation has led to good relations.
2. The German nation has literally been broken on two counts. Firstly, its strength was over-extended during the Nazi period and the war; secondly the ensuing catastrophe is perceived to be not only huge but justified. The important event of 1945 was not the external partition by the occupying powers but the internal renunciation of the German Empire.

The so-called 'German option', which also emerged strongly in Helsinki, has only a verbal and millennial significance. For the contemporary German 'to work towards a peace in which the German people achieves its unity in free elections' (Scheel in Helsinki) is not a political goal but a gesture of self-justification for the future. According to the most recent polls less than 8% had hopes of reunification. 65% expressed more interest in European unity than in German reunification. In 1965 these figures were in reverse. The generation that wanted to return to its former homeland has died or is about to die. After thirty years of partition the ties of family and friendship have weakened to the point where they will shortly cease to exist. The brothers and sisters of Adenauer's time have become the nephews and nieces who hardly know one another.

The young and venturesome generation of the FRG devote their energy and verve to matters other than to largely incomprehensibe national aspirations. Their opposition, protest and revolt is principally motivated by the 'pathos of equality', which is, according to the diagnosis of Brezzinski, the most important impetus of the twentieth century. Young people concern themselves with the problems of the maltreated Campesinos of Latin

America; with the position of the underprivileged blacks in South Africa; with the rehabilitation of prisoners or the integration of guest workers into the community—but not with the future of the Greater Germany.

Unlike the Danes, Hungarians or French, the majority of federal German citizens do not feel that they belong to a Nation-state. In a broader sense, however, they do have a national identity: at the Olympic Games the FRG spectators spoke of the 'German and GDR' teams, whose successes they nonetheless lumped together! Be that as it may, the FRG is the state in which they have their livelihood, of which they approve ('the best state we've ever had') and which they are ready to defend. They accept their place in the framework of the EEC, without which they would be hard put to it to define their political allegiance.

The petty bourgeois socialist GDR, as it is today, is given its due for its solid qualities and relative successes ('the FRG of the Eastern Block') but is regarded without much interest and certainly without sympathy. At present there is no basis to the fear of intra-German political agreement on ideological or physical boundaries; nor is there likely to be in the future. A mere normalisation of relations is the modest objective of both German nations: as, for example, unimpeded travel and the demolition of the Wall. Within the FRG the focus is upon productivity and economic progress, upon supply and demand and the expansion of the affluent society. Nevertheless the FRG is aware that it is not strong enough to serve as a buffer between East and West, yet at the same time too powerful to adopt the role of neutrality, as Sweden or Austria are able to do, and stand aside from the super-power confrontation.

When we come to examine the second fear, we find a different situation. The Russian (not German) goal of neutralisation and 'finlandisation' could find support among certain powerful elements in the FRG. It is in the Russian interest to manoeuvre the USA gradually out of Europe—with the assistance of the demands in Congress for unilateral troop reductions; likewise to prevent or at least retard the unification of Western Europe by the lure of an all-European solution; also to encourage the European states in seeking the favours of Moscow. During the last fifteen years several states have attempted to develop a special relationship with Moscow. One has only to think of Macmillan's mediatory offers after Kruschev's Berlin ultimatum, of de Gaulle's 'Europe to the Urals', of Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, none of which has jeopardised the western alliances.

Genuine plans for neutrality ('Germany as a bridge between East and West') were championed by the pan-German People's Party before the ratification of the western treaties of 1954-55. The founder of this latter party, Gustav Heinemann, resigned from the CDU in protest at Adenauer's West-orientated policies of rearmament and is now the social-democrat President of the FRG. Ideas of neutrality continued to ferment in the opposition Social Democratic Party till 1959. This party proposed the plan for Germany (and withdrew it shortly afterwards), which envisaged a central European area of detente with the support of both the USSR and the USA. The Free Democratic Party was developing similar ideas. Today it is

only the Young Socialists who pursue such goals: unilateral disarmament, withdrawal from NATO, expulsion of all foreign troops and 'finlandisation' in the parent party—such ideas are now totally rejected.

There remains Egon Bahr. He it is who will immediately be cited as the champion of a neutral and national policy of reunification. The architect of *Ostpolitik* is a German patriot for whom the unification of Western Europe holds, neither politically nor emotionally, any deep significance. In a television interview (4.6.72) he gave notice of the pre-eminence of his national policies and his *Ostpolitik*. According to the recently published transcription of a conversation with Walter Hahn, Bahr developed as early as 1969 a four-phase plan as his concept of Ostpolitik. It is as follows:

1. General settlement with the GDR;
2. Agreement on renunciation of force against, and assumption of diplomatic relations with the Eastern European states;
3. Troop reductions in both halves of Germany (a variation of the old Rapacki-Eden plan for a zone of special security). Bahr considered the strength of American forces in the FRG to be unnecessarily high and talked of a percentage reduction—without consideration of geographical or tactical asymmetry—a most noteworthy point of view for the coming Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions talks;
4. Creation of a collective European system of security (an old Russian plan), a sort of Locarno guarantee pact to be concluded after the dissolution of NATO and the Warsaw Pact, which would certainly open up Western Europe to Soviet influence. These ideas arise out of doubts about America's continuing interest in Europe (derived from de Gaulle) and from the need to come to terms in good time with the strongest power on the continent, if America should withdraw.

The first two phases of Bahr's concept have been realised with the ratification of the *Grundvertrag* and the *Ostverträgen*; the latter two phases would indubitably lead to 'finlandisation'. As Bahr quite clearly stated in the TV interview, he expects a situation to arise in the long term in which the German people would be able to decide their destiny in free elections. This situation will, he maintains, be a logical consequence of the pursuit of *Ostpolitik* and with the assistance of a European Security Conference and troop reductions. The importance of the statements made during this interview has been played down by Bahr—by downgrading his interviewer as an 'unknown professor'. This was understandable, bearing in mind that Egon Bahr was once head of the planning department at the Foreign Ministry; yet without justification—for many of his predictions have now been realised and fit quite logically into his own overall concept. Furthermore, it must be acknowledged that he did not offer any alternative solution in the course of the interview. Albeit that Adenauer himself declared, in different circumstances, that NATO would not last to eternity. Nonetheless, Bahr's ideas are, and were at the time of utterance, in blatant contradiction to his Government's policy, rooted as it is in the West.

This contention is confirmed by a statement on the occasion of the latest crisis of *Ostpolitik* which caused the Chancellor's visit to Prague to be post-

poned. The treaties to normalise relations with Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulgaria, which are still outstanding, are no more than a formality now that agreement has been reached on the invalidity of the 1938 Munich pact. All bilateral obstacles have been removed; even Husak admitted this after the visit had been put off. The unexpected and unsuspected obstacle that suddenly appeared—consular representation for West Berliners by the FRG—is merely a cavil. The whole world knew and all parties were agreed that Moscow was applying the Berlin brake. Only Egon Bahr saw things differently. He denied that Moscow was directing the policies of the three Governments and declared their uniform reaction to be a mere hazard of the technicalities of negotiation—in contrast to the Mayor of Berlin, Schütz, who called it a 'concerted action'. Although Bahr certainly does not need instruction on Communist tactics, he seems to be adhering to his old doctrine of not challenging the socialist countries. The objective of this policy would seem to be to avoid restricting their potential for 'change through proximity', as his *Ostpolitik* slogan of ten years ago ran. It is true that both the Federal Government and Bahr have renounced this slogan. The CSCE is based on this slogan in the reverse: 'approprinquation *without* change'. The internal structure of the countries and blocks remains untouched. The alliances are no longer the cause of the tension but rather the prerequisite of detente. Such verbal admissions are in direct contrast to the declaration of an intensified ideological struggle.

Nonetheless, in both the West and the East there is an underlying desire to alter the situation on the *other* side. No *volte face*, revolution or escape from the block is contemplated, but there are hopes of a gradual change from within as a result of the detente between the two blocks (in the direction of more liberalism or more socialism as the case may be).

The optimistic idea that the socialist countries will, as we understand it, undergo a radical change has proved unrealistic.

The recent repressive measures against Yakir, Krassin, Sacharov and Solzhenitsyn are proof of this. 'Finlandisation' will inevitably result in a Soviet hegemony as much in evidence in Western Europe as in the East. This is obviously not Bahr's intention. His concept is sufficiently set about with provisos to prevent the balance shifting in Moscow's favour. But concepts of such nicety are debased in the practical world of politics and, despite an ingeniously constructed system of treaties, sooner or later the balance of power shifts in favour of the stronger.

There are no doubts on this score in the FRG. For this reason the Government, the opposition, the population and the mass media (with the exception of a few radicals) are opposed to any kind of experimentation with ideas of neutrality. Bonn's resolute position *vis-à-vis* Prague is the latest proof and is at the same time a rejection of Bahr. The Western alliance—despite all the differences of opinion—is the incontrovertible basis of Bonn's policies. The moves towards European unity still have a priority despite reverses. Bahr also adopts this line, even if reluctantly.

But who *is* Bahr? This 'special representative' has no power in parliament. True, he is the Chancellor's intimate friend and confidant and to this extent

he is influential but he has no autonomous power. Moreover, his position at Bonn is now considerably weaker than it was. The 'mini-Kissinger' has not, unlike the model, been promoted to Foreign Minister. Scheel on the other hand, leader of the indispensable Free Democratic Party (whose star is rising like that of the British Liberals), has strengthened and clarified his position, demonstrating that the Foreign Minister and no one else conducts and is answerable for the foreign policy, under the Chancellor's directives.

If this analysis is correct, then there is no danger for Germany from moves in the direction of neutralisation, national unity via Moscow, or altering the various alliances. Were the fears to be justified, the easiest solution would be to bind the FRG as quickly and as firmly as possible into the fabric of the EEC. But Paris prevents this very process. The French fears of German infidelity are projections of the old French recalcitrance towards Europe, of the still insurmountable dread of surrendering national sovereignty which puts paid to ideas of a united Europe, and of mistrust of the USA, in particular in respect of their deal with the USSR ('another Yalta').

The alleged insecurity of Germany is a consequence not a cause of European and Atlantic disagreements. This insecurity will be eliminated when America and Western Europe decide, in their own political interest and bearing in mind their civilising tradition and mutuality, to revitalise the Atlantic community with dynamism and confidence.

[Peter Coulmas is a political commentator and Editor of West German Radio (W.D.R.).]

RECOGNITION AND RHODESIA

by John Biggs-Davison, M.P.

MUCH of international law is so imprecise that even an unlearned fool may fly in where angelic jurists fear to tread too heavily. Moreover, as Professor D. P. O. O'Connell states in his *International Law* (1970), 'there is no topic of international law more theoretically confusing than that of recognition'. The word 'theoretically' is important. In practice, governments accord recognition to other governments or withhold it from them, according to considerations of public policy. That distinguished international lawyer, Professor H. Lauterpacht, wrote an article for *The Times* newspaper of the 7th January, 1950, entitled *Recognition of Governments: One of the Crucial Issues of International Law*. The previous day Chou En-lai had received the British Note informing Peking that

> his Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, having completed their study of the situation resulting from the formation of the Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China, and observing that it is now in effective control of by far the greater part of the territory of China, have this day recognised that Government as the *de jure* Government of China.

'Recognition', the Professor described as 'a political act of the executive branch of government'. There are numerous examples of states delaying recognition in order to obtain assurances that obligations assumed by the previous government will be carried out or to attempt to modify the behaviour of the incoming regime or to express disapproval. The United States' recognition of Peking came two decades later than that of the United Kingdom; and Washington did not accord recognition to the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics until the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Ideological and moral factors were among those which prompted American delay in recognising the two great Communist powers. Yet recognition is not to be construed as in itself an expression of approval. In his *Times* article, Professor Lauterpacht quotes what President van Buren said in 1829:

> that which is the Government *de facto* is equally so *de jure*.

He also cites the opinion given by Secretary of State Fish in 1875 that

> the practice of the United States in recognising that the Government of a people which is a *de facto* one, is founded on the only true and wise principle and policy.

Professor O'Connell's work summarises criteria for recognition of states and we quote the following of his conclusions:

> New States come into existence as legal persons when the conditions of international law respecting personality are fulfilled.
>
> New governments come into existence when they are in effective control; rebels are invested with international facilities when they wage war with the *de jure* government on a basis of equality.
>
> There is no duty to recognise any claimant to governmental authority, though in practice recognition is withheld only for serious reasons.
>
> There is no rule of international law prohibiting recognition of territorial changes

brought about in violation of law. Non-recognition is as discretionary as recognition.

A government may be recognised as the government *de jure* or the government *de facto*. Whichever form is used is discretionary, except that a government which is not in control of the greater part of the country may not be recognised as the government *de jure*.

British Foreign Office practice, which was followed in the case of China, is recorded in the House of Commons *Hansard* of the 27th February, 1967:

Mr. Biggs-Davison asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by what criteria Her Majesty's Government have accorded *de jure* recognition to regimes in Africa established as the result of revolution or other unconstitutional action. *Mr. George Thomson*: The general practice which Her Majesty's Government have followed in relation to sovereign States in Africa, as elsewhere, is to recognise *de jure* a Government, established by revolutionary action, when Her Majesty's Government considers that the new Government enjoys, with a reasonable prospect of permanence, the obedience of the mass of the population and the effective control of much the greater part of the territory of the State concerned. Her Majesty's Government must, of course, take due account of special circumstances relating to any specific instance, including any United Nations or other international action.

The final sentence of Mr. Thomson's reply clearly refers to United Kingdom and UN mandatory sanctions against Rhodesia, or Southern Rhodesia as she is anachronistically and officially styled with the same pedantry that substitutes 'I' ('Illegal') for 'U' in 'Unilateral Declaration of Independence'. Until federated with Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) and Nyasaland (now Malawi) the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia was about as independent as was the pre-Statute of Westminster Dominion of New Zealand. Unlike New Zealand, Southern Rhodesia had never been administered from the Mother Country. She always controlled her police and administrative services and her Armed Forces; she never received an Imperial garrison. The Southern Rhodesian electorate voted for responsible self-government under the Crown in preference to merger with the Union (now Republic) of South Africa which was desired by Smuts and Churchill, then Lloyd George's Colonial Secretary. Overriding and reserve powers were retained in London but never resorted to by any British Government. It became a firm constitutional convention that Westminster would not legislate for Southern Rhodesia without the consent of the Legislature in Salisbury. A Southern Rhodesian High Commissioner was appointed to London. By courtesy, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia attended Imperial Conferences and Commonwealth Conferences until the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was formed. So those who portray Southern Rhodesia as a colony in rebellion against the British Crown should note what sort of a 'colony' this is and the success of its bloodless rebellion carried through in professed loyalty to the Queen.

Only the contortions of a semantic Houdini enable them to avoid the fact that Rhodesia, or Southern Rhodesia, if they insist on the phrase in the absence of a Northern, Eastern or Western Rhodesia, satisfies the traditional requirements for statehood, viz.,

1. a specific territory with defined boundaries;
2. a number of people constituting a permanent population;

3. a stable government which is not subject to any other government; and
4. the capacity to enter into relations with other states.

Who can deny that Rhodesia is a specific territory with defined boundaries and that it has a permanent population? There can be no doubt of the stability of the Rhodesian Government, which has withstood all the attempts of the last eight years to undermine its position. Nor can it be argued that she is subject to any other government. No other government exercises control or receives any obedience in Rhodesia. In November 1965 our Parliament passed a law which claimed otherwise, but the British Foreign and Commonwealth Secretary himself has stated on numerous occasions that the United Kingdom has no control over events in Rhodesia or over her Government. What more conclusive proof of this could one find than the settlement agreement negotiated in 1971 by Sir Alec Douglas-Home with the Rhodesian Prime Minister, Mr. Ian Smith? Rhodesia enjoys complete freedom to formulate her own international relations and to manage her own foreign affairs. She has exchanged or retained various form of diplomatic and consular representation with several sovereign states, including Britain.

Any attempt now on the part of our Government to manage Rhodesia's foreign affairs would be ineffective. It is accordingly an unassailable fact that Rhodesia meets all the internationally accepted requirements for recognition as an independent state. It is equally certain that, short of the use of force—which both major parties have rightly eschewed—this state of affairs will continue indefinitely.

Even if it be granted that Rhodesia's assumption of independence was unconstitutional and illegal—in legal terms a revolution—this does not itself mean that Rhodesia is not independent. History shows us that many states have come into being illegally and in conflict with the laws of other states. The USA is the land of UDI *par excellence*. The Spanish colonies in the New World were conceived in revolt. So was Indonesia. The test is success in rebellion and the effluxion of time is the most pertinent of evidence. Mr. Harold Wilson's 'weeks, not months' have lengthened into eight years.

More recent examples of British recognition of revolutionary regimes, and speedy recognition at that, are Greece, Bangladesh and Chile, and a number of Arab and African dictatorships. One compelling reason was the wish to safeguard Britons and their interests. In Rhodesia they have been sacrificed. When a citizen of the United Kingdom is incarcerated in Rhodesia he has no consul to care for him.

British policy and that pursued by the United Nations at the instance of the Labour Administration rest on shaky legality. This has further damaged the standing of the world organisation and the international rule of law, such as it is. The status of Rhodesia has not been tested in the International Court of Justice, although at the Blackpool Conference of his Party, Sir Alec strangely justified submission to UN by Britain's resort to the World Court in the Icelandic fisheries dispute. Rhodesia has been condemned, and visited with international penalties, unheard.

In April 1966 Rhodesia sought hearing by the Security Council which imposes mandatory sanctions. The then Secretary General, U Thant, presented copies of the telegrams to the Security Council, informing it that he did not intend to reply. On the 15th June 1966, Rhodesia addressed a respectful and documented case to the Secretary General and the Security Council members for the right to be heard. She followed this up with a reminder on December 7th, prior to the opening of a debate on Rhodesia. On December 19th the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Mrs. Eirene White, denied that either the President of the Security Council or U Thant had received the telegrams. In January 1967, however, both the then Foreign Secretary, Mr. (now Lord) George Brown, and a UN spokesman had to admit that the reminder had been 'mislaid' in the UN Secretariat and consequently delayed! Rhodesia remains unheard. U Thant's reply to the assertion by Dr. Emilio von Hofmannsthal, Senior Member of the International Law Society attached to the UN headquarters in New York, that UN action against Rhodesia was illegal was as follows:

> Sir, you know I am not a lawyer. If the Security Council passes a resolution, whether it is legal or illegal, I have to carry it out.

The Security Council resolution imposing sanctions on Rhodesia rests on the absurd proposition that Rhodesia, of all countries in Africa, is a 'threat to peace'. Since, however, the subject of this article is the question of recognition, let us rest content with the verdict of Mr. Dean Acheson, one of those who drafted the UN Charter. Addressing the American Bar Association in 1968, he spoke of 'an international conspiracy . . . to overthrow the government of a country that . . . threatens none' and of 'barefaced aggression, unprovoked and unjustified by a single legal or moral principle'.

Be that as it may, it is time that the International Court of Justice, or some wholly disinterested tribunal (if such exists) produced some more credible judgment on the international status of Rhodesia, where Mr. Smith's writ runs and Mr. Heath's does not, than any of the resolutions and fulminations of UN organs and delegations almost pathologically hostile to the European communities of Southern Africa.

THE MAN WHO WAS SUNDAY:

G. K. CHESTERTON, 1874–1936

by R. C. Churchill

'RATIONALLY speaking', Chesterton once remarked, 'there is no more reason for being sad towards the end of a hundred years than towards the end of a hundred fortnights.'

There is no rational reason, either, for celebrating the hundredth anniversary of a writer's birth rather than the 99th. Nevertheless, we do tend, in our paradoxical way, to celebrate the fact that a famous writer was born a hundred years ago, and Gilbert Keith Chesterton, born in Camden Hill in London on the 29th May, 1874, must conform willy-nilly to this irrational fashion.

Only once did I see him in the sinful flesh. It was in his last, forgetful years, when he came rolling down Salisbury High Street wearing his famous cloak and a puzzled frown. He was probably due to speak at Birmingham or Beachy Head and had taken the wrong train. A schoolfellow nudged me, amazed, and whispered: 'There's G. K. Chesterton!' and so indeed it was.

Chesterton belonged to the last generation of writers who were also public figures, as beloved of cartoonists as politicians or film stars. There was no mistaking G.K.C., as there was no mistaking G.B.S. or Arnold Bennett. Whereas now, if Graham Greene passed you in some narrow byway, or if Samuel Beckett requested a lucifer to light his cigarette, you probably wouldn't know them from Adam—or from Godot.

Wells once complained that Shaw had 'invented a most amusing personal appearance', and the same accusation could be levelled against Chesterton. Both G.B.S. and G.K.C. were partly self-creations, figures deliberately built up from promising material, actor-managers who relished their own performance as much as the most delighted of their audience. The more 'G.B.S.' Bernard Shaw became, the less, some people felt, there was left of the original Shaw, and Chesterton was, apparently, swallowed up by 'G.K.C.' long before he wrote *The Man Who Was Thursday* in 1908. Like Lucian Gregory in that novel, he was 'helped in some degree by the arresting oddity of his appearance, which he worked, as the phrase goes, for all it was worth'.

But Shaw and Chesterton, like all great humorists, were fundamentally serious writers, writers who used their paradoxical wit for serious purposes, for causes dear to their hearts, as well as for public entertainment. If the writers of their generation could be named, like Chesterton's anarchists, after the days of the week, there is no doubt at all which day Chesterton himself would represent. He had grown up in the Nineties, in the Beardsley period, in a *fin de siècle* which was more than usually 'finished', when literature had fallen into the sere and yellow leaves of *The Yellow Book*,

when the aesthetic adventure was at its last gasp. As he said himself, dedicating his *Nightmare* to his schoolfriend E. C. Bentley:

> The world was very old indeed
> When you and I were young . . . .

If the aesthetic survivors from the Nineties could be called Friday—Friday evening, be it understood, and pretty late in the evening—and Shaw and Wells could be called Monday morning, with the fresh light of the twentieth century shining in their eyes, then Chesterton could only be called Sunday, not simply because, like the character in his book, he was 'abnormally tall and quite incredibly fat', but because he championed the traditional Sunday, Christian virtues against the weekday Fabian and secular Humanist virtues of Shaw and Wells. Like Newman, Chesterton had moved from the evangelical Christianity of his forbears (his grandfather had been a Methodist lay-preacher and a leader of the Teetotal movement) to Anglicanism, and from Anglicanism eventually to Rome, but there was no period in his life, save possibly a few sceptical years in adolescence, when he was not a convinced Christian, though curiously enough he was never, according to his friend Christopher Hollis, a regular churchgoer.

Chesterton it was, aided and abetted by his brother Cecil and their friend Hilaire Belloc, historian and Liberal M.P., who borrowed the Shavian and Wellsian technique and turned it against them. Where Shaw and Wells had poured amusing scorn on the traditional Victorian virtues, Chesterton and his allies poured amusing scorn on the 'new' virtues and the 'new' fashions, most of which they found no difficulty in proving were no more novel than Algernon Charles Swinburne or Samuel Butler. At this distance of time, we can acknowledge a certain degree of truth on both sides.

Wells, for example, was a truthful prophet on many points: we have, after all, seen 'the first men in the moon' whom he envisaged as long ago as 1901. But Wells grossly underestimated (as he came to realise) the irrational forces that led to Hitlerism, whereas Chesterton and Belloc, whatever the practical deficiencies of their Distributist philosophy, seldom underestimated either the irrational or the sinister aspects of the human soul. They had their own blind spots, particularly their prejudice against the Jews, but Chesterton's *New Jerusalem* (1920) is sympathetic to Zionism, which in general he supported, and he was too humane a man to defend the kind of anti-Semitism that arose in Germany in the Thirties. He was a true prophet when he wrote in *G.K.'s Weekly* in July, 1930, that Hindenburg was not so much the Dictator of Germany as 'the man who keeps the seat warm for a Dictator to come'.

Chesterton has been called an all-round man, and in his 'rotundity' he was of his Edwardian generation, which seems in this respect, as in most others, very different from our own. Novelist, story-writer, poet, dramatist, critic, essayist, biographer, autobiographer, historian, journalist, editor, theologian, travel-writer . . . Chesterton wrote in his lifetime almost a hundred books, besides contributions to journals and newspapers not yet all collected into posthumous volumes. Belloc, Shaw and Wells were equally prolific, while a 'list of works to date by Arnold Bennett' (dated 1925)

numbers over sixty items. How did these writers manage (as Bennett once put it) to 'live on 24 hours a day?'. Did they never sleep, eat or relax? Were they born, and did they die, with a pen in their hand?

Part of the answer lies in their opportunities. The Edwardian age was a very good time indeed for a writer to be alive. There were literally scores of newspapers and magazines, the majority of which have long since disappeared. Debates which now take place on radio or television took place then either on platforms in public halls or on 'platforms' in the press. The public followed the debates between Shaw, Wells and Robert Blatchford on the one side and Belloc and the Chestertons on the other with an enthusiasm now only faintly inherited by such radio programmes as 'Any Questions?'. G.K. was always in the thick of it, swopping paradoxes with Shaw or cheerful insults with Wells, nearly as much a favourite with his opponents (most of whom were close friends in private life) as with his supporters. When he summed up the Emancipation of Women with the immortal wisecrack: 'Twenty million young women rose to their feet with the cry *We will not be dictated to*: and proceeded to become stenographers', it was not only conservatives who laughed. And it is not only the politics of the early Thirties which is brought to mind in this typical extract from the later, editorial Chesterton of *G.K.'s Weekly*:

> The Ministerialist demands that strong action should be taken to reduce Unemployment; but the Liberal does not scruple to retort that Unemployment is an evil, against which strong action must be taken. The Liberal thinks that we ought to revive our Trade, thus thwarting and throwing himself across the path of the National Tory, who still insists that our Trade should be revived. Thus the two frowning cohorts confront each other; and I hear the noise of battle even as I write.

With a man of so many aspects, it is best to speak for oneself, for one's own particular interests. As a literary critic, I think more highly of Chesterton's literary criticism than do most critics of my generation. But I distinguish. I believe, for example, that in the field of Dickensian criticism, the thing to read (or to read first) is not his *Charles Dickens* (1906) but his collected Everyman prefaces *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens* (1911), particularly the chapters on *Oliver Twist, Bleak House* and *Hard Times*, where much that today is conceived of as 'post-Chesterton criticism' can be seen in embryo, written by Chesterton himself. This was the book T. S. Eliot quoted in 1927 when he wrote that 'there is no better critic of Dickens living than Mr. Chesterton' and I remember owing much to that book when in 1937 I wrote my own first, undergraduate paper on Dickens, later expanded into my *Scrutiny* essay of 1942. I was similarly obliged to the brilliant first chapter of Chesterton's *Robert Browning* (1903) when in 1946 I was preparing a radio feature for the B.B.C. on the centenary of the Browning marriage.

It cannot be denied, of course, that Chesterton was extremely careless, often as 'unbuttoned' in his criticism as in his dress. The Browning volume is full of misquotations, the Dickens of 1906 combines critical genius with many extremely questionable assertions. These are not all so forgivable, or so amusing, as Chesterton's statement that every postcard Dickens wrote

was a work of art. Dickens wrote no postcards, but he might have done had postcards been issued in his time. Chesterton seldom corrected his mistakes and he was the first to admit that he was atrociously careless about mere accuracy.

I have never considered him a great novelist. But he was surely one of the supreme story-tellers of the early twentieth century, particularly good in the short story or the *nouvelle*. He confessed, I believe, a certain debt, when he started, to Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*, one of the favourite books of his boyhood. But Chesterton's *New Christian Nights*, as they might be called—I refer to such masterpieces of their kind as *The Man Who Was Thursday, The Club of Queer Trades*, and the best (which are usually the earliest) of the Father Brown stories—such things are completely original, of the finest Chestertonian, imaginative essence. No one else could have written them, as no one else could have written the songs in *The Flying Inn*.

His biographies differ from those of his friend and colleague Belloc in that we are more conscious in reading them of the personality of the author. There is little of Belloc in *Danton*; there is a good deal of Chesterton in *William Cobbett* and *Chaucer*. Only when he could submerge his G.K.C.-persona entirely in his subject—as in his late study of St. Thomas Aquinas (1933)—was he a completely reliable biographer. For much the same reason, his *Orthodoxy* (1908) is a more serious work than his superficially more attractive *Heretics* (1905) or *George Bernard Shaw* (1909), though only to his fellow-Anglicans, as later his *Everlasting Man* (1925) to his fellow-Catholics, can his arguments seem wholly convincing.

Chesterton illustrated more of Belloc's books than he did his own, a modesty all the more annoying when we consider what a fine job he could have made of illustrating as well as writing *The Man Who Was Thursday* or *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*. We should never forget that he was a trained artist, had studied at the Slade, and owed something of his feeling for the Middle Ages to those Pre-Raphaelite artists and poets whom he criticised on other grounds. His stories are full of dawns, sunsets, storms, wild skies, observed with the eye of a Turner. It is curious that, among his ninety volumes, he wrote only one work of art criticism, the early study of G. F. Watts (1904), though his *William Blake* (1910) had the advantage of being written by a literary critic who was also a draughtsman.

We have not yet completely circumnavigated his 'rotundity'. There is as much of Chesterton in literary history as there was in life. Some of his prolific work will remain on the shelf, merely historical items which have had their day; some will continue to be read, among them most of those mentioned in this article. After a period of comparative neglect, such as usually overtakes a writer esteemed by our fathers or grandfathers, he is coming into favour again, as witness essays in recent years by such poets and critics as W. H. Auden, Anthony Burgess and Kingsley Amis. There will inevitably be a certain feeling of nostalgia for a vanished age in some of our re-reading, but this in itself is no paradoxical tribute to a writer who in his books and Distributist propaganda alike insisted so much on the traditional virtues and on the perils of mere novelty.

SCIENCE TURNS VIRUSES AGAINST INSECT PESTS

by Thomas Land

THE future of world agriculture could well depend on man's ability to solve the twin problems of environmental contamination and growing insect resistance to existing chemical pesticides. One fresh solution, investigated by teams of British scientists, is offered by viruses.

A team of biologists from the University of Dundee have deployed strains of bacteria in an attempt to clear a loch of algae by infecting its waters. Their colleagues at the Commonwealth Forestry Institute at Oxford University are isolating strains of viruses for the purposes of controlling insect pests. Micro-organisms bringing death through disease to insects could soon replace some common, powerful chemical pesticides in man's unending war against many plant parasites and disease vectors.

Professor James R. Busvine of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine has told me at an international conference under the auspices of the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) that the survival of world food production may well depend on man's ability to settle the dilemma of growing resistance of crop and livestock pests to existing pesticides and of environmental contamination by the chemicals in general use.

He saw an urgent need for research to develop new control measures, including biological control and other alternatives to chemical pesticides. Some 600 reports of resistance involving over 100 different types of pest of agricultural and veterinary importance had already reached FAO headquarters in Rome and these, said Professor Busvine, 'only represent the cases we have verified . . . I cannot put the case strongly enough for the need for new measures'.

Many insects also spread disease affecting man. According to the UN's World Health Organisation (WHO), more than 200 species of insects have already developed resistance to one or another of the chemical insecticides used against them; and 105 of these carry disease to man and animals. These include species of malaria and yellow fever mosquitoes, rat flea carrying bubonic plague, blackflies, houseflies and lice, all spreading disease.

When resistance appears to a group of insecticides, the usual counter-measure is to change to an insecticide of another group. An intensive programme of research into the whole issue of resistance was initiated by WHO in Geneva back in 1956; and a fantastic amount of data amassed since then is now processed by a giant computer. More than 1,400 new insecticide compounds have been tested by WHO and submitted to seven stages of evaluation, from controlled laboratory conditions to field trials under different environmental conditions, against an immense variety of species.

The various stages of testing are carried out at WHO's International Reference Centres in Britain, North America and Africa and its field

stations in Asia and Africa. During the field trials, hundreds of thousands of homes are sprayed and careful observations made. Only chemical compounds which pass this supreme test can be recommended for operational use.

But so far, only five compounds have proved successful. And only two, *malathion* and *propoxur*, have reached the stage where they can be recommended as a replacement of DDT, the popular but extremely persistent pesticide many of whose uses in agriculture and public health work have been restricted by various authorities. The two alternatives break down chemically much more readily than DDT and are considered unlikely to cause widespread environmental damage. But they have not been used extensively, owing to their much higher cost.

Scientists are thus searching for a different solution; and one is offered by new, promising techniques for killing off insect pests by introducing 'epidemics' of their own virus diseases as an alternative to destroying them with chemical insecticides. Measures of the sort now progressing in Britain aimed at encouraging the industrial production of virus 'targeted' for individual insect pest species, and at testing to insure that they are harmless to man, animals and the environment, have just been recommended by the FAO.

'Insect viruses kill only one—or very few—insect species,' says Dr. D. F. Waterhouse, of Australia, chairman of the FAO's working party on pest resistance to pesticides. 'And what is more important, insect viruses do not seem to have any effect whatsoever on man, or animals, and can be handled as if they were insecticides—but without any of their adverse effects.'

Over 300 viruses capable of causing deadly disease to insects are already known, but only five of these have been produced industrially and only one has been cleared for limited field use in North America. The reason is that their full development for industrial production is very expensive; the end product is not protected by patent; and the market is severely limited because viruses are so selective in their deadly effect on insects that each product would be effective against only a few pests at most.

The scientific and industrial work envisaged to bring the virus technique to its full potential in agricultural and public health projects would involve several years of intensive development. Specialists warn that current alarming reports of a substantial intensification the world over of insect resistance to chemical pesticides bear out the urgent need for the work to begin on a widespread basis immediately. Hence the importance of the research projects progressing at the Universities of Dundee and Oxford.

In Scotland, scientists are trying to clear a loch of algae by infecting the water with bacteria and viruses developed in the laboratory. Laboratory tests at Dundee University have already confirmed that some kinds of micro-organisms are capable of dealing with water pollution.

'The natural warfare between one kind of creature and another is often a more ferocious way of keeping the balance than anything that man can devise,' comments a specialist. 'The Dundee experiment has a sound

scientific base. If successful, it will be followed up in many other parts of the world.'

Britain's National Research Development Corporation is meanwhile supporting a three-year programme at the Commonwealth Forestry Institute involving culture methods of breeding large amounts of selective viruses. The Government's Overseas Development Administration (ODA) has also taken a financial interest in the Oxford project aimed at the eventual protection of forests from insect pests.

An ODA spokesman emphasises that 'viruses that affect insects are usually specific to individual species—they kill those insects and not others. So the technique would be selective, keeping one species down and doing no harm to others'.

GEORGE PEABODY GOOCH: TESTAMENT OF A LIBERAL

by Walter Pierce

ON August 31, 1968, the discipline of history suffered a grievous loss with the death of George Peabody Gooch. I distinguish the discipline of history from the profession of history because Dr. Gooch never desired or intended to teach in a formal manner. Gooch's devotion to history was so strong that he forsook university appointments because he felt it would '. . . detract from his leisure to think and assess'.[1] In surveying the panorama of his works, one can only conclude that the universities' loss was history's gain. Publishing his first work in 1898, at the age of twenty-five, Gooch continued to produce until his death. In addition to his forty works, he published over fifty articles and edited the *Contemporary Review* for forty-nine years.

In this day and age of specialisation, Gooch never lost sight of the macro road of history. Although reputed to be an expert in the area of British foreign policy, he also pioneered historiographical study in England, revised French and German historical studies, pursued the study of political theory, and reinvigorated biographical studies. While Gooch claimed that his task on this earth was for '. . . study and reflection, not for action',[2] his writings moved others to try to scale the heights of history with all the scientific weapons at their disposal.

Born into a secure upper middle-class family, he enjoyed a life of comfort and leisure. Due to his father's business background, Gooch was not forced to devour only scholarly works. Like all proper Englishmen, the elder Gooch's library contained the classical works of Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson. In contrast to these standard studies stood the works of the historical amateurs—Bancroft, Prescott and Motley.[3] The reading of both the patrician and plebeian writers was to leave a permanent impression upon Gooch's scholarship as well as his method of writing.

After attending Eton, Westgate, and King's College, Gooch entered the famed Trinity College of Cambridge University. Up until this point, Gooch was quite dissatisfied with the rigidity of the classical system. Under the mastership of Dr. Montagu Butler, Gooch discovered that Cambridge differed little from his previous experiences with formal education. Since history, as a discipline, was a relatively new area of study, emphasis was placed on classical studies. Again Gooch despaired at the method of study and the quality of work that was produced. In his later years, Gooch reflected upon his early years at Cambridge:

> Our Director of Studies was a classical scholar whose acquaintance with events after the fall of the Roman Empire was far from profound. Except for being advised to attend certain lectures we were left to ourselves. There was no *Seminar* and we were not taught to write essays.[4]

Apparently Gooch did not realise how lucky he was in that the style he

eventually developed was that of G. P. Gooch and not Dr. Montagu Butler and Company.

After enduring economic history under William Cunningham, political history under John Seely, and constitutional history under George Prothero, Gooch travelled to Germany in order to study the language and the system of study instituted by Leopold von Ranke. While in Berlin, he attended several lectures by Heinrich von Treitschke. Three months later, he returned to Cambridge where he discovered changes that were to affect his future.

The appointment of Lord Acton to the position of Regius Professor of History at Cambridge shook the foundations of the academic world. Acton exploded upon the scene and influenced almost all with whom he came in contact. Gooch, in particular, was overjoyed to see fresh ideas and concepts flow into the study of history. Acton's total devotion to history, no matter who or what it harmed, and his unyielding promotion of the concept of liberty did more to influence Gooch than any other man or work. Acton's praise of the French Revolution led Gooch to Paris. Here he attended the lectures of Albert Sorel and Henri Bergson.

After leaving Cambridge, Gooch decided to shape history as well as write it. He entered the ranks of the Liberal Party and formulated a political ideology that he would never desert. Although deeply committed to Irish freedom, disentanglement from the Boer War, and cessation of Imperial adventure, his interest in scholarship never wavered. In 1898, *English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century* was published. After reading von Ranke's *England in the Seventeenth Century,* Gooch felt that a complementary work was necessary. Lord Acton, who aided Gooch in his first work, encouraged his student to continue to write and travel. Gooch picked up Spanish and Italian on his journeys to the continent and continued to research and write. In 1913, *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century* was published.

History and Historians, as stated in the preface, was an attempt

> to summarise and assess the manifold achievements of historical research and production during the last hundred years, to portray the masters of the craft, to trace the development of scientific method, to measure the political, religious and racial influences that have contributed to the making of celebrated books, and to analyse their effect on the life and thought of their time.[5]

In the introduction to this monumental work, Gooch stated that between the Middle Ages and the nineteenth century, the writing of history was severely handicapped. The Middle Ages created historical writers who, in turn, 'created' history. The inundation of theology, the lack of books, plus the assumption that any recorded materials were sacred, seriously hindered scholarship. Gooch viewed writers of the Middle Ages as preachers of the first order but scholars of a lower station.[6] The Renaissance lifted history out of the mire of literature but was unable to grant it total independence. Petrarch and Boccaccio fathered modern historiography, while Machiavelli and Guicciardini attempted to illustrate the utility of history.[7] The humanists were quickly overshadowed, however, by the Reformation. In his attempt to free man from Rome, Luther shackled history with dogma. With Catholics facing Protestants, history became a weapon and in the course of the

struggle ' . . . victory not truth' became the goal.[8] The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were periods of transition for history as well as man. Although ecclesiastical studies remained dominant, there were many breakthroughs in the secular field. Gooch awarded Bodin, the French publicist, the highest honours because he attempted to view history from more than one perspective.[9] The eighteenth century witnessed great advances in the study as well as the philosophy of history. The task of gathering materials, begun much earlier, was accelerated and criticism achieved new levels of objectivity. These gains, although significant, still did not allow history to function as a true study of man, as the eighteenth century historians turned their backs on the idea of detailed research, retained the notion of the sanctity of the written word, refused to advance the teaching of history, and relied on scanty research for their works.[10]

From this outline it is not difficult to imagine who emerged out of the nineteenth century as the saviour of history. The chapters devoted to Leopold von Ranke ring with praise and admiration. Gooch viewed the prolific Prussian as the first historian to 'divorce the study of the past from the passions of the present'.[11] Von Ranke's use of the archives and his ability to judge documents rated him at the top of the historical heap. Gooch stated flatly that, for him, there was no other historian to compare with von Ranke.

> He was beyond comparison the greatest historical writer of modern times, not only because he founded the scientific study of materials and possessed in an unrivalled degree the judicial temper, but because his powers of work and length enabled him to produce a larger number of first-rate works than any other writer. It was he who made German scholarship supreme in Europe and no one has ever approximated so closely to the ideal historian.[12]

In the conclusion to *History and Historians,* Gooch expressed the belief that the nineteenth century opened many paths to the historian. If one adopted the scientific method and used it religiously, the future for history was excellent. Although the philosophy of history, as a study, lagged far behind, he argued that philosophers would follow after historians had laid a more solid foundation.[13] Apparently Gooch forgot the immortal words of Alexander Pope (and Elvis Presley) about fools rushing in where angels fear to tread.

One year after the publication of *History and Historians,* the road of historical science was blocked. The eruption of World War I in 1914 forced many 'historians' to exit down the path of propaganda. While natural scientists twisted men's bodies with machine-guns, grenades, and poison gas, social scientists attempted to twist men's minds with xenophobia and propaganda. Refusing to join the Toynbee school of non-history, Gooch embraced his country's struggle but argued for a negotiated peace. Through his works in the *Contemporary Review,* of which he became editor in 1911, Gooch supported the idea of a world peace-keeping organisation. In 1917, Gooch and Bishop Masterman wrote *A Century of British Foreign Policy* in which Gooch covered the period 1900-1914. Criticising the alliance system that forced Great Britain to enter the war, Gooch reserved final judgement on foreign policy until the documents were made available.

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While Englishmen butchered Germans and Germans slaughtered Englishmen, he illustrated that he would not allow his patriotism to destroy his prestige. In 1917, he produced *Germany and the French Revolution* in which he surmised that autocracy and feudalism in Prussia were virtually destroyed by the War of Liberation and not by the Great War.[14] To a reading audience fed on Junker treachery and Hohenzollern hysteria, this work created a mild furore.

After the fighting ceased, Gooch called upon all historians once again to devote themselves to the pursuit of history. In the preface to the third edition of *History and Historians*, Gooch sounded the call for an end to historical hostilities.

> During the years that have elapsed since the second edition much history has been made and little has been written. When the match was applied to the European powder-magazine in 1914, historians, like other good citizens, placed their services at the disposal of their respective Governments; but the passions of war ravaged the tranquil pastures of scholarship no less than the smiling fields of France and Belgium. Few historical works produced during the conflict deserve to survive.... History must be written *sine ira et studio*. Every historian who is worthy of his high calling must now emancipate himself from the domination of 'the war mind' and dedicate himself afresh to the disinterested pursuit of the truth.[15]

The period 1920-1939 was very productive for Gooch. Although diplomatic studies occupied more and more of his time, he was still able to vary his work. In 1920, a small book entitled *Nationalism* was published. While Czechs battled Poles, Poles fought Lithuanians, Lithuanians opposed Russians, and Russians struggled against almost everyone, Gooch upheld the right of self determination. To Gooch, *Nationalism* denoted

> ... the resolve of a group of human beings to share their fortunes, and to exercise exclusive control over their own actions. Where such a conscious determination exists there should be a state, and there will be no abiding peace until there is a state. Where there is a soul there should be a body in which it may dwell.[16]

This belief in self determination was to follow him throughout his life.

In 1922, Gooch and Sir Adolphus Ward edited the three volume *Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy*. This work established Gooch's ability to work with other scholars. In 1922, he also illustrated his ability to produce a general work. Using documents released after the First World War, he put together a *History of Modern Europe, 1878-1919*. The academic world was so impressed with his treatment, that he was asked to prepare the German section in Herbert Fisher's *The Modern World*. While Gooch pleaded with Europe to give the German Republic a chance, French and Belgian troops occupied the Ruhr basin and forced the Weimar government to bow before the bayonet.

In 1926, Gooch was asked by the British Government to prepare a documentary study on the origins of World War I. Gooch claimed that the massive amount of archival material demanded a colleague, so Harold Temperley was recruited.[17] Having sifted through the British, French, German, and Austrian archives, Gooch produced the internationally acclaimed *British Documents on the Origins of the War*. In the conclusion, Gooch stated the same beliefs that he held between 1914-1918.

> The time had come to abandon the division of the contending parties into sheep and goats. Though the conduct of each of the belligerents appeared to its enemies to indicate a double dose of original sin, it was in every case what might have been expected.[18]

While Gooch's work on World War I was being circulated throughout Europe, another threat engulfed the world. The rise of Mussolini and Hitler forced Great Britain to enter another holocaust. As totalitarianism challenged the idea of liberty, Gooch reached into his scholarship to provide answers. In a lecture in 1948, he reiterated his philosophy of man.

> That man is a teachable animal, that the marvellous pageant of civilisation proves his capacity for the highest things in every field, has been the creed of the great Libertarians throughout the ages: Milton, Locke, Jefferson, Bentham, Humboldt, Mill, Acton, Croce, as well as by the great Liberal statesmen with Lincoln, Gladstone, and Woodrow Wilson at their head. Names no less celebrated are found in the ranks of those who declare that this optimistic interpretation of human nature is merely wishful thinking — Machiavelli, Luther, Calvin, the Stuart Kings, Hobbes, Burke, Joseph de Maistre, Carlyle, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Taine, as well as the great Conservative statesmen Metternich and Bismarck, and the Dictators of every age. It is a strangely assorted company, connected only by the common belief that the average citizen is a benighted creature as incapable of being safely entrusted with the 'Rights of Man' as a child with a box of matches.
>
> Which of these warring schools is right? To put the question in a more intelligent form: which is the most right? ... Here I think historians should be of some use, for their range of vision is necessarily wider than that of workers in other fields, and without extensive knowledge there is no perspective. Yet historians should not take themselves too seriously for scholars possessing an equal fund of knowledge differ as much as other men.[19]

After the war, Gooch continued to work on diplomatic studies but the role of the individual in history began to occupy more of his scholarship than ever before. Between 1940 and 1961, Gooch compiled fifteen works, nine of which were in a biographical vein. One may question the motives of this shift but the quality of scholarship never declined. Perhaps the simplest explanation lay in the fact that history, to G. P. Gooch, was an unfolding mystery. He never stood on a mountain and viewed greatness in a past age as Gibbon did. Late in his life he stated that, 'As a historian, I can say with authority that there never has been a golden age. I see no reason to believe there ever will be'.[20] This conclusion hindered Gooch's formulation of a philosophy of history because he felt there could not be a 'master key to unlock the meaning of an infinitely complicated drama'. For Gooch viewed history as a constantly changing arena and those who assumed divine wisdom committed a mortal sin on man. In his autobiography, *Under Six Reigns*, Gooch warned of such vanity.

> The worst treason a historian can commit is to pretend to higher authority, profounder wisdom and greater certainty than he possesses.... Nature is largely predictable, man wholly unpredictable: all we can do is to apply the patient methods of science to our challenging task.[21]

Since man and history were inseparable, Gooch saw progress for either a giant step for both. In the twentieth century, he rejoiced at the incursion of 'ideas and ideals' into modern historiography.[22] Lord Acton stood as Gooch's man of the hour in unshackling history from its strictly political

pillar. The availability of materials, the refinement of criticism, and the recognition of responsible scholarship also aided historiography.[23] The concept of history was greatly supported by the theory of evolution, the critical method and the birth of anthropology. Evolution freed man from the assumption that he would remain basically the same in all periods. The critical method opened new doors to understanding while anthropology allowed man to look back through those doors and visualise the emergence of civilisation.[24]

Gooch viewed man as history and history as man. Man's continual search to understand his world led him to join with other men. This union of man for mutual aid as well as self-preservation was to Gooch the 'consummation, the *Leitmotif* of history . . . '[25] Gooch hoped man would never forget his past even though everyone is a product of his age. Although history can supply man with evidence it does not and should not render a verdict. Even progress, which Gooch embraced with all his strength, was an 'act of faith'.[26]

The only tangible result that Gooch could see in history was its ability to reflect change. In his last work, in 1966, the old master retired with this conclusion:

> After a lifetime of study and reflection I must confess that I have found nothing to suggest that human destiny has been in any way determined by supernatural influences. I should not dream of denying such a possibility for we see through a glass darkly coloured: I merely say that I find no reason to accept a solution which fails to fit the age, and I do not think there ever will be. The human spectacle as I have witnessed it for eight decades leads me to Pascal's conclusion that *les revolutions changent tout sauf le coeur humain*. . . . Some individuals will continue to scale the heights, while others will continue to grovel in the mud. . . . Our only certainty about the future is that, like the past and present, it will be a period of unceasing change.[27]

G. P. Gooch, to this student, illustrated the qualities of a master of his profession. His works evidenced both a serious scholarship and a lucid literary style. The most admirable qualities displayed, however, were a sincere humility and a deep respect for man. While he elevated himself above history, he never attempted to rise above humanity.

Notes

[1] Gordon Godfrey, 'G. P. Gooch: O.M., C.H., F.B.A., D.Litt.', *Contemporary Review* 213 (1968): 225.
[2] Alexandre Rossman, 'Dr. Gooch: A Friend', *Contemporary Review* 213 (1968): 229.
[3] George Peabody Gooch, *Under Six Reigns* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1958), p. 4.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 17.
[5] George Peabody Gooch, *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1920), p. iii.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 1.
[7] *Ibid.*, pp. 2-3.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 3.
[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 3-5.
[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 8-13.
[11] *Ibid.*, p. 101.
[12] *Ibid.*, p. 102.
[13] *Ibid.*, p. 594.
[14] George P. Gooch, *Germany and the French Revolution* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1917), pp. 536-537.
[15] Gooch, *History and Historians*, vi.

16 George P. Gooch, *Nationalism* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1920), p. 8.
17 According to Sir Herbert Butterfield, Gooch realised that if he took on the task alone, he might isolate himself from the academic world and become a prisoner to officialdom. Harold Temperley was selected without the knowledge that he was not a full partner and Gooch never informed him of such. Conflicts did occur between the editors and also between the editors and the Government. At one point, Gooch and Temperley added a preface to each volume, which stated that they would resign 'if they were required to omit any document that they thought necessary'. Herbert Butterfield, 'George Peabody Gooch', *Contemporary Review* 213 (1968): 228.
18 Gooch, *Under Six Reigns*, p. 274.
19 George P. Gooch, 'Some Conceptions of Liberty', *Sociological Review* 40 (1948): 10-12.
20 George Bilainkin, 'President Kennedy's Telegram to Dr. G. P. Gooch', *Contemporary Review* 213 (1968): 300.
21 Gooch, *Under Six Reigns*, p. 326.
22 George P. Gooch, 'Progress of Historical Studies', *Contemporary Review* 201 (1962): 302.
23 *Ibid.*, pp. 303-305. Gooch qualified this statement somewhat because he felt that the judicial spirit had not yet entered the Reformation studies. He lamented because 'The Reformation remains the one important event in the history of Western Europe which almost every historian finds very difficult to judge. To Ranke, an orthodox Lutheran, it was the greatest achievement of the German nation. To the Catholics such as Jansenn and Pastor it was an unprovoked revolt against the one true Church, and Luther is denounced not merely as an heretic, but as an heresiarch, the severest verdict in the mouth of a Catholic. Theological differences nowadays cut deeper than political. Garibaldi, the stainless hero of George Trevelyan's trilogy, is dismissed by Catholic historians as a blasphemous brigand.'
24 George P. Gooch, 'Some Conceptions of History', *Sociological Review* 31 (1939): 233.
25 *Ibid.*, p. 246.
26 *Ibid.*
27 George P. Gooch, *Historical Surveys and Portraits* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1966).

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1913 *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century.*
1914 *The Life of Charles, Third Earl of Stanhope.*
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A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE

by Benno Wasserman

THE term bureaucracy can be used in two ways—deprecatively or appreciatively. Used deprecatively it refers to an organisational pathology. Used appreciatively it refers to the rationalisation of organisational procedures. What we are concerned with in this article is to what extent the organisation of Foreign Offices—and the British Foreign Office and the American State Department in particular—may be conducive to war.

One of the difficulties in evaluating the functioning of the Foreign Office and the State Department is that most studies of them have been written by apologists—people committed to the organisation like Lord Strang, Frank Ashton-Gwatkin, and Lord Gore-Booth.[1] This in itself is significant for Foreign Offices by their security regulations tend to breed conformism and it is very difficult for the critical outsider to enter their portals in order to investigate them.

My own experience in this respect may be of interest. When I first became interested in investigating the functioning of the Foreign Office, Eden refused to see me. I met Lord Strang and the historian Rohan Butler in a dusty room in the Historical Section of the Foreign Office and they spent their time justifying the pre-war policy of the Foreign Office, despite the fact that Strang had been an adviser on Munich and had led the unsuccessful British mission to conclude a pact with the Soviet Union in 1939. In America things were very different. Dean Acheson was kindness itself and in Washington I was shown over the State Department building and taken up to Dulles's office.

As for the security regulations, Professor Morgenthau[2] writes of the security policies of the U.S.A. between 1953 and 1955 and particularly of the Presidential Executive Order 10450 of April 27, 1953, establishing a Bureau of Security of the Department of State. This he compares with the G.P.U. and the Gestapo with over 2,000 agents placed in the functional and geographical units of the State Department, in missions abroad and accompanying diplomats to international conferences for the purpose of supervising and reporting on their colleagues as official informers, tapping telephones, hiding microphones, steaming open letters and with special rooms and devices for grilling suspects.

Executive Order 10450 was put into effect at the height of the Cold War, before the cease-fire in Korea and when the anti-Communist phobia inspired by McCarthy, following the victory of the Communists in China, had not yet subsided. McCarthy treated all men as potential traitors, especially diplomats in a know-nothing onslaught on the State Department, which was isolationist in character. Most of the officials Eisenhower inherited were dismissed or resigned (e.g. the American High Commissioner in Germany) and the U.S. lost its ablest diplomats in face of the advance of the incompetent, the time-servers and the informers. Graduates entering the Foreign

Service in 1954-55 were a small proportion of those entering 3 or 4 years earlier and the representation of the U.S. abroad fell to a new low ebb. Diplomatic reports were no longer regularly read at the geographical desks in Washington and the Heads of Missions refused to allow the transmission to Washington of reports of the local situation different from Washington's estimates. There occurred in fact a disintegration of the American Foreign Service.

The aim of the security regulations is to prevent the defection of diplomats, like Burgess and MacLean, and to prevent disloyalty and the subsequent loss of prestige. It is not to prevent secret information being passed to foreign countries for very few diplomatic reports—apart from those concerned with military matters—contain information that foreign countries cannot themselves obtain by rational analysis and in most cases the native country would be better off if the foreign country correctly estimated its intentions.

The security regulations are intended to protect the integrity of the Foreign Service. But disloyalty cannot be recognised in advance. The result is to breed conformism—to exclude deviants and to include the ideal type of 'good American' or 'good Englishman'. It leads to the recruitment of an ideal type of Babbitt with strong pseudo-puritanical morality and conservative political opinions while men of undoubted merit are dismissed as security risks with no decrease in subversion.

The danger resulting from the security regulations is that the Foreign Service will not do its work efficiently. Another danger resulting from the high salaries, allowances and pensions and the glamorous social life is that the Foreign Service will become an elite, a 'Leisure Class' in Veblen's words, with a vested interest in perpetuating itself and promoting its own survival. Diplomacy is concerned with the prevention of war. As such it should require a certain amount of dedication and self-sacrifice. But reading through the studies on the Foreign Service one cannot but be struck by the bourgeois obsession with pensions and allowances. High salaries and allowances were introduced after the First World War to obviate the need for the diplomats to have a private income. However, it should not establish the principle that the diplomatic profession is one where one has a good time.

There are many examples in history of bureaucratic establishments making war to preserve their own privileges. Karl Wittvogel in *Oriental Despotism* gives vivid examples of the absolute power of officials in antiquity. The classic case of entrenched officialdom is the civil service of ancient China, with its elaborate systems of examinations for entrance and promotion within an elite literate corps. Bureaucracy in despotic states tends to result in corruption. Dictatorship is closely related to war, and the seizure of power by military juntas or careerist groups also endangers the peace. Corruption and despotism tend to lead to war because xenophobia is often the line of least resistance and the easiest way out for a demogogic politician or official from a difficult situation. Although it may pay off in the short run, in the long run it is disastrous.

There are various types of organisational pathology—imperialism, reces-

siveness, Parkinson's Law, red tape, breakdowns of communication and coordination, lack of clear command or direction, usurpation of authority by subordinate departments, idleness and dogmatism. We shall here be concerned with only one form of organisational pathology, which may be called institutional ambivalence. This consists of the atrophication of institutions, of institutions continuing to survive after they have lost their *raison d'être*, with the concern of an institution with survival for its own sake rather than for the implementation of the purpose for which it was established. The Manchu dynasty in China at the time of the Opium War (1839-42), the Ottoman Empire at the time of the Crimean War (1854-56) and the Hapsburg Empire at the time of the First World War (1914-18) are examples of institutions which have atrophied and become decrepit and which have made war in order to survive.

The Hapsburg Empire claimed to be descended from the Holy Roman Empire. It was the greatest power in Europe under the rule of Charles V, after which it was split into the Spanish part under Charles V's son, Philip II, and the Austrian part under Charles V's brother, Ferdinand I, who was elected king of the Romans in 1531 and Holy Roman Emperor on Charles's abdication in 1556. After the Thirty Years War, Austria became the leading power in Europe and the Congress of Vienna, after the defeat of Napoleon, was held under the chairmanship of Metternich. The Austrian Empire, however, which was formed in 1804, received defeats at the hands of France and Italy in 1859, in the war which led to Italian Unification, and at the hands of Prussia in 1866 in the Austro-Prussian War which led to the unification of Germany. After these defeats Austria became the second 'sick man' of Europe and in 1867 she concluded the 'Ausgleich' with Hungary by which she turned the Austrian Empire into the Austro-Hungarian of Dual Monarchy. This aroused the aspirations of the Southern Slav subjects of the Monarchy but the Hungarians in particular were unwilling to grant equality to the Southern Slavs. The Southern Slavs, therefore, turned to Serbia which became a threat to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and was regarded by her as another Piedmont. It was because the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was unable to maintain its integrity that it attacked Serbia in 1914.

The Ottoman Empire was the successor of the Byzantine Empire in Asia Minor. It varied in extent in different epochs, including at one time or another Asia Minor and beyond to the Caspian Sea, the Balkan states, Greece, Crete and Cyprus; parts of Hungary, Austria and Southern Russia; Egypt; North Africa as far west as Algeria; and parts of Arabia. By the time of the Crimean War it had atrophied and was decrepit and had become the object of the designs of the other great powers, particularly Russia, who by the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi (July 8, 1833) extracted from Turkey permission for Russian warships to pass through the Straits and land troops, if necessary, while the Straits were closed to the warships of the other powers, in exchange for Russian help in suppressing the Egyptian revolt of Mahomed Ali. Russian proposals to partition the 'sick man of Europe' in 1844 and 1850 were countered by British proposals made by

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe for the reform of the Ottoman Empire. The quarrel came to a head when the Orthodox monks supported by Nicholas I were encroaching on the rights of the Catholic monks supported by Louis Napoleon, in the Holy Places in Palestine. Napoleon demanded that the Orthodox monks withdraw, while Nicholas demanded the status quo. In this conflict between Russia and France, England took the side of France. Napoleon III wanted war for dynastic reasons, while Russia wanted war to drive the infidel out of Europe. The Porte accepted the status quo in the Holy Places in answer to the Menshikov mission but refused the Tsar's demand to protect the Orthodox subjects under the Treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji (1789) on the advice of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and this precipitated the Crimean War.

The Manchu or Ching dynasty was a foreign dynasty from Manchuria and ruled China from 1644 to 1912, having vanquished the Chinese Ming dynasty which preceded it. China under the Manchu dynasty was isolated from the world. She was ethnocentric and regarded herself as the centre of the universe. She considered foreigners to be barbarians and was only willing to undertake tributary relations with them, although in fact the states of Europe at the time of the Opium War were, after the Industrial Revolution, technologically more advanced than China, though China was unaware of this. China was ruled by a bureaucracy steeped in the Confucian classics and recruited by an extensive system of examinations, which had atrophied. The bureaucracy was ignorant of foreign countries, which it despised, spoke no foreign languages and it perpetuated itself. Foreign trade, commerce and intercourse were restricted to Canton; foreign merchants were subject to severe restrictions, and China was unwilling to enter diplomatic relations with the European states on the basis of equality. The crisis came to a head over the opium trade, which the Chinese tried to curtail, and the high-handed action of Lin Tse-Hsü in destroying the British stocks of opium provoked the Opium War.

The function of a Foreign office is to implement its Weltanschauung, culture and way of life in its relations with other states. If it should lose its *raison d'être* it is best that that state should cease to exist as a separate entity and amalgamate with some other organisation. Foreign Ministers, however, tend to take the existence of their states for granted and pursue survival policies even after they have lost their *raisons d'être.* This has to some extent been the case with Britain since the end of the Second World War, of whom Dean Acheson once said that she had lost an Empire and not found a role, and now justifies our entry into the European Economic Community.

Bureaucracy as a rational or efficient organisation means the professionalisation and streamlining of administrative functions. In the words of Max Weber:

> The fully developed bureaucratic mechanism compares with other organisations exactly as does the machine with the non-mechanical modes of production. Precision, speed, unambiguity, knowledge of files, continuity, discretion, unity, strict subordination, reduction of friction and of material and personal costs—these are raised to the optimum point in a strictly bureaucratic administration.

> ... Its specific nature ... develops the more perfectly the more bureaucracy is 'dehumanised', the more completely it succeeds in eliminating from official business love, hatred and all purely personal, irrational and emotional elements which escape calculation.[3]

Weber specified the following requirements for a bureaucracy:

1. 'The regular activities required for the purposes of the bureaucratically governed structure are distributed in a fixed way as official duties.'
2. 'A specified sphere of competence has been marked off as part of a systematic division of labour.'
3. 'The official is subject to strict and systematic discipline and control in the conduct of his office.'
4. All operations are governed by 'a consistent system of abstract rules . . . (and) consist in the application of these rules to particular cases.'
5. 'The organisation of offices follows the principle of hierarchy, that is, each lower office is under the control and supervision of a higher one.'
6. Officials are 'subject to authority only with respect to their impersonal official obligations.'
7. 'Candidates (for bureaucratic positions) are selected on the basis of technical qualifications, or guaranteed by diplomas certifying training or both. They are appointed, not elected.'
8. Being a bureaucratic official 'constitutes a career. There is a system of "promotions" according to seniority or to achievement or both.'[4]

The Foreign Office was not fully professionalised until the Eden reforms of 1943, which merged the Diplomatic and Consular Services, and the State Department was not professionalised until 1948, with the reorganisation carried out as a result of the recommendations of the Hoover Commission. Even now area specialists (those assigned to a region for more than five years) are in a minority and there is still a tendency for the Foreign Service officer to be a dilettante. James L. McCamy[5] in a sample of the postings of 233 U.S. Foreign Service Officers above Grade IV found that 802 assignments were for a total duration of less than six years in any world region, as compared with 125 for a duration of six to ten years, 29 for eleven to twenty years and only 3 for twenty-one years or more. He writes:

> It has not been the practice to assign officers to regions long enough for them to become area specialists. Nor has it been practice to assign them to work in the Department of State in Washington, for example in an area division, for a period long enough for them to become expert. Total time spent in the department in Washington has been less than five years in 142 cases in this sample, 6-10 years in 19 cases, and 11-20 years in three cases. The conclusion must be that the United States Foreign Service is composed predominantly of officers who know little about many countries but are not experts in any particular regions. There are some exceptions to this general conclusion, of course, but they are comparatively rare.

The Duncan report on the British Foreign Service recommended that diplomats should be 'generalists not specialists, neither experts nor amateurs, but 'professional generalists'.[6] The Foreign Service Officer should be both a specialist and a generalist, knowing the world sufficiently well to be able to serve in any part of it, and being sufficiently expert in one particular region to be an area specialist. He should speak at least one foreign language fluently and should spend two-thirds of his overseas service in one region.

The lack of linguistic attainment and cultural knowledge of the Foreign Office and State Department is deplorable. There never has, to my knowledge, been a British Foreign Secretary or an American Secretary of State who spoke a foreign language fluently,[7] and some such as Ernest Bevin and Herbert Morrison had no experience of foreign countries and foreign cultures when they took office. This Anglo-Saxon arrogance in expecting foreign countries to speak English is at least partly responsible for Britain's reputation abroad as 'perfidious Albion' and for Americans to be known in Latin America as 'gringos'. As for knowledge of foreign languages, foreign statesmen such as Willy Brandt and Dr. Abba Eban are multilingual and cosmopolitan. As to knowledge of foreign cultures, I once asked Dean Acheson whether he had read Marx's *Capital* and he said he had not.[8] Neither had Churchill nor Macmillan, unlike Sir Alec Douglas-Home,[9] and Chamberlain had not read Hitler's *Mein Kampf* before Munich.[10]

The Foreign Office and the State Department handicap themselves in their linguistic attainments by their regulations against the recruitment of the foreign born and those with foreign parents (as well as their prejudice against those with relatives in Communist countries and against diplomats marrying foreign nationals). These regulations express deep-seated prejudices which it ill behoves a Foreign Office to possess. Moreover, there are other failings in the recruitment of diplomats. The State Department and the Foreign Office by their method of recruitment (i.e. the country house interview) pay too much attention to social graces and not enough to the ability to empathise with foreign peoples. Thus according to McCamy, 19.3% of American Foreign Service Officers went to Harvard, Yale or Princeton; and according to the Plowden Report, 70% of the successful applicants for the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service came from independent public schools and 91.2% came from Oxford and Cambridge.[11]

Whether bureaucracies make for war or peace is a question of whether Government is conducive to war or peace. The anarchist believes with Lord Acton that 'all power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely'. Thus he believes that bureaucracy makes for war and there have been instances when this has been the case, as, for instance, when von Moltke preempted the declaration of war in July 1914 and ordered mobilisation, thereby forcing Bethmann-Hollweg's hand. Such was the case also when the C.I.A. organised U2 flights over the Soviet Union, the discovery of which, through the shooting down of Gary Powers by the Russians, wrecked the summit conference between Khrushev and Eisenhower in May 1960.

The World Federalist believes that Government is necessary for peace and only World Government can reconcile the conflicting interests of individuals so that they can pursue their objectives without harming themselves or one another. He believes that Government provides a rational environment in which to pursue one's aims and the pursuit of rational policies in a socially irrational environment leads to conflict. So far the weight of opinion has been on the side of Government.

But to perform a public rather than a parasitic service, Government must

be subject to criticism. Government departments are set up by political decision. They are established to perform tasks which are considered to be socially desirable. But what is socially desirable is a question for political controversy. Bureaucracies are not self-justifying institutions like businesses, which grow and flourish when they make a profit and decline and go out of existence when they make a loss. They are political institutions implementing the wishes of the people—of the majority in a Democracy—and should therefore not be shielded from criticism by any 50 or 30 year rule.

Ideally the American Secretary of State should speak Russian and the Russian Foreign Minister should speak Chinese. This may seem to be asking a great deal, but the qualifications for the job must depend on the requirements of the situation for negotiations through interpreters are rarely satisfactory. The Foreign Office and the State Department fail to meet the requirements of the situation because of their ethnocentricity.

Thus, Lord Strang writes on page 191 of *The Foreign Office*:

> Since English is in a fair way to becoming the *lingua franca* of the world, certain contemporaries discoursing on the qualities needed in a British diplomat have even gone so far as to deny the importance, for him, of linguistic proficiency. This curious standpoint is undoubtedly reinforced by an insular prejudice which almost all possess in some degree: the Englishman who hears a compatriot speaking a foreign language fluently is apt to regard him with suspicion as a mountebank with a shady past, or at any rate as a person distressingly indifferent to good form. It has even been contended quite seriously in some quarters that the British diplomatist should positively shun the acquisition of linguistic proficiency lest he become distrusted as an unrepresentative person by the foreigners with whom he deals.

Two recent examples illustrate the point; the Cod War and the dispute with Colonel Gaddafi over visas. The Cod War could have been resolved much earlier if a genuine *rapport* had been established between Lady Tweedsmuir and the Icelandic Foreign Minister; secondly, the issuing of an Arabic visa stamp for British passports to Libya is a humiliating admission of a lack of Arabic speakers in the Foreign Office, an institution with a fine Arabic tradition.

The Foreign Office and the State Department have been criticised as being too cosmopolitan and too ethnocentric, for the travel involved in the diplomat's job tends to make him cosmopolitan, while his representational role tends to make him ethnocentric. Certainly, the recruiting regulations, requiring the candidate to be of British (or American) parentage and birth are ethnocentric. They are doubtless intended to preserve the integrity of the national identity, but in this they fail, because the diplomats' loyalty cannot be guaranteed by discriminatory recruitment regulations but must be assessed individually on the basis of each candidate's character. Philby, Burgess and MacLean fulfilled the recruiting requirements and were disloyal, Kissinger and Morgenthau do not and are loyal. The discriminatory recruiting regulations not only fail to achieve their purpose but they deny to the Foreign Service much talent that would otherwise be available to it.

Notes

1 See Lord Strang. 'The Foreign Office.' George Allen and Unwin. 1957. F. T. Ashton-Gwatkin. 'The British Foreign Service.' Syracuse Un. Pr. 1949. Lord Gore-Booth.

'The Foreign Service.' Encyclopaedia Britannica. For a more critical view see also R. Boardman and A. J. R. Groom (eds.) 'The Management of Britain's External Relations.' 1973.

2 H. J. Morgenthau. 'The Corruption of Patriotism,' in 'Dilemmas of Politics.' P. 305 ff.

3 From Max Weber. *Essays in Sociology.* Trans. and ed. by H. H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills. N.Y., O.U.P. 1947. Pp. 330-34.

4 Max Weber. *The Theory of Social and Economic Organisation.* Translated by A. M. Henderson and Talcott Parsons. N.Y., O.U.P. 1946. Pp. 214, 115-16.

5 James L. McCamy. *The Administration of American Foreign Affairs.* Pp. 196-8.

6 *Report of the Review Commission on Overseas Representation.* 1968-9. Sir Val Duncan.

7 The closest was Eden who studied Arabic and Persian at Oxford. See *Full Circle.*

8 Personal communication, Yale Graduate School, 1959.

9 Statement by Lord Butler on B.B.C. Panorama, July 2, 1973.

10 J. Wheeler-Bennett. *Munich, Prologue to Tragedy.*

11 *Report of the Committee on Representational Service Overseas 1962-3.* Chairman Plowden. Annexes J and L.

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The February issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Vet* by Edwin Samuel, *Defence of the Realm* by Ian Harvey, *Cambodia and Sihanouk's Role in China's Hands* by Nghiem Xuan Thien and *Missing Persons Join the Homeless* by Greville Janner, Q.C., M.P.

THE VICTORIANS AND OURSELVES

1. The Social Conscience

by Rex and Mary Witt

IN the year that Victoria became Queen of Britain, the name of a new and epoch-making science was coined by a philosopher in France. For to the positivist Auguste Comte we owe the word *sociology*. Long before 1837, of course, Man's social behaviour had interested political thinkers. Indeed, Man had been defined by the omniscient Aristotle as 'a creature in a city community'—*politikon zoon*. The science, however, which since the nineteenth century has taken a commanding position among academic disciplines, was a late starter. Sociology with all its ramifications is a modern subject. The earliest issues of the *Contemporary Review* were distinguished with articles by Herbert Spencer on sociology. Under the influence of such pioneers as Comte and Darwin, the English founding father of this new science showed himself as redoubtable an iconoclast as Karl Marx, the immigrant from Germany who made Victorian London his permanent home and whose book *Das Kapital* appeared in an English translation soon after his death. The political economists in England had long been hard at work. Hobbes and Locke had been followed by Malthus, preaching the gospel of population control, and by Bentham and Mill, with the slogan of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Peel had legislated for the control of child labour. But by one of the strange paradoxes of British history, it was not until the nation's economic prosperity was in full swing that the reformers began to cry out for the removal of social injustice: Shaftesbury over the factories, Howard and Elizabeth Fry over the prisons, Letchworth and Bruce over the children in almshouses.

Three years before the accession of Victoria, the English Poor Law system had been 'reformed'. Alas, with twentieth century hindsight we can but regard the new dispensation, whereby paupers were treated like subhuman pariahs, as worthy of the mind of a Scrooge. The State seemed bent on blinding itself to the fact that not every beggar is to blame for his indigence. The alleviation of poverty was left in the hands of private charity. Thus it was not surprising that the London Charity Organisation Society was founded in 1869, with the laudable aims of encouraging thrift and industry and of character building. Yet all this may strike some of us in the late decades of the twentieth century as no better than idle talk. With post-war inflation as a relentless incubus, while we watch our pound notes floating away, we may fail to understand the mid-Victorian economic theory of thrift. Instead of any Charity Organisation Society, our workers will choose the Trades Union Congress in the hope that the problem of financial need can be solved with a thrustful policy on pay, pensions and prices. The T.U.C. nowadays has almost become the watchdog of the social conscience!

One of the most obvious assumptions of Victorian thought was the

inevitability of rank and of class distinctions. The child was taught in the Anglican catechism to conclude the statement of his duty towards his neighbour as follows: 'to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call me.' The hierarchic ladder of class, with the Queen at the top, was built never to be broken. You could show benevolence towards those on the rungs below. They could not climb up to where by Divine Providence you were yourself. Often the attitude of Victorian 'do-gooders' seems downright smug. In these days it would surely be impossible to start a League of Poor Brave Things (as did the Girls' Own Paper, with a request for contributions from its readers) or to print an article with the title *Works of Mercy in a Busy London Life* (as did the *Contemporary Review* in 1866). Perhaps the main reason for the change of attitude now towards the cure of poverty and other attendant ills is the growth of the Welfare State and the narrowing of the gap between wealth and dearth. Riches in the eighth decade of our own century accrue not to the aristocrat with a pedigree going back to the Norman Conquest, but to the affluent immigrant from some former colony, or to the parvenu tycoon of chain shops, or the elite of a pop group.

Victorian England possessed a social conscience keen enough to stab beneath the veneer of national respectability and economic well-being at such evils as the sweated labour of children and women, slum-landlordism, and prostitution. At the accession of the young queen three decades had elapsed since Wordsworth, her poet laureate to be, had invoked Duty as 'Stern Daughter of the Voice of God.' To England in the nineteenth century the sound of the divine voice came with a vivid and perfervid ring. Children fortunate enough to be taught reading by well-to-do parents at home imbibed a moral outlook peculiarly Victorian. Morbid and macabre the attitude towards death may seem to non-believers today. At least the thought of reaping rewards in the life to come—dwelling in 'a happy land far far away'—could become the mainspring for dedication to the task of curing the ills of this world when the young grew up to be men and women. For us to jeer at our forebears a century ago because they longed for 'pie in the sky' shows an utter failure to understand their devotion to what they held to be their moral duty.

The case of Ruskin is worth quoting. As a child, when asked to preach his little sermon, he simply said 'People, be good.' The same Ruskin, writing his pamphlet on the *Opening of the Crystal Palace,* could side-step for a moment to show his concern for the poor and hungry.

> If, suddenly, in the midst of the enjoyments of the palate and lightnesses of heart of a London dinner-party, the walls of the chamber were parted, and through their gap, the nearest human beings who were famishing, and in misery, were borne into the midst of the company . . . one beside the chair of every guest, would only the crumbs of the dainties be cast to them?

Robustly dedicated, the great Victorian champions of a better society would never have fathomed the twentieth century fatalism of Eliot's *Waste Land*: 'Thus the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper.' Such spineless eschatology and unmitigated pessimism was not the driving force

behind the noble humanitarian achievements of Florence Nightingale and Josephine Butler. What good would they have found in our pathetic latter-day whimpers? These redoubtable Victorian women deemed themselves to be like Joan of Arc. Seeing the dragon of disease stalking through the land, they meant to go forth sword in hand to slay the gigantic monster.

In the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria the voice of God, we are told, came to Miss Nightingale and called her to give up her life to nursing the sick. It needed resolution and a steeling of the senses worthy of any old Stoic. The girl who afterwards in the Crimea became known as the Lady of the Lamp found (like all her profession) that a healer must stay, at least outwardly, unruffled by personal feelings. Her vocabulary excluded the verb 'to love' in the first person singular, whether active or passive. (Gossip about her emotional life is here ignored). Her concern was to alleviate needless suffering which only too many people were enduring in those days. Other eminent Victorians display the same temper of mind. Josephine Butler waged a relentless campaign against prostitution and Joseph Lister pioneered in his laboratory for antiseptic surgery. The Victorian age did not lack men and women seeking a better society.

Early issues of the *Contemporary Review* bring to our notice a number of enlightened views about England a century ago. It is as though the reader were being told by the writer to think for himself. A parson, E. H. Plumptre, could address himself to 'those who think, as I do, that the Sundays of most of our large towns in England are a scandal and a reproach.' A few months afterwards (March, 1867) in her article on *Female Suffrage* Lydia E. Becker could cleverly end thus: 'It may be denied that women have anything to do with politics; it cannot be denied that politics have a great deal to do with women.' In a third article we meet the short rhyme. 'Evil is wrought By want of thought, As well as want of heart,'

Voices like Lydia Becker's were listened to and heeded. Already in the 1860's there were gathering the preliminary rumbles of the storms which have broken with such uproar since then—stirred up by such suffragettes as Sylvia Pankhurst and by the latter-day Amazons of Women's Lib. Tennyson wrote the *Princess* in 1847. This evidently took the fancy of the reading public for by 1852 it had run into five editions. Contemporary England noticed the bold assertion 'The woman's cause is man's' together with the *addendum* that both, between them, could 'clear away the parasitic forms that seem to keep her up but drag her down.' The violent explosions, however, of two world wars in our own century were needed to blow sky-high the comfortable Victorian belief that about half of the country's population lived to be bossed under masculine domination. Mr. Gladstone with his personal concern for 'fallen women' could rank as sexually enlightened. What would he have made of today's civic fathers at Runcorn and Aberdeen—with their policy of dispensing birth control appliances free and of legalised abortion? The bard of the *Princess*, when he wrote 'all wild to found an University for maidens,' would hardly have been thrilled at some quite un-Victorian sights—our present-day sexual ambivalence in

dress and coiffure which in our jargon is called unisex, to say nothing about the treatment of eroticism by the mass media. Emancipation of women has led to a social upheaval of which sexual freedom and loss of reticence about it are two obviously important factors. The extent of such changed mentality has hardly as yet been appreciated, and could never have been envisaged by the Victorians.

The Rev. E. H. Plumptre, whom the *Contemporary Review* allowed to criticise Sabbatarianism, and whose hymns are still sung in Anglican churches, pin-pointed a cause of social unhappiness. Keeping holy the Sabbath Day meant the utter and total avoidance of secular pursuits. In the *Teacher's Offering* for 1844 was included *The Broken Sabbath—A True Story*. Here a 'thoughtless child' who plays truant from church and Sunday school reaps his due reward. For he went to the river to slake his thirst and was drowned:

> The bank gave way beneath his feet,
> He fell, no more to rise.

To drive the point home, the cautionary tale ends thus:

> And ere the little flock dispersed,
> (Their sabbath duties o'er)
> Poor Harry's cold and lifeless form
> Was carried past the door.

Nowadays a youngster reading such artless moralising is more likely to giggle than to weep. Sabbath duties (unless his family background be fundamentalist and his feeling of respect for the Decalogue preternaturally strong) have absolutely no significance. Holiness has even less for him than it had for poor Harry. The boys and girls whose parents take them out in the car to spend a Sunday on the sands at Blackpool or the pebbles at Brighton come to the seashore on a holiday—not on a *holy day*. They have left the tower block of the city with as guiltless a conscience as their mothers and fathers. They may even frequent some place of worship on some other Sundays. They shout for joy. They are as free as the air they breathe. These are the present generation. How much grimmer was life for many juveniles in Victorian times!

Born into an affluent home, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (like many another Englishwoman of her period in similar circumstances) was keenly aware of child suffering. Warm-heartedly she composed her *Cry of the Children* (as poignant as Hood's *Song of the Shirt*) exposing the sorrows of the young in the so-called 'country of the free' as they drove the wheels of iron round and round in the factories:

> They are weary ere they run;
> They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
> Which is brighter than the sun.

Here the critic may argue that the picture is too sombrely coloured by the poet's subjective experience. Evidence, however, can be easily found that the lot of young people little more than a hundred years ago could be appallingly harsh. To take but a single example, namely the cruelty shown to small children as chimney sweeps, it was necessary for Parliament to pass four Acts during the reign of Victoria (the last of them less than eighty years ago) before this social evil was blotted out once and for all.

An unshakable and unswerving hope in the perfectibility of the human race was the mainspring of the Victorian crusaders for a better England. We see this whether we think of Bright and Cobden in their fight against the Corn Laws or Carlyle and Ruskin in their treatment of political economy, or Spencer in his formulation of the science of sociology, or the master poet Tennyson envisaging 'one far-off Divine Event to which the whole Creation moves.' In a sense this confidence was a blend of the attitude of Mr. Micawber and that of the non-Victorian M. Coué. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* starts with a Prologue where in spite of the lack of a robust theology the tone is steadfastly optimistic: knowledge must grow, mind and soul are to make one music, but faster. Two specialists in the social history of Victorian England, Young and Trevelyan, see in this passage a striking resemblance to what can be found in Sophocles, though it must in fairness to him be pointed out that the ancient Athenian dramatist was responsible for writing some most pessimistic words about human existence. Certainly in our own times the cherished idea of a steadily improving world as expressed by Tennyson and his contemporaries gains no support from those whose hope suffered the blow of Belsen and Hiroshima. The dream of some 'music of the spheres' in which the central harmony is produced by human progress, so dear to the mid-nineteenth century, has been shattered by man's inhumanity to man.

Security and stability marked Victorian society. The gold sovereign, like the Imperial Sovereign, was all-powerful—and its authority never sagged. The world in which we now live is pathetically insecure, and the British public is only too well aware of the melting away of money values. Confidence in the economic well-being of one's country can be a strong support for the social reformer. Such was certainly the case with the Victorians. The wealthy in the literal sense could *afford* to live in slumland, for their incomes were as safe and sound 'as the Bank of England'. The establishment of such settlements as Toynbee Hall, where university students and other voluntary workers sought to improve the East End environment, looks forward to all the achievements since accomplished for the welfare of the underprivileged. Such social progress arose out of the very security which Britain's economy then enjoyed. It must also be stressed that Toynbee Hall in 1884 was the outcome of private enterprise. In the year before it opened, Bismarck had instituted a form of social security by the State in Germany. Nearly half a century had to elapse until the same thing happened by Act of Parliament in Britain.

Victoria had a long and lucky reign. In a sense only sexagenarians and their elders are fit critics of it today. To have lived as long as the Great Queen was on her throne, and to have endured the world wars she and her subjects fortunately never knew, may be qualifications for indulgence in comparisons between the problems of her society and those of our own. Those of us with such experience of post-Victorian England will recognise how well the tradition of social conscience has been maintained in a land where freedom and the rights of the individual have always been held in the highest esteem. We follow the lead of Hampden and Mill and we are

proud of those compatriots like John Bright, Florence Nightingale and Elizabeth Browning, whose words and deeds helped to bring about a better system and the greater happiness of the British community. Eminent Victorians they most certainly were.

In some ways life goes on as it did in the past. In May 1868, for instance, the *Contemporary Review* carried an article headed *The National Income of the United Kingdom, Wages, Profits and Rents.* Allow for the fact that 'United Kingdom' then embraced the whole of Ireland and that now 'E.E.C.' has replaced 'British Empire', and the problem there raised for the readers of this magazine were just as topical as they would be for us today.

And the differences? In these days our wants are to a surprisingly large degree met by the Welfare State, for which, of course, we all must pay. In the age of Victoria the underprivileged worked by the sweat of the brow and never dreamed of social security as we know it. The penal code was savage. Today it is widely held that the law-breaker suffers derisory punishment and snaps his fingers at so-called deterrents.

Under Victoria, the nation was still, as Napoleon had called it, one of shopkeepers. Today the small shop is being crushed out of existence by the juggernaut of the self-service store. Then, apart from at the seaports, few faces would have been visible that were not white. Now there is hardly anywhere in Britain where you will not find some personal reminder of dark-skinned immigrants from what in Victorian days was still called the British Empire.

So in the Britain of our times it is not quite the same to have a social conscience as it was a hundred years ago. Time has marched on. Could the Victorian pioneers for a moment set eyes on the land which they felt it was their duty to improve, they might perhaps wonder why they had striven so hard to do so and even consent to tell us where we have still to achieve as much as they did.

Note: Rex and Mary Witt will contribute two further articles: *Work and Wealth* and *Training the Young.*

POVERTY AND SCHIZOPHRENIA

by John Wilder

THE key to realistic programmes of community support lies in the effective co-ordination between the formulation and execution of plans of action. Plans can only be formulated when a thorough assessment of the prevailing conditions has been made. To plan in the absence of such information is analogous to pinning, whilst blindfolded, the tail on the donkey—more often than not the tail is placed in a most inappropriate part of the animal's physique, although an individual's performance will improve with time if he is permitted some sort of feedback! The trial and error approach to solving social problems is clearly both uneconomical and time-consuming; thus every effort should be made to provide the planners with relevant information so that their programmes may be pertinent to the needs of the community.

The case for data is strong; information is required on a regional or local authority area basis as well as nationally. The specific needs of different areas can only be elucidated by detailed field studies. The derivation of a predictive formula, which estimates the numbers of schizophrenic persons being discharged to the community, will provide a base line and at least give an indication of the size of the problem as well as highlighting the psychiatric 'blackspots'.

The development of a predictive formula is a step in the information-collecting process: although limited in its application, i.e. it is only concerned with persons diagnosed as schizophrenic, and can only give a crude measure of the numbers being discharged from hospitals. Nonetheless, the formula is a useful preliminary. Having estimated the numbers involved, one can proceed to determine specific individual needs.

The type of questions which will be relevant include:

'How many require day centre facilities?'

'How many are in need of hostel accommodation?'

'What percentage would benefit from sheltered employment schemes?'

'How many are able to return to work?'

Answers to these questions can only be gained through detailed follow-up studies of the discharged patients. Only by assessing the particular mental/social/environmental conditions of those persons being returned to the community, can one instigate *appropriate* rehabilitation and community plans. Such plans must also incorporate guidelines for the selection and training of personnel, since the success or usefulness of any programme must ultimately lie with the collective efforts of those involved with its administration.

Alongside the specific community programmes, it is of tantamount importance to educate the general public in relation to mental health matters. Stereotyped attitudes towards the mentally ill still pervade our society; the mentally ill are still regarded with some fear and suspicion—reactions which are typical of an ill-informed public. People tend to avoid

those persons and situations which they feel ill-equipped to cope with, thus interactions and communications are stunted. A vicious feedback loop is set up since a person's behaviour and opinions about himself are continually modified by his own perceptions of how others are reacting to him: such a process will tend to aggravate rather than alleviate any behavioural anomalies and so perpetuate popular conceptions about mental illness. The general public must acquire knowledge about the diverse forms of mental illness and handicap and be encouraged not to avoid those individuals who appear to have some anomaly of function. Although modern medications are capable of suppressing the more florid symptoms, they do produce visible side-effects, e.g. Parkinsonian symptoms, which may be misinterpreted as 'nerves' rather than understood as an effect of the chemical. Clearly, the education of the general public is a pre-requisite of improving the lot of the mentally ill: the impetus should come from those who know better.

The chief goals of any community programmes for the mentally ill should be prevention, rehabilitation and aftercare. The ideas one has about the aims of such programmes will influence how they are executed. It is one thing to keep a person occupied for the day, quite another to plan the activities of the day so that they make a positive contribution to the existence or life-style of the individual. Rehabilitation programmes should be geared to enabling the individual to function in the community, to realise his potential worth, and ultimately to make the rehabilitative activities redundant for the individual. In practice, of course, the latter may not be realised for the hard core of chronically ill patients. Above all, rehabilitation should be educative: moreover, it is important not to let such programmes be guided by the things a schizophrenic person is unable to do, but rather to explore and concentrate on the things he *can* do. Perhaps, all too often, people have low expectations of the schizophrenic person—expectations which are swiftly internalised by the latter. A positive and constructive approach is needed to enable rehabilitation to proceed.

The discovery of new medications, in particular the effect of phenothiazines on psychotic patients, has led to a reduction in abnormal behaviour and, therefore, an increase in public tolerance for the mentally ill. The suppression of the more florid symptoms has enabled many patients to exist with reduced anxiety and less disturbance in the community. The Mental Health Act (1959), as a result, has shifted the emphasis for treatment away from custodial care. But to what end? It is of doubtful value to praise the decrease in the population of large mental hospitals from 131,000 to 109,000 unless we know what has been provided for these patients as an alternative.

Perhaps we should also question the merit of persistent medication if it is mainly motivated towards securing a quiescent patient. In fact, chemicotherapy is in danger of becoming a lost opportunity, if the patient's quiescence is not used to prepare, educate and in all ways assist him to take advantage of life's opportunities. Clearly, Community Care includes a responsibility to make more opportunities accessible to patients for a fuller life. The fact that the patient may no longer be disturbing his community does not reduce his need for care for his own sake.

The current estimate that 11% men and 16.6% women will need hospital care for treatment* during their lifetime ignores the fact that by far the greater number of these will be from deprived environments. It is sad, but revealing evidence, that it is now possible to predict with 95% accuracy the numbers of schizophrenic patients to be found in urban communities according to the degree of poverty that prevails. This is not to imply that poverty is the cause of schizophrenia but rather that there is a law of attraction which binds together those factors which perpetuate poverty.

This Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association's Prediction Formula does more than underline that poverty areas increase the vulnerability of its inhabitants. For those who wish to be positive it can indicate the size of the problem that they must plan to ameliorate if not eradicate.

It was for this reason that the P.R.A. research team, Gillian Lomas, Gwynneth Ross, Christina Watson, and John Wilder sought to examine a possible correlation between poverty and schizophrenia—one of the most difficult of the psychiatric illnesses to treat. They also set out to examine the possibility of producing an equation, by means of regression analysis, whereby the discharge rate for a specified area could be predicted with reasonable accuracy from a knowledge of the poverty variables. It was deliberately an investigation to disclose those areas in greatest need of care resources and not a study of the cause of schizophrenia—by effecting a predictive formula to provide quantative information to be used as a basis for a realistic plan of action.

Schizophrenia Discharge Rate refers to the number of persons discharged from hospital during one year who had been diagnosed as schizophrenic, calculated as the rate per 10,000 adult (20+ years) home population:
Total discharges × 10,000 divided by adult population = discharge rate.
The population figures were taken from the Census. The discharge rate came from hospital records of thirteen psychiatric hospitals. The study did not measure the total prevalence of schizophrenia in the Community. It did, however, concern itself with patients discharged from psychiatric hospitals throughout one year. That is, patients who especially need various supportive facilities in order that relapse may be avoided. Thus, in the context of the study the term 'schizophrenic' refers to all those persons who (a) have been admitted to hospital, (b) diagnosed as schizophrenic by a clinician, and (c) discharged from hospital during the same year.

Five variables were examined, each being taken as an indicator of poverty —either social and/or environmental. The specific choice was determined partly by results of other studies, and partly by the availability of the data from Census publications.
As an indicator of economic poverty:

1. *Unemployment*—the % of economically active males and females who were unemployed.
2. *Low Income Occupations*—The % of economically active males in socio-economic Group 11 (unskilled manual workers).

* Statistic and Research Report No. 4. Department of Health and Social Security 1970.

As an indicator of social isolation:

3. *People living alone*—% of one person households.

As an indicator of housing stress:

4. *Extent of overcrowding*—% of people living at more than 1.5 persons per room.
5. *Density of the population*—The number of persons per acre.

Thus, discharge figures were collected for thirteen parliamentary constituencies in Greater London, and for six electoral ward groups in Sheffield, making a total of nineteen districts. The total populations for these areas varied from 53,000 to 132,000. The five social and environmental variables for each sample area were obtained from Census sources.

The resulting correlation matrix showed that the percentage of people living at more than 1.5 persons per room yielded the highest correlation with the schizophrenia discharge rate (significant beyond 0.01 level). The other variables correlated highly with each other (also significant beyond 0.01 level).

Quite obviously, this predictive formula with a verified 95% level of confidence is a promising approach to the identification of areas of greatest need, and has been commended in the lead article of the British Medical Journal (July 7th, 1973).

Local Authorities lack adequate data upon which to base rehabilitation-community care programmes and, therefore, cannot substantiate the argument for increased resources. It is hoped that at a minimum the potential of the predictive P.R.A. formula will excite research into its development and lead to lively discussion and positive action.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

The Marriage. Timeri Murari. Macmillan. £2.75. *The Honorary Consul.* Graham Greene. The Bodley Head. £2.00. *Agatha.* Isabel Colgate. The Bodley Head. £1.75. *The Snow Mountain.* Catherine Gavin. Hodder & Stoughton. £2.95. *The Black Moon.* Winston Graham. Collins. £2.95. *Men, Women and Children.* Alan Sillitoe. W. H. Allen. £2.00. *Tales From Wessex.* Thomas Hardy. Pan Books. 30p. *The Wonder Worker.* Dan Jacobson. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £2.25.

It has often been stated that the most difficult task an author can undertake is the writing of a purely contemporary novel. Either the emphasis on immediacy tends to overwhelm the delineation of character or the human element obscures the factual backcloth. Yet for at least two centuries the creative writer—and the young writer in particular—has been tempted to portray the current scene, not always successfully; for detachment as well as narrative skill is required to stand back from the present and take a long objective look—particularly when personal emotions are involved.

It is rewarding to find the necessary expertise and independence in a first novel. Timeri Murari was born and educated in Madras and came to England as a young man. His *The Marriage* is an ingenious *Romeo and Juliet* type of story set in a Midlands industrial town. It concerns the temperate love affair of a young Indian girl, Leela, and an Englishman named Roger. Although Leela and her family are only moderately integrated into the unresponsive society in which they live and work, it is Leela who holds the trump cards so far as Roger's advances are concerned. Despite a myopic approach to the new way of life, her mother still dreams of an 'arranged' marriage for her daughter with one strictly of the 'caste'; whereas Roger's inhibited mother and loud voiced stepfather show small concern for his future. In any case, the Punjab faction are bound to win. Leela's intended husband, Hari, beats up Roger within an inch of his life and the Indian family prepare to celebrate their bitter victory.

However, far more significant than this vivid reportage of indigenous tribal warfare is Timeri Murari's exposition of an immigrant community in our midst, disliking their Anglo-Saxon workmates as much as the repetitive labour which brings them a living. Yet even so they are not immune from exploitation. Much of *The Marriage* concerns the attempt to break an extortion racket operated by an Indian against Indians. That it is unsuccessful is due to the apathy and fear of the immigrants themselves. It is to Timeri Murari's credit that he appreciates the shortcomings of his own nationals as surely as those of the indigenous workers and it is this impartiality which makes *The Marriage* an important social document.

It is not surprising to find a novelist of Graham Greene's stature and experience also exploring a situation of contemporary avarice and corruption, although on a larger and more significant scale. In *The Honorary Consul* he has a background tailored to suit his special talents, a seedy Argentinian provincial town not far from Buenos Aires. Here reside a preponderance of run-down individuals, chief of which for the purpose of this story is Edoardo (Edward)

Plarr, an English doctor whose father long since disappeared in nearby Paraguay, and is generally presumed to be rotting in a Paraguayan gaol. He makes a perfect foil to Charley Fortnum, the British 'Honorary Consul' of the title, who has for many years maintained this unsupported 'official' position.

Not surprisingly, the torpor of the Argentinian outpost is assailed periodically by convulsions from unstable Paraguay across the water, although the 'Consul' does little to arrest such disturbances. An unpredictable man, drink-sodden and amoral, yet fused equally with sentimentality and cynicism, he eventually marries Clara, an employee of a local brothel, and claims to be 'in love' for the first time in his checkered career. It is part of the novel's irony that Plarr becomes Clara's lover as casually as though she were still at the Sanchez 'house'.

Eventually, Fortnum is kidnapped by terrorists who have mistaken him for someone else. The 'powers that be' in Whitehall and B.A. are less interested in the fate of their 'honorary consul' than in keeping out of a diplomatic skirmish. It is not, in the end, Charley Fortnum who is shot down as a hostage but Plarr, while doing his best to assist his sometime crony to escape.

As with *The Marriage, The Honorary Consul,* stripped to the bare bones, is a deceptively simple tale, yet concealing formidable undercurrents. True, in these days of abduction, sky-jacking and mass killings in far away places, it is not likely to curdle our blood. Yet this study of men and women disintegrating spiritually and physically in the humid atmosphere of the small, dull town, is illumined by Graham Greene's accomplishment in conveying such people and making them objects of universal interest. Their religious or atheistic beliefs resemble bright threads in a tapestry; though without making the impact of the theological debate in, for example, *The Living Room.* Looked at as a whole, *The Honorary Consul* lacks the element of novelty and bracing narrative movement which characterised such earlier novels as *Brighton Rock, The Power and the Glory* and *The Quiet American.* And in the early stages of *The Honorary Consul* there is some difficulty in discovering the novel's direction and purpose. Yet, as is to be expected, there are innumerable recognisable truisms:

> 'I've often noticed', Plarr said, 'that when a man leaves a woman he begins to hate her. Or is it that he hates his own failure? Perhaps we want to destroy the only witness who knows exactly what we are like when we drop the comedy'.

It is not necessarily a criticism to say that women do not figure very effectively in this novel; but Clara's static, shadowy personality is a hindrance to essential credibility. Most convincing is Plarr's mother, a former beauty grown excessively stout on a diet of sweet cakes; but then she is merely a robust character study and has no requirement of growth.

The publisher's cover note claims that in this novel Graham Greene has 'created a world containing that special passion for the complexities of love, faith and compassion which lies at the heart of his work . . . ' Yet the final almost novelettish scene of reconciliation between Fortnum and Clara, while they plan for the future of the unborn child (Plarr's) seems to belie this somewhat portentous undertaking.

Corruption in a different although more important category provides the impetus for *Agatha,* fourth novel in the 'Orlando King' series, by Isabel Colgate. Agatha's brother, Paul, is serving fifteen years for selling foreign secrets to an unfriendly power. Recklessly, Agatha subscribes money for a gang organising his escape. But after this dramatic opening, another theme emerges. What might have been melodrama is tempered with a situation of quiet domesticity and the apathy with which Agatha accepts her husband's casual

infidelity.

In *Agatha,* the Orlando of the earlier novels is dead. The period is the Suez crisis, Conrad, Orlando's brother-in-law, is an elder statesman nearing the end of his career without having achieved his goals and embittered by personal and family disappointments; the ramifications of which are sometimes difficult to assimilate. For anyone who has not read the entire series, Isabel Colgate's ability to move swiftly towards the high peaks of her narrative is a compensation. It is to her credit that she does not evade the final issue. Agatha (married to Conrad's son, Henry), is finally arrested for her part in her brother's escape from prison. The point at which the author has chosen to end the Orlando saga is Conrad's return to his empty house, having quarrelled with his son, and believing his career to be in ruins as a result of the scandal. His only companion is an aged dog, near to death. Thus all is decay and dissolution. And so Conrad's cry from the heart, 'O God, let me die,' is seen as only a partial solution. It seems a weak ending for this important trilogy, although the very inconclusiveness may, of course, be a part of the author's intention.

The appeal of the contemporary is more than equalled by that of the historical novel. This is by no means a new development.

> 'To judge from the number yearly published, one may assume that there is a great demand for historical romances and so to judge from the quality of those published one may suppose that the readers are very good-natured or very ignorant or both . . . '

Thus wrote George Henry Lewes in 1846 and he went on to say that

> ' . . . the conjunction of two such elements as history and fiction may be excellent provided the fiction is good and the history is good.'

An excellent example of the factual historical novel is *The Snow Mountain* by Catherine Gavin. This is the true story of the Romanovs, beginning with the fateful summer of 1914 and concluding with the assassination and disposal of the bodies of the Russian royal family. The skeleton of this story is clothed with dialogues and scenes which adhere generally to the known facts, at the same time building up the characters to fictional proportions. Sub-plots of the long, closely detailed novel introduce cross-sections of impoverished, restive Petrograd society, as well as portraits of real statesmen, Poincaré, Woodrow Wilson, etc.

The first glimpse of the Imperial family is on board the *Standart,* awaiting the arrival of Admiral Beatty. This marks the beginning of a romance between the Grand Duchess Olga, oldest of the Czar's four daughters, and a young officer, Simon Hendrikova, although their innocent affair never has even a chance of fruition. Olga herself is portrayed as a woman apart from the Romanov despotism; a reformer in embryo, had she ever been given the opportunity to prove her worth. As the moment of tragedy approaches and her personality strengthens, regardless of persecution, hostility and the blunders of her misguided father and congenitally disagreeable mother, the reader can still feel astonishment that the ritual killings took place so short a time ago and that mystery of a kind still surrounds them.

The Black Moon by Winston Graham is a 'period' novel in which a purely fictional group of characters is set against an authentic historical background. The time is the end of the 18th century; the scene Cornwall. No brooding sense of doom hangs over the Poldarks and Warleggans, two wealthy, influential families who conduct their business and their love affairs with genial credibility. The men-folk administer mines and banks and the women discuss their physical and emotional conditions with refreshing pre-Victorian frankness. Throughout,

the personal confrontations are set against a backcloth of the war with France, and anxiety about the country's future stability which seems very relevant to current speculations along the same lines. It is all very readable and interesting even if, by switching the action constantly from one branch of the families to another, nothing very outstanding or tangible emerges. Four previous novels have been written about the Poldarks and Warleggans. The reader is never at a disadvantage as *The Black Moon* can be enjoyed on its own merits without reference to them.

Unlike the historical and contemporary novel, the short story is under constant challenge and attack. Yet volumes of new short stories continue to appear and in certain instances authors who have made their names as novelists seem actually to prefer the briefer or modified form. Alan Sillitoe is a case in point. Acclaimed for his first long novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning,* he has more than once turned to the novella and short story. *Men, Women and Children* would seem as a title to offer a comprehensive approach but in fact the nine stories of his latest collection are mostly set in Nottingham where, to quote his preface ' . . . the problems of simple people are the problems of the Gods . . . ' and in a brief yet self-revealing Preface he further states his objective as being the delineation of the emotions of people not usually prone to describing them.

Unfortunately, an expressed ambition of this kind is usually a handicap, even though Alan Sillitoe observes these 'simple' people with uncanny approach. *Mimic,* the first story in the book, a tragi-humorous account of a man grown old along with his talent for mimicry, is probably the most arresting story in the collection, yet it is in *Pitstrike* that the Sillitoe philosophy is seen most clearly. Here a middle-aged miner, a compulsive reader of the Bible for comfort and recreation, is persuaded to travel South to assist in a demonstration during the recent miners' strike. His inherent suspicion and awkwardness, gradually thawed out by the cheerful Hampstead 'progressives' who provide him with board and lodging, suggests an original and interesting confrontation; one which could with advantage be enlarged upon. Eventually, he loses his beloved Bible in a skirmish and returns home with something gained and learned beyond the success achieved by effective picketing.

Perhaps in general the modern author is too sensitive about the 'discipline' of the short story form, whereas the Victorian man of letters turned to it only if and when a particular idea seemed not to warrant a full length novel? Such was Thomas Hardy who, in the Preface to Wessex Tales, offers no apology or self-justification except for including two stories about hangmen! One can learn much about Thomas Hardy from his short stories. Pan Books have performed a helpful service by issuing *Thomas Hardy's Tales From Wessex,* to coincide with the current TV series, a collection of six stories selected from *Wessex Tales, Life's Little Ironies* and *A Group of Noble Dames,* removed from the familiar type and binding of the Macmillan edition: the stories are left to speak for themselves. And how splendidly they succeed. Long, long-short, or very short, they impart what is necessary and no more with the concentrated economy of a scenario.

Most impressive is *The Withered Arm,* that macabre tale of unintentional 'overlooking' and superstition. The setting of this story is an unfrequented corner of Egdon Heath where, according to local records, the Dorset dialect was spoken until a century ago. The opening paragraph in which Rhoda Brook, the rich farmer's discarded mistress, learns of his intended marriage to a younger woman, strikes with masterly precision at the heart of an explosive situation.

From that moment, poor Gertrude Lodge, the unwitting intruder, has no chance of escaping the curse Rhoda unwittingly lays on her except, as she believes, by rubbing her stricken limb on the body of a man freshly cut down from the gallows, only to learn, too late, that the hapless convict was in fact the farmer's illegitimate son by Rhoda Brook. The crisis develops in a curiously muted and unsensational manner, through its fifty or so printed pages—apparently an acceptable length for *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1888—a tale of uncomplicated 'morality' which, it is not really surprising to learn, is one of the standard English works for study in Japanese schools.

And finally, *The Wonderworker,* a novel which at first sight seems far removed from Thomas Hardy's *The Withered Arm,* although on closer inspection perhaps not so very far removed, after all, for it concerns mainly the unbalance of the human mind. Dan Jacobson has already published a number of novels and short stories, yet none which contains so much obscurity coupled with brilliant description of unexceptional people and their modest surroundings. The world of seedy gentility into which Timothy Fogel was born provides rich sources of humour and observation. In brisk cinematograph-like flashbacks the facets of Timothy's childhood are transmitted and if they seem heart-rending, it must be admitted that his sufferings are not due to parental cruelty or neglect. However, Dan Jacobson is not primarily concerned with the trivia of adolescence or suburbia. A gradual unfolding of the situation reveals that Timothy is in a Swiss mental home run by a Dr. Wuchs, undergoing treatment for his persistent fantasies. Or perhaps the egregious Dr. Wuchs is not a *bona fide* doctor after all but a projection of Timothy's subconscious self? Leaving this speculation aside, wishing it were unnecessary, there remains much to savour in this gallery of West Hampstead 'off-beats'.

Also received:

The Man with the Power. Eyre Methuen. £1.95. Leslie Thomas has enjoyed a career of phenomenal success as a novelist with astronomical sales. It is doubtful whether *The Man with the Power* will bring him quite the same measure of success, although Willy Turpin's adventures in America, in company with an eccentric revivalist, are described with considerable verve and enterprise. But it is a 'zany' world—and one not quite funny enough to compensate for being incredible.

The Ramayana. Chatto and Windus. £2.80. Not to be missed is the shortened prose version by R. K. Narayan, the Indian epic *The Ramayana*—one of India's two greatest epics and known to every man and woman and child on the vast continent in some varied form. It is essentially a story of reincarnation. Rama and Situ lived together in Heaven as divinities and then came to earth to lead the lives of humans. In a most illuminating Preface, R. K. Narayan explains his aims and objectives and what he has attempted to achieve in order to undertake the pruning down of the vast array of folklore into manageable size.

Somewhere Else, a first novel by Robert Kotlowitz (Gollancz, £300) has been highly praised and rightly so in the United States. This is an elaborate, impressive novel of Jewish life in various countries immediately before the First World War. It takes courage to tackle so long a novel of nearly four hundred pages and the reader may sometimes wonder whether the wealth of detail is not too repetitive and even dimming to the effect? But it is valuable as a statement of Jewish aims and problems. The central character, Mendel, embodies all the tragic frustrations of Jewish statelessness.

Richard's Things by Frederic Raphael (Cape, £2.25) is a novel which begins

in a deceptively straightforward manner. A devoted wife is summoned to her husband's death-bed in a Suffolk town only to learn that he had spent the previous night with a young French girl. At first shattered, she is finally prompted to search out the girl through motives of perverted hatred. These emotions are gradually transmuted into 'love'. Careful observation and authentic-sounding dialogue do not really run in harness with this bizarre situation of Lesbianism between two women, bound by their love of one man.

NON-FICTION

THE PASSIONATE RELATIONSHIP

Bertrand Russell's America. Volume I. 1896–1945. Barry Feinberg and Ronald Kasrils. Allen and Unwin. £5.75.

Held by many to be obsessively anti-American at several times in his long life, Bertrand Russell nonetheless found it necessary to return again and again to that great continent, both physically and in his voluminous writings. He clearly was, from time to time, deeply concerned to understand its impact on twentieth century life and thought in the western world. No one can remain indifferent either to Russell or to America. The size of the clash between the man and the country can be gauged as much by the vehemence of American utterances about him as by his own strong reactions to the treatment which he, in certain important respects, received there. 'If we had an adequate system of immigration, that bum could not land within a thousand miles', was the comment of one irate New York senator in 1940. And the persecution of Russell at that time was later said to have been 'unequalled in American history since the days of Jefferson and Thomas Paine'.

This book, the first of two volumes, records a highly important selection of Russell's own impressions as well as his considered statements on the seven visits he made, up to and including his period of residence there during the Second World War. The social and sexual *mores* which made him suffer in 1940 as an outcast in American society are in startling contrast to the prophet-like status earlier accorded him when, as a young man in 1896, and in 1914, he first entered American university circles as both mathematician and social philosopher. Although at that earlier stage there were limits to his admiration of the Harvard Faculty, his observation of American university students led him to applaud the open-mindedness of their response to unfamiliar philosophical ideas. One of these students in 1914 was T. S. Eliot. 'I did not know at that time', Russell says, 'that he wrote poetry. He had, I think, already written "A Portrait of a Lady" and "Prufrock", but he did not see fit to mention the fact. . . . I was praising Heraclitus, and he observed: "Yes, he always reminds me of Villon." I thought this remark so good that I always wished he would make another'. At this period, that of Russell's *Principles of Mathematics,* he was said by Professor Royce to have received more attention than any logician since Aristotle. And yet, in this 'land of freedom', he was in 1940 judged by Justice McGeehan 'unfit to teach New York students' on the grounds of his unorthodox views on marriage, as expressed in *Marriage and Morals.* An attempt to bar Russell from Harvard failed, probably as an indirect result of a massive protest by students at the City of New York College when his appointment there was revoked,—'A Chair of Indecency' the judge had called it.

The authors have assembled a rich collection of Russell's American exper-

iences and observations. The book will be an invaluable source both for students of Russell and for those readers who are concerned with Anglo-American relations in the years between the Wars.

BETTY ABEL

THE REFORM BILL 1832

The Great Reform Act. Michael Brock. Hutchinson. £4.50. (Paperback £1.95.)

The Reform Act of 1832 has always been seen as one of the 'coatpegs' on which historians hang their coats of many colours. Yet strangely enough no complete account of it has appeared since J. R. M. Butler's excellent book of 1914. This present study by M. G. Brock, Vice-President of Wolfson College, Oxford, is therefore all the more important. The Reform Act of 1832 is the starting point for any serious study of modern British history and henceforth this book must be the principal guide. It is founded upon years of research in the papers of the politicians involved in the two year struggle over the bill. Yet more than that, it is the product of a considerable amount of thought, a rarer quality than research amongst modern historians.

This book tells the familiar story of the old electoral system in decline, the fall of Wellington's government in 1830, their struggle to get the reform bill through the Commons and the long battle with the Lords. From his research, however, Mr. Brock has unearthed several amusing new anecdotes. We are given, for example, a delightful letter from the then Lord Carrington, an anti-reformer, to his son, a pro-reform M.P. Carrington ordered his son to avoid the family house until his noble temper was cooled.

Throughout the book the author frequently takes issue with Peel and with Peel's biographer, Professor Gash. Mr. Brock makes no secret of his admiration for the Whigs. The poor Whigs have at last found a new champion after years of combined assault from old Tories of the right and new Radicals of the left. He admits that the bill as drawn and passed by Lord Grey and his aristocratic colleagues had several faults. Some of these were due, he tells us, to their inexperience of office. Yet more were due to their dilemma that the bill had to be enough to satisfy the Radicals and yet no more than the great Whig families would permit. The reader who wants a different view would be well advised to turn to the recent definitive biography of Peel by Norman Gash.

Nearly a third of the book is devoted to the 'old system in decline'. He sees little connection between the reform movements of the late eighteenth century and the eventual success of the Whigs in the 1830s. He stresses the importance of 'Catholic Emancipation' in 1829 in breaking the old Tory party of Pitt and Liverpool. Some of the ultra Tories inclined towards reform, at least initially, because they realised that a more popular electorate would have prevented 'Emancipation'. The ruinous cost of elections to the magnates is shown to have been a major cause of many conversions to reform. Earl Grey was confirmed in his reforming sentiments by having to pay £15,000 in 1827 for his son's unsuccessful battle for a Northumberland seat. The Yorkshire election of 1826 cost the candidates £150,000.

Any attempt to explain this or any other reform act of the nineteenth century involves the description of the many types of constituencies and electorate. Mr. Brock renders this somewhat easier by including several tables to show the types of boroughs and electors before and after the act. This is a great help both to the student and the general reader. The chronological table is also

useful in following the complications of the two year struggle.

Inevitably a book like this is bound to create some controversy. Few dead politicians are without contemporary paladins. Certainly some will object that the book is not fair to either Peel or, more so, to Wellington. Others may carp that the role of Francis Place, the famous radical tailor of Charing Cross, is lowered. Yet none can say that Mr. Brock has fallen into that frequent bog of historians: immersion in the politics of Westminster to the exclusion of the world beyond the clubs. The book pays a great deal of attention to the activities of Thomas Attwood and his Birmingham Political Union. The book, however, is a history of the English Reform Act for little attention is given to the Scottish one and even less to the Irish one.

The final chapter is a consideration of the place of the act in English history as well as some criticisms of its failures. It is clear, for example, that bribery was not reduced. Indeed, it may have increased after 1832. Lord Melbourne, as engagingly forthright as ever, said that public honesty was less outraged by the bribery of one large borough monger before reform than that of hundreds of newly enfranchised voters after reform. Old Earl Grey had doubts about his measure. Five years after its passage he wrote: 'If I had thought that the result of the Reform Bill was to be the raising of a new Rienzi (O'Connell) and to make his dictatorship and the democracy of the towns paramount to all the other interests of the state, I would have died before I would have proposed it'.

It should be emphasised that this book is not just for the specialist in nineteenth century British history. Unlike many academic accounts it is well written but unlike many popular accounts it is well researched. The publishers are to be commended for bringing out a paperback at the same time so that the book is available to more in these times of outrageous book prices. However, it is to be regretted that the footnotes were relegated to the back of the book, particularly as many of them are as amusing as they are informative.

R. F. MULLEN

A VOYAGE IN VAIN

A Voyage in Vain: Coleridge's Journey to Malta in 1804. Alethea Hayter. Faber £2.95.

The year 1804 found Coleridge in one of his most confused and despondent periods. His stay at Keswick and frequent visits to the Wordsworths at Grasmere had proved mutually unsatisfactory; his marriage was an admitted failure, complicated by his hopeless passion for Sara Hutchinson; and, to crown all, there was an expanding rift between him and his friend Wordsworth. Also, he was increasingly dejected by poor health, and for three years had been convinced that the English climate was killing him. He schemed to go to the Azores, but gave up the idea for lack of funds and because of unfavourable weather reports. Nevertheless, the project of a sojourn in a sunny climate remained obstinately with him, shared with his correspondents who were all somehow expected to assist in its fulfilment. Some were sceptical, and one, his old friend Thomas Poole, wrote: 'I never yet heard that complaints like yours were particularly alleviated by a warmer climate'. Eventually, his choice fell on Malta, particularly when his friend John Stoddart, who had just been given a Government appointment there, asked him to stay with him.

There were, of course, difficulties. England was again at war with France and sea voyages were dangerous in the Mediterranean. These did not deter Coler-

idge, who seems to have shown plenty of courage. He tried unsuccessfully to get a free passage in a warship, but finally settled with the captain of a two-masted brig, *The Speedwell,* to be taken to Malta for thirty-five guineas (the third of a year's income), due to sail with the next convoy.

Coleridge spent three months preparing for the voyage. Charles Lamb and two journalist friends came to the Strand to see him off on the Portsmouth coach on the 27th March 1804, but it was ten days before the brig set sail, after Coleridge had written despondently to his friends the Beaumonts: 'My spirits are low; and I suffer too often sinkings and misgivings, alienations from the Spirit of Hope, strange withdrawings out of the life that manifests itself by existence—morbid yearnings condemned by me, almost despis'd, and yet perhaps at times almost cherish'd, to concenter my being into Stoniness, or to be diffused as among the winds, and lose all individual existence.'

When he had written this, Miss Hayter tells us, he paused, 'and began to take in his surroundings, to look out through the porthole and listen to the sea, and be conscious of a returning equipoise; and when he resumed his letter, it was to tell his friends—"Positively, this Night, that Star so very bright over the mast of a noble Vessel—and the sound of the water breaking against the Ship Side—it seems quite a *Home* to me." '

The next morning Coleridge was rowed back to Portsmouth with the captain past a splendid line of nine men-of-war with many smaller ships in between, reminding Miss Hayter that Jane Austen saw Spithead and the ships on just such a day in spring a few years later, and she received such a prismatic impression that she introduced it as a scenic description, more vivid than was usual with her, in *Mansfield Park.* It is a measure of Miss Hayter's skill as a literary biographer that such choice allusions occur: Coleridge is her centrepiece, but so large and embracing that the story of his voyage brings one slant and revelation after another, so that we see him in the round both before he boarded the *Speedwell* and during the eventful six weeks of the voyage. We see him cramped in the cabin he has to share (for sleeping and meals) with two other passengers, the Captain eating with them. We have graphic descriptions of their unpleasant habits and the stench of the bilge water which often made eating impossible. We see Coleridge sitting on a hencoop on the deck writing his letters and notes. And, most remarkably, we see the British naval convoys crisscrossing the Mediterranean with the men-o'-war alert for full-scale action or to cope with privateers from North Africa. Controlling the convoys we are aware of Nelson in the *Victory* confidently waiting for the French fleet to venture out of Toulon.

Coleridge was frequently ill during the six weeks' voyage. His dosings of laudanum created terrible states of constipation. At times he was near death, and as he recovered he had bouts of nightmare and depression, fluctuating with hopeful and happier moods.

At the end of the six weeks' voyage through storm and calm, Coleridge arrived at Malta. It had been a dream-haven, but he was disillusioned. There was no sunshine in his heart. 'He had set out in hope, he arrived in resignation.' No experience could be unfruitful for anyone so mentally resourceful and spiritually eager as he was. He was the first to realise that he had changed, that he had lost hope in the ideal of poetic accomplishment which he had shared so gloriously with Wordsworth; but he knew that he had many achievements ahead in later writings. He stayed in Malta, as Secretary to the Governor, getting through a lot of bureaucratic business, which must have irked him. 'In

the years after his return to England, after an absence of six years, he wrote all his greatest prose, and profoundly influenced religious and aesthetic ideas in nineteenth-century England, and it was his political and philosophical essays and lectures that he cited in *Biographia Literaria* as the justification of his existence, a life, as he said, not lived in vain.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A NEW LOOK AT EDWARDIAN OUTRAGES

The Houndsditch Murders. Donald Rumbelow. Macmillan. £2.95.

Mr. Donald Rumbelow, serving police officer and officially approved historian of the City of London Police, rummaging among a scatter of old cardboard boxes, blew aside the coatings of dust and discovered a mouldering cache of police documents bearing upon three celebrated and correlated incidents from the criminal past—the Tottenham Outrage of January 1909, the Houndsditch Murders of December 1910, and the world-famous sequel which they begat, the Siege of Sidney Street of January 1911.

From the crumbling maps, the tattered testimonies of the witnesses and the suspects, the friable press-cuttings, Mr. Rumbelow has reconstructed his tripartite story, correcting errors and supplying omissions on the way. All this has been augmented by personal interviews with members of the families of police officers who were actively involved in the events, and with such eye-witnesses who could still, at this distance of time, be tracked down.

The result of this splendid beavering is the best and soundest book yet published on the nefarious doings of the cenacle of Russian revolutionary anarchist expropriators which nested in East London in the melting-pot first decade of the century.

The story is, of course, not new. It has been told, re-told, and, inevitably, filmed, and Mr. Rumbelow himself confesses, 'I didn't expect to find anything new'. Happily, his expectations were not fulfilled. There is quite a lot that is new in his book, in terms of both amplification and demolition. For instance: there is the emergence in the round of the previously shadowy Jacob Peters, slayer of three English policemen, who survived to bcome a Hero of October and head of the terrifyingly powerful Soviet Cheka, before, in the Stalin purges of the late 1930s, an anonymous Russian executioner carried out the office that should have fallen to an English hangman.

There is the authoritative laying of such legends as the persistent canard that the murder of Leon Beron, on Clapham Common on New Year's Day 1911, of which Steinie Morrison was found guilty, was in fact a reprisal 'execution' by order of the expropriators, against whom and their organisation Beron had laid information.

There is the circumstantial refutation of the insistent claim that it was Stalin himself who, while living in London, was responsible for the planning of the Houndsditch affair.

But some mysteries remain.

Were those charred fragments of bone which, in my medical student days, I used to gaze at in the Historical Room of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, as the label intimated, the mortal remains of the immortal Peter the Painter?

Did Peter Piaktow alias Peter Schtern perish in the Sidney Street inferno? Clearly, Mr. Rumbelow does not think so. And, indeed, the evidence is that the two men who died at 100 Sidney Street on January 3rd, 1911, were Fritz

Svaars and William Sokoloff alias Joseph. It looks as if unscientific romanticism crept, at least once, into the austere places of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Was Peter the Painter in reality Peter Pilenas, brother of Casimir Pilenas, interpreter at the Thames Police Court, and the man to whom the City Police turned for help in taking statements from the Houndsditch murderers?

An especially useful feature of the book is the 'List of Characters' which prefaces it. Most of the anarchists operated under a bewildering variety of aliases, and without this invaluable key one suffers all the aggravating head-spinning confusion that accompanies a first reading of *Anna Karénina.*

Especially interesting are the photographs of these multi-nominate web-spinners and intriguers, with their high Slav cheekbones, their waxed uprise moustaches, their lank, *en brosse,* or carefully disarrayed, springy hair.

Here is Peter the Painter, pictured against an utterly inappropriate rural background. Worth comparing with the photograph of Peter Pilenas, reproduced in Sir William Charles Crocker's autobiography, *Far From Humdrum.* Here, too, the sinister and egomaniacal Jacob Fogel, flower in buttonhole, clasping a sextant, pretending to be a cadet at Archer-Shee's Osborne. By the time he was twenty-one he was wanted for the murder of five men. And here, the pathetic little hunchbacked Sara Trassjonsky, with all the brooding melancholy of troubled Russia staring dully out of the tragic eyes beneath the absurd hat.

For me, most fascinating of all, the young Nina Vassileva . . . so different from the old woman whom I met fifty years later. I found her, in November 1960, living in the direst poverty in an attic room in Brick Lane—almost within a stone's throw of Sidney Street. She was severely crippled with arthritis, and had recently undergone a gall-stone operation, but otherwise her health was good and her memory clear. We talked of the Houndsditch Murders and the Battle of Sidney Street; of the crowd she used to meet at the Anarchist Club in Jubilee Street; of Fritz Svaars and Jacob Peters, who had lived in the same house as she did, Peter the Painter, Carl Gardstein, Joe Levi. . . summoned back to life by her words, they all seemed to troop through the poor room, with its blue-wash painted walls, its single naked light bulb, a bed, one hard chair, and a gas ring.

Reading Mr. Rumbelow's excellent book brings all the old tragedy back with magically painful clarity. It has left me with an aching nostalgia for a time I never knew.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Constitutional Relations Between Britain and India. The Transfer of Power 1942-47. Vol. IV. (H.M. Stationery Office, £13). This volume, edited by Dr. Nicholas Mansergh, Editor-in-Chief, and the late E. W. R. Lumby, Assistant Editor, covers the period 15th June 1943 to 31st August 1944 and is entitled *The Bengal Famine and the New Viceroyalty.* It is, of course, a volume of documents, drawn mainly from India Office archives, some Cabinet Minutes and the Linlithgow Collection. Lord Linlithgow, after over seven years as Viceroy, left office on 4th October 1943, to be succeeded by Winston Churchill's second choice, Lord Wavell. As the Introduction points out, the year is largely dominated not by politics and constitutional advance but by the appalling Bengal famine with its enormous ramifications and the difficulties of bringing in supplies. Nonetheless, the volume has other features, including the contrasts

between Linlithgow the astute politician and Wavell, steadfast, obstinate soldier. The latter never received Chuchill's full confidence. The volume also includes the release in May 1944 of Gandhi. The War Cabinet agreed to Wavell's recommendation on medical grounds, being fearful that Gandhi might die in prison. Churchill had been assured that it was improbable that Gandhi would never again take an active part in politics. However, he made a remarkable recovery and did so within two months. Churchill was not pleased, and queried with Wavell the medical reports. Wavell was unrepentant.

Barnaby Rudge (Penguin English Library. 60p). This new paperback edition of Dickens's novel centring on the Gordon riots has been edited by G. W. Spence, lecturer in English at Canterbury University, New Zealand. The text is based upon that in the 1868 'Charles Dickens' edition, with restoration of the original 1841 reading 'wherever I think it preferable', where the difference in texts seems to him reasonably due to corruption. There is a useful Introduction in which, *inter alia*, he discusses whether Dickens's treatment of the Gordon riots was influenced by his attitude to the Chartist Movement which was developing when the novel was being written. 'The relation is problematic, because of the difficulty of saying what his attitude towards Chartism was at that time.' The book contains some textual notes and also the original illustrations by George Cattermole and Hablot K. Browne.

The Collector's Book of Boys' Stories (Studio Vista. £4.95). For twenty years Eric Quayle has been collecting first editions of boys' adventure stories and now has a library of several thousand. They provide the basis for this fascinating history of juvenile literature; and all the many illustrations are taken from this collection. Mr. Quayle is mainly concerned with the development of the novel written specifically for boys from the middle of the nineteenth century until the decline of the *genre* in the thirties. He discusses the work of the more prominent writers as well as referring to the output of many less known. It is an important book of reference as well as of enjoyment.

Tower of London (Reader's Digest in association with Newsweek, New York. £3.95). In this splendidly produced volume of coffee table size, in the *Wonders of Man* series, Christopher Hibbert tells the story of this Norman castle first built by William I. It is twofold. There is the architectural history of this gruesome institution, culminating in the fire of October, 1841, and subsequent repairs and restorations. More particularly, however, the book centres on those grim events of imprisonment, torture and frequently death within its walls. As to the responsibility for the murder of the young princes, the author is not categorical about Richard III's responsibility. The hundred illustrations are superb, half being in full colour. There is a section on the Tower of London in literature.

Antiques (Souvenir Press, £3.50). This volume of 'professional secrets for the amateur' has been compiled by Michel Dussy who comes from a long line of French craftsmen, *Compagnons du Tour de France*. It is a do-it-yourself book for the keen amateur searching around among small antique dealers. The book covers a very wide field of antiques, and tells the amateur what to look for, and how to preserve, repair and improve the condition of what he gets. Within its limited scope, it will be found a useful and practical book. It has been translated from the French by Patrick Evans.

JUN 1976

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

109th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

FEBRUARY 1974

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Merlyn Rees, M.P.

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Rex and Mary Witt

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incorporating The Fortnightly

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.08; U.S.A. and Canada $13.50. Rates for all other countries on application.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

February 1974 Vol. 224-25 No. 1297-1304
1306-07
FEB-SEP, 1974 FEB, 1974-
NOV-DEC 1974

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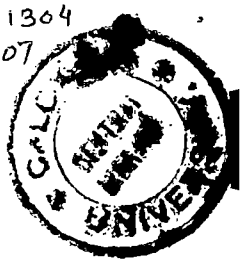

NORTHERN IRELAND 1974

by Merlyn Rees, M.P.

IN June 1973 I wrote in the *Contemporary Review* on *The Future of Northern Ireland* and expressed the view that 'the White Paper proposals are a step in the right direction. They can lead to further such steps if the Assembly elections show that majority for moderation which is in Northern Ireland but rarely reveals itself.'

In the event these elections, conducted on the basis of the single transferable vote, produced the following results:

Parties	First Preference Votes % of Total	Seats
Unionist	39.3%	33 Faulkner 23 Unpledged 10
Loyalist	22.6%	17 Democratic Unionist 8 Vanguard Unionist 9
Social Democratic and Labour	22.1%	19
Alliance	9.2%	8
Northern Ireland Labour	2.6%	1
Republican Clubs	1.8%	0
Others	2.4%	0

The straightforward Loyalist vote was clearly against the whole White

---

We greatly regret the death of Professor Sir Denis Brogan, who had been an Editorial Adviser to the *Contemporary Review* since 1965.

Paper approach. It was the split in the Unionist vote into pledged (Faulkner) and unpledged which weakened the Protestant moderates. On the Catholic side the SDLP did very well and votes for those against the White Paper in this community were very small.

As I watched the results totalled up after polling day I still felt there was sufficient strength in moderation to give hope for the future.

The problem ahead lay mainly on the side of the Unionists but, paradoxically enough, there was hope in the fact that the complete hegemony of the old Unionist Party and the inbred weakness of the old Nationalist Party was ended with the emergence of the SDLP and Alliance parties.

The further split of the Unionists into the various 'loyalist' parties of Mr. Paisley and Mr. Craig who contested the elections compounded the political fracture which had taken place at the time of Direct Rule when Unionists realised that they no longer mattered in the old way to the Conservative and Unionist Party now led by Edward Heath. Political and social change in Great Britain had moved a long way since the days of Lord Carson.

The days of the 'Protestant state' were over but, significant and historically important as this was, it did not remove the immediate problem for moderate politics caused by the split into pledged and unpledged Unionists. This weakened the position of Mr. Faulkner who had to lead for the Protestants with relatively few Assembly supporters.

The split was based on tribal memories. Those of a similar kind but different history were to be found in the Catholic areas. Power sharing between parties based on the Northern Ireland Constitution Act—which stated that powers would be transferred to a Northern Ireland Executive when it had sufficient support in the Assembly and electorate, and when 'there is a reasonable basis for the establishment of government by consent' —was not going to be easy. The politicians were willing but, in the event, would they be supported?

As summer moved into the autumn of 1973 any agreement on power sharing seemed to be eluding the Secretary of State. The marches and the speeches went on and on. I began to hear too many notes of despair. I was looking for speedier development and I was wrong. Time was still needed.

In the autumn, the Faulkner Unionists, the SDLP and the Alliance Parties, began to meet regularly with the Secretary of State. Unusually for Northern Ireland little of what was discussed leaked to the press. It was known that the basic questions of Economic and Social Affairs; Police, Security, and a Council of Ireland were the issues on which agreement was sought.

Over the years in Northern Ireland there has been such growth of a Welfare State and of government involvement in Industry that agreement here would not be difficult to achieve. Despite the financial involvement of Westminster in these fields they were, in any event, very much Northern Ireland matters. The violence itself had added to the housing problems which were clear for all to see.

On the other matters there would have to be compromise. The Unionists and Alliance felt strongly on the title of the Royal Ulster Constabulary and this was kept. The SDLP wanted more participation in control of the police by the Catholic community; this was to be achieved by introducing elected representatives on to the Police Authority, and by the setting up of local District Liaison Committees.

The SDLP also wanted a firm signal for their community on the Irish dimension and it was agreed that tripartite discussions on a Council of Ireland would shortly be held with the Irish government.

There was involved at all times the question of the proportions of executive members to be allocated to the three participating parties. The Protestant community as a whole would have been under-represented if the Faulkner Unionists were not in majority. How to do this with a starting number of twelve executive members as laid down in the Constitution Act? Six Unionists, Four SDLP and One Alliance would have produced the desired majority but it underplayed the role and importance of Alliance and gave too little scope to use the energies of the larger SDLP which had grown suddenly in the elections.

No other proportions were possible and the 'numbers game' was holding up progress so the Secretary of State decided to ask Parliament to set up an 'Administration' of fifteen members, of whom eleven would have voting rights and form an 'Executive'. In the 'Administration' there were to be seven Unionist; six SDLP and two Alliance. The 'Executive' of eleven kept to the proportion of six-four-one which gave Mr. Faulkner the majority. Agreement here produced overall approval and the Secretary of State was able to report to the House of Commons the setting up of an Executive-designate. An Executive proper had to await agreement on the Irish dimension and formal approval by the Westminster Parliament of power sharing and the changed numbers in the 'Executive' and of the 'Administration'. Power sharing was a remarkable achievement which redounds to the credit of Mr. Whitelaw and the three party leaders, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Fitt and Mr. Napier. Given history and the strong pressures on elected representatives in the province, it was almost unbelievable.

Power sharing is the greatest advance since direct rule opened up the possibilities of political change. It is the breakthrough even though it must not be seen as the end but as another beginning on a long road.

The next step—a conference of the Executive, the Government of the Republic and the British Government—would be the next testing time. For Mr. Faulkner, who had been left with only about twenty Assembly supporters as a result of one death and a political defection, any overstepping of the 'All Ireland' mark and his position in the Unionist political system would be further eroded. Any backsliding and the SDLP would not be able to carry the Catholic community and give the support that would turn the Executive designate into an Executive proper.

Over the weekend of 6-9 December the talks at Sunningdale in Berkshire proceeded. The chances of agreement were far higher than the waiting cliff-

hanging journalists believed. The Northern Irish had agreed to 'power share' and the Westminster government, through the by then politically departed Mr. Whitelaw, had acted as middleman. The Irish government was not going to be unreasonable. On unification they believed as much in the password 'consent' as had the government of Mr. Lynch—despite the mythological voices on the fringes of his party.

Compromise was the order of the day. One day we will find out why it all took so long. Perhaps it was innately felt that in all decency agreement had to take longer than the facts spelled out. The long weekend had the additional value that the participants got to know each other; there has been too little contact between North and South and Great Britain over the years. The South learned too, I gather, that Northern Irish politicians can act together as 'Ulstermen'. Fifty years is a long time in politics.

At the end of the day a communique was issued. The Taoiseach made it clear that his government wanted only unity by consent but that this did not mean for them a weakening of their aspirations in this respect.

The agreement on this was printed thus:

The Irish Government fully accepted and solemnly declared that there could be no change in the status of Northern Ireland until a majority of the people of Northern Ireland desired a change in that status.	The British Government solemnly declared that it was, and would remain, their policy to support the wishes of the majority of the people of Northern Ireland. The present status of Northern Ireland is that it is part of the United Kingdom. If in the future the majority of the people of Northern Ireland should indicate a wish to become part of a united Ireland, the British Government would support that wish.

Note that the views of the Irish and British governments are equal; the one does not come before the other. Even the method of printing reflects compromise—but even so the spirit of consent pervades the phraseology.

The last words of the British government's paragraph on the status of the province and any change, 'the British Government would support that wish', was pointed out to me on a visit to Dublin as being very meaningful. If this is a significant change it could have been made any time in the last five years.

The major part of the agreement dealt with the setting up of a Council of Ireland with seven members for the North and seven for the South—acting in unanimity on a harmonising and consultative role in the fields of natural resources, agriculture, trade and industry, tourism, roads and transport, public health, and culture and arts. The Council would be serviced by a Secretariat. A second tier Consultative Assembly would also be set up consisting of thirty members of the Northern Ireland Assembly and thirty from the Dail—chosen by their fellows on the basis of the Single Transferable Vote.

On the question of violence in the North and the seeming haven in the South 'it was agreed by all parties that persons committing crimes of

violence, however motivated, in any part of Ireland should be brought to trial irrespective of the part of Ireland in which they are located'. It would have been impossible to traverse all the legal byways and find the solution to this in the course of a weekend and accordingly a legal commission was set up to report urgently. Such a commission of eight members—four appointed by the British government and four by the government of the Republic—under the chairmanship of the Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland, was set up on December 28, 1973.

Allied to this 'it was agreed that the Council would be invited to consider in what way the principles of the European Convention on Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms would be expressed in domestic legislation in each part of Ireland'.

On the Policing issue the Northern power sharing arrangement was taken further by agreeing the interdependence of North and South, and the setting up of a 'Police Authority' in the South to match that in the North. These bodies would work together.

On detention, the British Government made clear their aim to end this form of imprisonment without trial, and the conference was informed of the intention to release a 'number of detainees' before Christmas—which was carried out.

The full communique needs to be read carefully but in any interpretation the Council of Ireland agreement is another step forward; another watershed in Irish affairs. There is still much to do and on this a great deal will depend on the calibre of the Secretariat and its Secretary-General.

It is too easy to be euphoric and it is important that on a subject on which lack of clarity aids false expectations the realities of time should not be ignored. As the editorial in the 14 December 1973 issue of Fortnight published in Belfast argued:

> The first reality is that the Council of Ireland is not a vehicle for reunification, however much the SDLP or the Dublin government might wish to think of it as such. Nor should it be. It is legitimate to regard it as a means of bringing the two communities in Ireland into closer harmony. But that does not imply that unification is the ultimate goal. It may be so, if the people come to regard their common attributes as more important than their differences. But co-operation is equally likely to stabilise the present state of partition.

In any event, co-operation between two governments—the Executive in the North and the Cabinet in the South—is not going to be easy. The first job is to get the two parts of Ireland used to working together. Where it will take them is up to the people of Ireland as a whole.

Indeed, as 1974 begins the fact that the people of Ireland are talking together is the essential and important change in the situation. This is one major factor to take into account at the beginning of 1974. What others need to be taken into account?

I return to moderation and to power sharing. I have called it a breakthrough and whatever happens things will never be quite the same again;

but it is important to realise that the edifice is still a fragile 'House of Cards'. Its biggest problem is the 'loyalists' in the Protestant community.

Mr. Faulkner's position is threatened by the 'unpledged' Unionists and by Mr. Craig and Mr. Paisley. It is the former group who are the greatest danger for they are part of the Unionist Party structure and too many of their supporters in working-class Belfast and rural Fermanagh and Londonderry are being pulled to the loyalist extremes.

I feel sure that in the long run the fears of these Protestants will be seen to be groundless. They will not be sold down that seemingly ever-present river. In the long run, time is on Mr. Faulkner's side. It is the short-term that matters now—and above all, the unpledged Unionists.

As a result of Mr. Faulkner's defeat in early January 1974 and his resignation as Head of the Unionist Party, this group became in effect the official Unionist Group. They need to be taken into account. They cannot be ignored. Status matters in Northern Ireland and in this respect I hope the Secretary of State will find ways of talking with them.

It is vital that the 'unpledged' should play their part in the Assembly. They have no wish to be associated with the destructive and loutish behaviour of some of the members of the DUP and Vanguard Unionists.

One of the problems here—and this affects all the 'loyalist' Assembly members—is that there is no tradition of 'opposition' in Northern Ireland. Over fifty years there was no real opposition as the Nationalists usually opted out—and this is not to decry the technically and parliamentary-wise good record of the small Northern Ireland Labour Party.

The role of an opposition on the Westminster model is not easy. On Irish affairs I have been an advocate of 'bipartisanship'. Ireland has not been a political issue in Great Britain and in this atmosphere the Labour Party has influenced and supported a government policy which we thought was, and is, correct. Normally, however, I believe passionately in party politics as a vehicle of discussion of affairs and as a means of harnessing the views and emotions of the people.

It is vital to help those in opposition in the Northern Ireland Assembly to play a valuable opposition role. In particular I am concerned with the unpledged Unionists, amongst whom are some able members. There will be much to do on behalf of their electors in all those many social and economic fields that are the responsibilty of the Assembly.

In the longer run the return to politics in the Northern Ireland Assembly might also weaken the support for Mr. Craig and Mr. Paisley. In the end those who preach a political doctrine of impending doom are bound to be seen to be wrong. In the short run these gentlemen will not be moved.

The other enemy of power sharing and the Council of Ireland are the real extremists in both communities. Political momentum and the emergence of the true facts will weaken support for these relatively few people. Paradoxically enough, again in this case, it is important to end 'detention without

trial'. It glamorises those affected—many of whom are only gangsters on the Chicago model. It genuinely is of concern to others who are against violence.

Immediately, however, killers and murderers have to be dealt with. The people of Northern Ireland know this—even if it is not so readily apparent in Sydney and Boston. There is no option but to use the full force of the security forces against killers from wherever they come.

Violence has to be ridden out. It will be used by the Provisional IRA and the UVF, etc., to try to halt and end the political advance.

At the beginning of 1974 we can say with hope that moderation has prevailed, that there has been a real breakthrough. The position is weakest on the Protestant side and the key to this is the future of the unpledged Unionists. Moderation is still faced with the most incredible and vicious bombing and killing.

We have come a long way but there is a long journey still ahead.

[Merlyn Rees is Shadow Secretary of State for Northern Ireland.]

The March issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Abortion Day for the House of Commons* by Alastair Service, *Jewish Bankers and the Tsar* by C. C. Aronsfield, *The Most International Swede: A Portrait of Gunnar Myrdal* by Francis P. Walsh and *At Sir Moorcalm Lalli's* an unfinished short story by Denton Welch.

THE VICTORIANS AND OURSELVES

2 Training the Young

by Rex and Mary Witt

IN a typical London Borough at the present time by far the largest proportion (nearly a half) of the gross amount for the general rate is earmarked for education. Training the young is for us indeed a costly business. How much dearer it is now than when over a century ago state education first started in this country!

When W. E. Forster introduced and carried through his Education Act in 1870, he made direct compulsion the principle of our educational system. All children from five to twelve years of age were to be made to attend school by the School Boards. Fees were not to be automatically abolished. The Boards were to establish free schools in the poverty-stricken areas and to grant free tickets to children if their parents could not afford to pay the fees. How times have changed! Then, education was still a thing to be paid for. Now the British people have come to think of it as free—though the taxes and rates we have to pay in our democratic society are a constant reminder that whatever the State provides has to be paid for by all its members, i.e. by us.

It is worth our while to ask what advantages unknown to our Victorian predecessors we have gained out of the highly organised system of education which now costs the country so much. How much better off has it made us as a nation? How much happier are we because of it than the Victorians were then? Would the reformers of those days, if they could join us for a moment in 1974, clap their hands with glee and congratulate us without reservation on our enlightenment and on our educational improvements? Would all the expenditure on the training of youth today seem to them praiseworthy and an unmitigated blessing?

Perhaps the best starting point when we seek to find out how the Victorians differed from us in their educational philosophy would be the home. Here unmistakably was the social unit. Over it there presided *paterfamilias*. Victorian England was vividly aware of the Fifth Commandment, for discipline and obedience began in the home, and stemmed from father, whose authority fell not far short of that of his old Roman forbear. Often he ruled with a rod of iron, like the father of Elizabeth Barrett in Wimpole Street. Harsh as discipline might be in the family, it could be regarded as having the warrant of the Bible and the Church.

School, like home, was governed on the principle of unchallenged patriarchy. This was what Her Majesty's Inspector looked for. The child would answer the question in the Anglican catechism of duty towards his neighbour with the words: 'To submit myself to all my governours, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters.' The Inspector, if satisfied by everything, would pass the school

as efficient—and the teacher would thank God, and the Inspector. Nowadays the wheel has come full circle and power has almost changed hands. The *Times* tells us the head boy of a London school has been appointed to be one of its governors. That Victorian School Inspector Matthew Arnold can be imagined turning in his grave at such news.

In the England of Queen Victoria, of course, training large families at home was a heavy task. The free and easy upbringing of the present day would have led to chaos. The maintenance of an orderly household was the responsibility of the mother. In writing a book *To Mothers of the Higher Classes,* Mrs. Mary Sumner, founder of the Mothers' Union, began thus:

> If home life and the tone of Society in all ranks is to be purified and ennobled, it must be done, to a great extent at any rate, by mothers. To them is committed in a very special manner the sacred duty of education, as distinct from instruction.

An illuminating article by The Rev. Thomas Markby on similar lines was published in the very first volume of the *Contemporary Review* (March 1866, p. 401). Not for him such popular themes as *Modern Greece and Crete* (E. H. Bunbury) or *Modern Portrait Painting* (Lowes Dickinson). He had decided to discuss women's education!

> The reign of our present Sovereign, in many aspects felicitous, has been in none more so than the attention which has been paid to the condition of women in all ranks of society. Time indeed it was that something should be done. The misery and degradation of the lives of too many women was and is a stain upon the manhood of the country.

Here we can see the forward-thinking Victorian parson siding with Miss Beale and Miss Buss. His world, we can feel, is very much a man's world, a world where rank and class are never to be forgotten. But the wind of change is beginning to blow. Like Mrs. Sumner, he has the genuine aim of giving the two sexes equal educational opportunity. What, we may well wonder, would be his reactions if he were to be confronted with the 1974 phenomenon of Women's Lib and with what post-war England has come to call the Permissive Society? Some of us may be driven to think that a whole century of education and of ever-growing freedom from the compulsion which characterised it at the start has at last had these unforeseen consequences. The misery and degradation from which according to Thomas Markby Victorian women suffered have given way to a happier situation in which youth of either sex can achieve the highest goals by training. Female emancipation, so fervently pleaded for by Victorian reformers, has been one of the strongest catalysts in the disappearance of the settled traditional English way of life. And this emancipation has assuredly taken women away from and out of home.

The mother in nineteenth century England did not flee from home and childbirth. Family planning awaited discovery. Homes with eleven and twelve children gave mothers enormous work and yet wonderful training in management. Home education during the Victorian era probably influenced society more than it has ever done since. Among the poor, of course, the business of bread-winning precluded much that could be accomplished in better-class homes. In general, the Victorian mother found training her

young brood by aphorism a great standby. A saying, short and shrewd, could be flashed forth to fit the manifold vicissitudes of domestic life—to stay in the child's memory as a lasting home truth. Again and again in articles by Victorian writers on the training of the young we meet the words 'love' and 'loving', to say nothing of 'obedience' and 'duty'.

Today, mothers are only too glad to let the celluloid screen of television come between them and their children. A century ago many a Victorian parent considered it a duty to spend an inviolable hour each day in play with the family's younger members. Older children would assume responsibility for their juniors. Casual photographs of street scenes in the sixties and seventies often reveal elder sisters carrying toddlers or pushing babies in prams, accompanied by tiny tots of three and four. The boys for their part carried out their allotted tasks, such as cleaning boots or chopping the wood. The ideal Victorian home allowed small opportunity for leisure, and utterly forbade idleness. Just as the drawing room would be full to overflowing with furniture and bric-à-brac, so the life of young people in those strangely far away times would be crammed with major and minor duties and services, all somehow fitting into proper place.

To paint a satisfactory overall picture of the lives of young Victorians is even harder than to depict the characteristic behaviour and qualities of their counterpart in contemporary society. Queen Victoria stayed on the throne for more than sixty years, and her reign saw many changes. The gap between wealth and poverty was far greater then than today. Distinctions of class and rank have to be firmly borne in mind when we start discussing Victorian education. Country children were generally in a more advantageous position to gain at least a smattering of knowledge, and Nature too was at hand to teach them. In the urban areas, the slums and the manufacturing centres of the Black Country and Lancashire and Yorkshire with their dark, Satanic mills, the all too easy exploitation of child labour continued long into the reign of Queen Victoria. The overall picture is clear. Wherever we look we find juvenile life in Britain a century ago for harder than it has been made today by the Welfare State.

Contemporary education is costly. Because the State is the main paymaster it inevitably exerts control through the medium of examinations, the purpose of which is in the end to assess the efficiency of the school, as represented by learner and teacher. How much more enlightened is our current examination system than the 1862 Code of Robert Lowe! The General Certificate of Education and the Certificate of Secondary Education are considered less as an efficiency hurdle than as a guarantee of successful completion of a scholastic course. In the C.S.E., for example, before taking the written test a pupil may present supporting evidence of work already done in the classroom. This is poles removed from Lowe's 'payment by results' and the rigidity of the old 'London Matric'. In the history of education Lowe's name has gained an unhappy notoriety. The Inspector carried out the test in the three Rs—reading, writing, and arithmetic. On the success or failure of the pupil in this examination depended whether the grant was

paid to the school or was withheld. The fear of failure and of what would follow must have blighted many a teacher's life in those days.

What kind of reading was the Victorian child trained in? A small handbook with a great vogue bore the title *Reading Without Tears — or a Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read.* Intended for family use, it nonetheless displays the pedagogical thinking of the times. The letter K is like a soldier marching with one leg forward, and lower case m like two dogs' kennels joined together. 'You will die. God will not die.' 'A pig is greedy. He is cut up. Bacon is a bit of his body.' 'Jack got to the top of the fir-tree. But he was dizzy, and he fell and snapped his neck. So he was killed on the spot.'

In the preface to this sober little manual the characteristic attitude of the period, to many a modern eye incredibly smug, is tellingly revealed in one sentence: 'Tears must be shed—by sinful little creatures subject to so many fits of waywardness, and deserving so many reproofs and corrections.' Another remark throws a flood of light on what was thought in those days about children's propensity to talk. Admitting that they 'delight in rational conversation,' the author goes on: 'Of course such conversation must be reserved for suitable occasions and not carried on to the disturbance of friends, or to the interruption of business . . . but the good parent will be careful to find opportunities for intercourse with the little ones.' These comments apply to the nursery in a middle-class home and not to the classroom in a board school of the State. Yet they typify the outlook of Victorian pedagogy. Children should be seen and not heard. The revolution which has taken place in this sphere may be pinpointed in words currently uttered by a Birmingham headmistress about 'five and under five-year-old toughs terrorising the classroom and proving beyond the control of their teachers' *(The Sunday Telegraph,* June 3, 1973, p. 11).

Henry Mayhew's *London Labour and London Poor* was first published in 1851. A grim and stark social document, it is indispensable, for the author's detective eye seems to miss nothing. Among the 'coster-lads' education, we are told, means a complete knowledge of the art of 'buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest', and 'there are few lads whose training extends beyond this.' One coster-lad told Mayhew: 'I once went to school for a couple of weeks, but the cove used to fetch me a wipe over the knuckles with his stick, and as I wasn't going to stand that there, why you see I ain't no great schollard.' After this we may believe Dickens was not guilty of gross exaggeration when he pilloried Mr. Wackford Squeers' private seminary at Dotheboys Hall.

Mayhew's detective eye fastened upon contemporary London. Later in the nineteenth century another such eye, albeit fictional, was star-gazing into the shape of schools to come. Sherlock Holmes was asking Dr. Watson to look at the 'big, isolated clumps of building rising up above the slates.' Some of these board schools we can still come across in 1974 London, looking odd amid contemporary tower blocks, their exteriors drab, forbidding and outdated. Yet they provided Holmes with sanguine Pisgah hopes. 'Lighthouses, my boy! Beacons of the future capsules with hundreds of bright little seeds in each, out of which will spring the wiser, better England of the future.'

The burgesses of any London borough where such scholastic lighthouses still exist, as they stare at the ever-mounting rates demand bill, knowing that education is what runs away with the money, may be forgiven for wondering whether the pipe-dream of Sherlock Holmes has come true in the way he wanted. Stories of pupils' indiscipline, as well as experience of ill-mannered behaviour out of school, may sometimes lead unkind critics to call for a complete overhaul.

To deal shortly with Victorian and contemporary ways of bringing up children is to raise far more questions than can be answered here. For one thing, generalisations have to be made, and can be formulated easily enough, yet lack cogency because they are but half truths. In addition to this, contrasts are insidiously tempting. Yet the common core of educational theory and practice remains what it was a hundred years ago. To take but one example of a typical and eminent Victorian, Herbert Spencer, who by the way wrote *seriatim* for the *Contemporary Review* in 1873 on *The Study of Sociology*. We observe him defining education as 'a preparation for complete living'. With this wide conception not even the young iconoclasts of the recently constituted Schools Action Union could disagree. It is foolproof.

Progressive Victorians like Spencer understood the fundamental issues. We see this clearly when we turn to Ruskin's *Unto This Last* or Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*. If they were back with us for a roundtable talk, we London ratepayers would give much to hear their views about what goes on in our schools today. But alas, we shall never hear them!

THE DEFENCE OF THE REALM

by Ian Harvey

IT may seem odd but it is nevertheless relevant to preface any consideration of defence issues by the question—defence against what? In the years before the storm, from 1935 onwards, the answer was ruthlessly clear. History may well condemn the political leaders for not being warned and for not acting earlier. That is, from the moment Hitler came to power in Germany. But it is easy to be wise after the event if one is still around.

From 1945 onwards Britain and her Allies paid the price for the miscalculations of Yalta which were subsequently endorsed at Potsdam. Admittedly the probable alternative of having to continue the struggle, this time against the Soviet Union, did not commend itself. Had they attempted to do so it is doubtful if they could have counted on the full support of the military and still less on that of the civilian population. Other considerations apart, it would have been a volte-face which would have taken a good deal of explaining.

It was soon painfully obvious that the Communist intention of ultimate world revolution had not been diminished by the German invasion of Russia. It was, moreover, a somewhat cynical commentary on events that Poland, on whose behalf the Allies had ostensibly gone to war, and Czechoslovakia, which so many claimed had been shamefully betrayed at Munich, were both subjugated. Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria were also put in the bag along with, for a time, Austria. Nor did the Baltic states regain their independence. Prussia, the source of much of Germany's dynamic strength, was taken into the fold.

It was a formidable array of Communist power which faced a crippled West Germany, a France which was quite capable of going Communist after her experiences, and an Italy which was also a democratic risk. Only the continued presence of American forces coupled with the economic revitalisation provided by the Marshall Plan saved Europe from the Communist take-over which Britain was in no position to prevent. To add to the risk the partition of Berlin and its encirclement by the Soviet-dominated D.D.R. provided a flash-point which very nearly caused an explosion in the fifties.

The emergence of the full force of nuclear power proved to be the saving grace of peace despite the denunciations by those who declared themselves to be pacifists but whose approach to the problem played into the hands of those who were prepared for war. As a result, the importance of conventional weapons, at any rate in the eyes of the Western powers, was reduced. With the achievement of a balance of nuclear power this situation changed and it is now equally important to establish a conventional balance. As a contribution to this the recent suggestion by the Pentagon that nuclear-war-heads should be provided for conventional weapons for forces on the ground is fraught with danger. Although it could be argued that this could

deter the aggressive movement of troops possessing superiority in numbers it could also lead to a holocaust which could not be contained within a limited area. The phrase 'whose finger on the trigger?' could become a military reality as opposed to a political gambit.

Nobody will deny the advantage of military force reductions to the national economy of all concerned. But this can only be done with safety if the logistics are fully assessed. In this debate the voices of those who claim that it is scandalous to spend money on defence which could be better spent on the social services and education can be heard loud and clear. What has to be considered is the make-up of those who promote such arguments. Some are dedicated pacifists, despite the lessons of the past, some are just ill-informed or impelled by a foolish and short-sighted self-interest, but a dangerous minority are professionals playing the game of infiltration and subversion. It is against them and their activities that those concerned with the defence of the realm must be fully prepared. If they were ever to gain support for their views by a majority in the country our whole future would be in danger. At this stage in the game they are not concerned with the control of men's bodies but with the control of their minds.

In posing the question 'defence against what?' it is necessary to decide the nature of the defence and the nature of the attack. That may be regarded as stating the obvious. Experience has shown that what has subsequently appeared to have been obvious was not obvious at the time, especially to those responsible. In reaching any final military decision, in so far as any military decision can be final, two arguments have to be accepted. First, a policy of unqualified naked, or even cloaked, aggression is doomed, despite early successes, to ultimate failure. Second, a policy of virtual defencelessness on the grounds that armaments do not pay in a modern and progressive world, except for the manufacturers, can lead to a loss of liberty by millions of people in a very short time and it could take several generations before it could be regained.

Those whose intention it is to subordinate the maximum number of people to their will, although they choose to describe it as the people's will, are fully aware that it is self-defeating to hold down an impoverished and devastated community. It is equally self-defeating, as the Germans were beginning to find out before the Third Reich went up in smoke, to try to hold down great masses of people against their will. Admittedly, this is not an impossibility given the men, the arms and the resources but in the end it makes no political sense. It alienates the people from the ideals with which it is intended to inspire them and it is a drain on the economic resources of the occupying power for which its own people have to pay as well as those who are occupied. A proper appreciation of this situation shows that other methods have to be employed. Authority has to be undermined, strength has to be weakened, morale has to be shaken and insurgency, both mental and physical, has to be generated. The instruments are available in the form of propaganda and subversion backed by economic resources and, in the background, military sanctions. What is disturbing is

the fact that this appreciation is not being fully undertaken by the military authorities and consequently no really effective plan of action is forthcoming. It would be wrong that they should shoulder the full blame for this. In a democracy the military are the servants of the politicians and theirs is the final responsibility.

It can be argued that the Russian threat to Europe is now greatly reduced. The spirit of détente is in the air. Furthermore, there is the growing power of China on her eastern frontier. Undoubtedly the two have their differences. But the fact remains that they are both Communist powers and it is unlikely that they would allow their differences to militate against their mutual philosophical determination to eliminate the bourgeois democracies and the 'imperialist fascist swine'—to use one of their more felicitous phrases. As Kruschev put it: 'It does not depend on the West whether we continue to survive. History is on our side. We will bury you'. And on that occasion he was not joking. China has, moreover, to consider the danger of becoming entangled with Russia which is presented by her old enemy Japan. And that is another good reason for the spirit of détente with the United States.

It is not constructive to compare the present situation, which ought to give rise to some concern, with the democratic unpreparedness of 1933-39. Neither the political nor the military position is similar. But it is desirable to study the developments which followed 1945 and led up to the present balance of world power. Most important is the virtual elimination of total war as a factor in the conduct of foreign power by any super-power. The emergence of the Soviet Union and the United States as those super-powers and the reduction of the authority of Britain as the head of an Empire and of the Western Europeans in their continent has changed the shape of things. The use of subversion and infiltration as alternative instruments of Foreign Policy has, by implication although not always in practice, involved the military in a new role. The advance in all forms of communication, especially radio and T.V., and the increase in general education and consequent enlightenment, has increased the power of propaganda, particularly in dealing with the emergent nations in Africa and with the Middle and the Far East.

The establishment and expansion of the European Community is a potential move towards the restoration of the authority of the Western democracies weakened by two world wars. The Treaty of Rome was in essence a blueprint for an economic and customs union but it has even more important political and defence functions. It is in those departments that complications and weaknesses are apparent. This is partially due to the fact that they were not originally envisaged as a fundamental part of the pattern. It will take time to iron them out and time is of the essence. As a result of the disaster in Vietnam,—to call it 'peace with honour' was a bad joke and will undoubtedly prove bad history—has contributed to the American desire to reduce her international commitments. It seems only to be a matter of time before her forces in Europe are reduced. That, in part, was the sig-

nificance of the dangerous nuclear war-head proposition. When that happens Europe must be more fully prepared to stand on her own feet.

In consequence there must be an agreed European Foreign Policy and Defence Policy sustained by a fully co-ordinated military structure. A policy which is not so sustained is meaningless. As things stand, progress in both directions has been slow. Britain, in entering the E.E.C., has assumed a major responsibility to contribute towards the achievement of both these objectives. To have made too positive a declaration on this score before entry could have laid Britain open to the accusation that having lost an Empire and watching the depletion of her Commonwealth influence, she was seeking new authority in a European domain. This was at the root of her exclusion by de Gaulle who was convinced that she would be supported in such an ambition by the United States for whom he had no love: nor was he all that much of an Anglophile. There is, after all, little gratitude in politics.

Now that he has gone and Britain is a member of the E.E.C., this situation must be rectified at speed. No constructive or realistic policy can emanate from a dithering or disorganised political body. No military chiefs of staff can either plan for the future or negotiate across the board without coherent political backing. At the same time the construction of an effective defence force could do a great deal to strengthen the will and determination of those concerned with the evolution of a realistic European body politic.

In such an arrangement there ought to be set up a European Ministry of Defence and a European Defence College. The integration of Defence Staffs would result from this. There should be a thorough interchange of military units of all arms. From this will emerge a closer exchange of military knowledge, techniques and equipment at all levels than exists at the present time. It should also produce unified and consequently better informed forward planning with less danger of duplication and over-expenditure.

It is imperative in the modern situation that the military should understand the techniques of infiltration and subversion which lead to insurgency and, under certain circumstances, to full-scale revolution and social disruption. That can well become a primary and not a secondary requirement. At the moment it seems that in certain quarters it is hardly regarded as a requirement at all. That is just asking for trouble and trouble will undoubtedly come. It is not without significance that the Soviet Union has never looked favourably on the establishment of the E.E.C.

Subversion and insurgency are subjects not only for the Staff College but also for the military in the field. The British Army, in the whole of its history, has never been called upon to perform a more complicated, frustrating and distasteful task than its present function in Northern Ireland. But for its presence there would have been a blood-bath long ago and if it were withdrawn at the moment that is exactly what would happen. Yet it receives little thanks and a great deal of abuse from those whom it is protecting from this fate. The natural reaction of men trained to fight is to hit back when they are assaulted. On numerous occasions this has not been either

permissible nor possible. In practice it would not take long for the army in Ulster to crush the militants on both sides into the ground but the political and social results would be disastrous: and they would be exactly what those who wish to destroy the British influence in the area would like to see. The soldiers have to understand this and it requires a high standard of leadership and discipline to convey this to them and an equally high standard of intelligence and training for them to accept it without serious damage to their morale. That this has been achieved is a very high tribute to all those concerned. But it might not always be so if units of less high quality and a lower standard of training and discipline were involved. With more such conflagrations elsewhere and with fewer resources available the consequences could be very serious. The stimulation of such events is all part of the technique of those opposed to the continued existence of the democratic way of life as we understand it.

If there is to be a closer co-ordination of European defence it will follow that our armed forces will be brought into contact with civilian populations with a somewhat different psychology to that of the British. Events in France over the past ten years have been an example of this. There has always been in this country a great opposition to involving the armed forces in civil problems. Parliament, mindful of the fact that Cromwell ruled the country with the authority of the army, has always believed that soldiers should keep out of politics. As a nation we are not militarists and the members of our forces are very much part of our civilian society and it is as well that those who control them should remember that in their handling of them. To employ a serviceman to deal with the problems of industrial unrest may, in some cases, be the equivalent of ordering him to fight against the interests of his family and friends.

But the techniques of subversion and infiltration pose a new problem in this direction and it is one which has to be solved. Notable military authorities, such as Calvert and Kitson, have made their views plain on the subject and they have, as a result, been regarded as dangerous men in various quarters: notably on the left. It is from the extreme left with its Communist sympathies, if not associations, that the ultimate threat is likely to come. At the same time, authoritarian revolutions of the right tend to have military support and that is another good reason for keeping the armed forces free from political influence and involvement. It is therefore a question of establishing a proper relationship between the civilians and the military who are basically civilians in uniform. A high percentage of them return to civilian life after a period of military duty. If, during that period, they have been called upon to deal with industrial strikes, their return is unlikely to be exactly an enviable one.

Whether it is acknowledged or not the problem exists potentially today and no useful or intelligent purpose is served by taking up ostrich-like positions and declaring that it could not happen here. Had the war not come in 1939 there is no knowing to what lengths the British Union of Fascists would have gone in the years that followed, despite any protestations now made to the contrary. An inherent danger which now exists, which did not

exist then, is that men who have been engaged in fighting seldom entirely forget their skills or lose their reactions. The danger of subversion in times of economic trouble and social unrest is one which politicians ought not to disregard however unlikely it may appear. In a different context they have plenty of examples of it within the Commonwealth and history has many lessons to teach on the subject. The roots of the present political malaise go much deeper than many may care to admit and some others be prepared to disclose. The internal defence of the realm demands urgent political examination and the establishment of agreed terms for the military assistance of the civil power in times of extreme crisis. In principle these exist but their practice is open to serious doubt on both sides.

Of more immediate concern is the military defence of Britain against possible attack. The fact that this may appear to be a remote possibility is no reason for neglect or for complacency. No one who lived through it would care to see a repetition of the chaos and confusion of 1938-39, nor would they care to see the present or the future generation exposed to it. If the R.A.F. had not defeated the Luftwaffe and had Hitler not miscalculated and mismanaged the whole proceedings, the Germans could have landed on the South Coast and have been in London in less time than it took the late-lamented 'Brighton Belle'.

The recent fighting in the Middle East has demonstrated in no uncertain terms the extreme vulnerability of the tank and the aircraft to modern weapons of attack. It has also demonstrated, quite contrary to some previous thinking, that comparatively lightly trained soldiers can use this 'push-button' weaponry. This could well herald a return to prime importance of the infantry with the artillery next in the scale. It also makes it easier to employ reservists and territorials in more active roles.

In facing up to the major problems of defence in the future, it is a matter of finding the correct balance of forces to commitments and of deciding the right priority of those commitments. The defence of Britain and the defence of Europe are integral. Because of the shifting nature of events, extreme mobility is of the highest importance. This will ensure, moreover, the presence of a strong armed element at home which is highly desirable. It is pointless to defend the perimeter once the citadel has been destroyed.

In Britain it is essential to accept the fact that concern for military requirements is not militarism. It is a matter of state security and upon state security the whole life of the community depends.

[Ian Harvey, Conservative Member of Parliament for Harrow East, 1950-58, was formerly Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Publications include *Arms and To-morrow* and *The Technique of Persuasion.*]

POEMS

SURVIVOR'S SONG

Where were you when the fire came,
when the sun fell out of the sky,
when the iron angel destroyed our city?

Each day I come to look for you
among the ruins, among the survivors
pecking like birds among the cobbles.

If only I could find some fragment
that would say 'this stone, this heap of ash
was child, boy, lover, husband. . . .'

Yesterday there was a boy's body
hanging from the bridge. Today it fell
into the river like a leaf and flowed away.

Where were you when the fire came,
when the children ran from their burning
and our sweet fields were blistered?

Come soon my lover, oh come brief shadow,
for the peach blossom on my skin is fading
and my hair's being stolen by the wind.

EDWARD STOREY

THAT EARLY LIFE

That early life stitched and seamed in memory—
Its lake of fish, rancid waters,
Its fatted clouds and needling rains—
All grey now, depressive, sad somehow and nasty.

Small, colourless gardens on a slope; the slip
And gurgle of a dead river, stained
Without sunlight, in which dyes drained
Making a mad froth in stone-choked shallows.

The sky-line was bricked-up—red buses ran to this
Concrete chimera; the cool eye
Of a child watched uncritically;
And the detailed days passed without notice

Or comment—save as I remember there was loss:
The jungle-law of children
Brought awareness of hidden pain;
And the sight of an urchin with a piece of bread

A sudden sense of something else besides. . . .

WILLIAM OXLEY

APOLLO, WHO DIED YESTERDAY?

Apollo,
Who died yesterday,
Cobwebs in the hand
Cling like silk to the skin
Caught in a breath.
Apollo,
Who died yesterday?
Carried on a silver tray
Across a hidden sea.
Does your heart beat
In the morning

Rising with the tide
Climbing on the sand?
Apollo,
Who died yesterday?
Bursting guns
Bloody waters,
Echoing the sounds
Of transformation.
Do you lack
Inspiration to live?
Has the gold gone
Soft in saliva?

Well, never mind
You've got your heart,
It's still beating,
You can cry,
Apollo,
Who died yesterday?

PETER SHINGLETON

CISSIE

Her name was Cissie
And she mangled sheets,
Her hair was peroxide yellow;
She crooned about love
With a smoker's cough
While the sweat slipped down her belly.
She could tell a tale
Full of sex and ale
As the mangle wheeled her story;
And her laughter roared
As her bosom soared

When she slapped the sheets to glory.
In a war-time pub
Some G.I. pick-up
Cheered the Monday morning queues,
But below her pride
Of the good-time night,
Were a lonely woman's blues.
For once in a while
A black eye would smile
From her puffy face, full of sweat;
And we knew it meant
Her old man had spent
The infrequent night in her bed.
So she rolled and roared,
As she laughed and whored
Till one day she clocked-in no more:
No G.I. or mate
Kept her out so late—
But a Buzz-bomb had struck her door.

LOTTE KRAMER

MY FATHER, 24 OCTOBER 1955

When the wax wakes, it will rise and walk
without a word, making another, unnumbered departure of living.
Look upon it. Look upon it. In an eye,
where seasons spin, a remembering.
Look upon it. In an eye,
the hawks are slain, and predatory shadows fly.
The things unspoken cower among the ripples of the pools,
the petals of flowers powder in the pages of the books.
Once, in an eye, where the heart is a world,
weeping could fill the sky, and angers swim on wings,
and all the worthless words be blooming in the sun,
and all of love be waiting to be done.
In an eye, there is no sun, no night
and morning when, alone, alone,
an eagle could soar on scorn,
rising to fulfill the world.
In an eye, the casts of dreams.
The nourished worldlings mourn
a carrion of empery.
And in the air, a name, flying.
Look upon it.
Say his name in the air.
He is there.

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

THE COWSHED

The cowshed smells
of acrid straw.
Wet, dappled noses
nudge the door.
The child has run
to watch them fed
and stroke the soft fringe
of each head
and thick, black tongues
as rough as sand
suck at her soft
and yielding hand.
She could not be
so quick and sweet
if she could see
her grown up feet
trudge wearily
each working day
and all her childish
charm away.
And in the calves'
big, blinking eyes
all the world's
blank misery lies.
Their brothers hang
on sharp meat hooks,
it is not like
the story books
where every sorrow
has an end
and none betrays
his childhood friend.

PATIENCE TUCKWELL

THE VET

by Edwin Samuel

THE Trans-Jordan Frontier Force vet. was being driven in a regimental car from Rosh Pina to Semakh in the Jordan Valley. The blue, still Sea of Galilee was stretched out below as they passed the hair-pin bends one after another down the forbidding black basalt mountainside. Haim Bey was on his monthly inspection of the T.J.F.F. horses at each of the camps along the north-eastern frontier of Palestine. His Arab veterinary corporal—who acted also at his driver—accompanied him. They had stayed the night at Metulla, where Palestine, Syria and the Lebanon all meet. By the time they had called in at Jisr and Beisan, Haim Bey would have done all the camps and be free to go on to spend the week-end with his family at Petach Tikva near the Mediterranean coast. It was an active life this, always in the open air, dealing with nearly a thousand Arab thoroughbreds. Haim Bey loved it.

The TJFF was a local cavalry regiment that had been raised in the early 1920s to protect the eastern borders of both Trans-Jordan and Palestine against Beduin raids from the Arabian desert. Apart from the camps in Galilee, Haim Bey also had to visit those in Trans-Jordan as far south as Ma'an, near the Gulf of Aqaba. That country—dry, hot, bare and rocky—he liked much less than the fertile and cultivable hills and valleys of his own beloved Palestine.

The regiment served the two countries and was paid for by both: the lion's share fell on Palestine. The little that Trans-Jordan had to pay was nobly covered each year by a grant from London. Like so many Indian cavalry regiments, all the senior officers—and a few of the N.C.O.s—were British, seconded from the Regular Army: the subalterns and troopers were all 'locals'. That meant, in practice, largely Palestinian and Trans-Jordanian Moslem Arabs, some from the flat deserts of Jordan, others from the mountains of Nablus and Hebron in Palestine; they were all fine fighting men. Among them were some Circassians whose grandparents were originally from the Caucasus and, after long service in the Ottoman army, had been settled along the empty northern borders of Palestine and Trans-Jordan to give some protection against endemic Beduin raids. A few radio technicians and the vet. were Jews recruited in Palestine. All officers, including the vet., were given the official Turkish title of Qaid Bey; hence that odd philological combination, Qaid Haim Bey Apelbaum.

Haim Bey, and all the other officers and men of this regiment, wore a distinctive and even dashing uniform. Basically, it was a khaki drill cavalry tunic and breeches. The men wore khaki cloth puttees, black boots and shining spurs; the officers tall black leather riding boots and spurs. All had broad red cummerbunds around their middles under their black leather belts, and jingling, polished steel, chain-mail epaulettes. The men were armed with lances (the butt held in a leather socket attached to their right

stirrup) and rifles (carried muzzle downwards in a leather case strapped to their saddle). The officers had swords and revolvers. All wore black Circassian kalpaks, for officers made of the finest Astrakhan wool; for men, of goat-hair; but all bore the distinctive red cloth flap down one side and the polished regimental badge with crossed lances in front, repeated on their shiny tunic buttons. As a result of 25 years of British training, the T.J.F.F. had acquired very high standards. Its morale was excellent and the prospects of unlimited polo, hunting, racing and shooting attracted many young officers on secondment from crack British cavalry regiments.

The mounts were all pure Arab: A and B Squadrons had greys; C and D Squadrons chestnuts; E Squadron was more variegated—dappled, black and roan. All had been carefully selected and bought from the Beduin Arab sheikhs and Palestinian villagers who bred them. Many had pedigrees as long as your arm that their former proud owners had received orally from their ancestors and memorised. From the very beginning, Haim Bey had himself done all the buying, largely mares, constantly weeding out the old and inferior. By 1946, after a quarter of a century of loving care, it was a superb collection of animals. The Remount Depot was at regimental headquarters at Zerka, near Amman. There, Haim Bey was himself stationed and from there the mounts were issued to the several units in their camps along the frontier. Haim Bey knew every animal; they were the apple of his eye.

To be vet. in the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force was an odd career for a Jew. Haim Bey was the only Jew in the officers' mess at Zerka; all the other members were either British or Arab. But Haim Bey, by now one of the most senior officers, was very popular. To begin with, he was a handsome man—tall, well-built, prematurely grey-haired, sun-burnt, with a trim, white moustache. He knew Arabic perfectly and had always known it since childhood on his father's farm in Petach Tikva. All the labourers there were Arabs from the neighbouring villages. This farm had been originally bought by Haim's grandfather, Menachem Apelbaum, who had arrived in Palestine in the early 1880s. As a woollens merchant in Odessa he had become rich and, with part of his capital, acquired a stretch of Arab land north-east of Jaffa. Most of the land had been planted with orange trees, but he also grew vegetables on a large scale, besides keeping some cows and hens for domestic supply. Haim's father, the only son, had inherited the farm which, in turn, had passed in equal shares to Haim and his four brothers. Five managers were too many, so three of the brothers had left, each taking his share in cash.

After finishing high school at the Herzlia College in Tel Aviv, Haim had decided to become a doctor. In 1917, just before the British forces, advancing across Sinai, had occupied Judaea, he went northwards, by carriage, along the coast to Beirut. Entering the American University, he soon switched over to the veterinary school, correctly predicting that there would soon be too many Jewish doctors in Palestine and not enough vets. There were already several doctors in his own village of Petach Tiqva and not a single veterinary. So, when he came back fully qualified in 1923, he was

just in time to apply for a post in the newly-created Trans-Jordan Frontier Force. Unmarried, only twenty-four years old, he was anxious to find a life more exciting than that in the Jewish settlements. As no British regular army vet. could be found willing to volunteer for the T.J.F.F., Haim Apelbaum was appointed. The pay was good, his social status high, even though most of his friends considered him crazy to go off and live in the desert with a lot of Arabs. But Miriam Blass thought otherwise. A former school-mate at the Herzlia, she was much impressed when he sent her a photograph of himself in Frontier Force uniform. Although she knew she could not live at Zerka, she agreed to marry Haim and lived with his parents at Petach Tiqva. In these special circumstances Haim was allowed one long week-end each month to spend with his wife in Palestine.

It was a good life. In addition to the Arab veterinary corporal who doubled as his driver, he had a young recruit as a personal batman. Haim Bey was much liked in the mess; he knew how to drink and could swear like a trooper in English, Arabic and Hebrew, even a little in Circassian.

The years passed: it was now 1946 and his three daughters were all at high school at Petach Tiqva. He was glad that they were safely in the heart of the Jewish coastal settlements. Things were hotting up in Palestine and there was constrant scrapping between Jew and Arab, and between both and their British overlords. As Haim Bey motored down towards Tiberias, he could remain relaxed. Tiberias was a sleepy old town with a Jewish majority; in June it was much too hot, at 600 feet below sea-level, for any real attempts at terrorism. There, he would not have to be on his guard. But, when he left the Galilean Jewish settlements and moved on through the Arab towns of Semakh and Beisan, he would need to be more wary.

It was already three years since desultory fighting had broken out again between Arab and Jew over the future of Palestine. The British Government's White Paper of 1939, limiting Jewish immigration and land purchase as the only way to call off the Arab rebellion that had started in 1936, had been a terrible blow to Jewish aspirations. But, once the war against Hitler had broken out, Zionism had declared a truce in their struggle against Britain in order to join forces against their common enemy. All through 1940, 1941 and 1942, Palestine had been in mortal danger from a gigantic German pincer movement—on one side from the north-east through Russia and on the other from the west across the Mediterranean coasts of Africa. It was only after the resounding German defeats at Stalingrad and at El-Alamein that Zionists could breathe freely again. The risk of an enemy invasion of Palestine had vanished and the struggle for the repeal of the White Paper restarted. The Jewish underground forces—the *Hagana,* the *Etzel* and the Stern Group—used arms stolen or bought from depots of captured enemy weapons in North Africa and smuggled into Palestine. The Arabs got their arms largely from depots in the Lebanon and Syria left behind when the Vichy French were expelled. The British in Palestine were caught in the middle; whatever they proposed would be resisted forcibly by one side or the other.

In the Arab Rebellion of 1936-38, the British role had been clear-cut. In view of the suspected imminence of World War II, the rebellion had to be suppressed in order to clear the Middle East for defensive action, mainly against the Italian Forces massing in North and East Africa. Whole divisions of British troops were sent to Palestine to bring the Arab guerillas from Syria under control. At that time, before World War II, Trans-Jordan had remained quiescent. Although the Palestine Police, largely Arab, had proved untrustworthy, the T.J.F.F. remained loyal. The police officers and constables lived at home, exposed to the prevailing winds of Arab nationalism. The Frontier Force lived in barracks under strict military discipline. Haim Bey recollected, as they neared Beisan at the mouth of the Emek, that sergeant in B Squadron. What was his name, Muhammad Ali? Ahmad Ali? No matter, he had been given the Military Medal for stoutly defending, with a handful of Arab troopers, the kibbutz of Ain Harod during the worst of the Rebellion.

The Frontier Force had, nevertheless, gone through some bad patches since. There had been that scene in the mess in Zerka just before World War II. The C.O. was very glum all through dinner. Everyone, of course, wore mess jackets; the regimental string band played in the anteroom. The long refectory dining-table in the mess-room was laden with regimental silver—the polo cups and the rose bowls presented by former commanding officers. But Col. ('Collie') Collindale—tall, thin, bald, with steely blue eyes, his jacket covered with miniatures of all the medals he had won in a lifetime of active service—had some bad news to break to the mess. After the Loyal Toast had been drunk and the officers had settled down to their smokes, the Colonel said loudly, so that all his officers—British, Arab, Circassian, and Haim Bey—could hear:

'I've been told of rumours that they're going to mechanise us.'

This blow had already fallen on many British cavalry regiments: one had almost mutinied. There was a despairing chorus in the mess of 'Oh *no*, Sir!'

'I've managed to persuade them', the C.O. continued, 'to start with only one Squadron'.

'And which is that to be?' asked the Senior Subaltern.

'Yours, Tony, I'm afraid'.

After a long pause, Captain Tony Quin, his face quite white, said as nonchalantly as he could manage:

'Nothing left for it, I suppose, but to go out and shoot myself'.

'Don't be an ass, Tony!' the Colonel replied. 'You can always ask to rejoin your own regiment'.

'I'll stick it out, Sir, don't worry'.

'Good lad! It; won't be so bad. There *are* compensations. We all know you're sold on natty racing cars. You'll now have the desert to race across with your whole Squadron, *and* at Government expense'.

Everyone laughed; the tension was broken. But Haim Bey, who had been with the Regiment since it was founded and had built up its horseflesh from scratch, was not prepared to let the matter drop so easily.

'If you'll forgive me, Sir', he said in his precise English (with that slight American accent from the University at Beirut), 'It's bad news for all of us. This is a cavalry regiment. It's got a magnificent cavalry spirit. One shouldn't tamper with it'.

'How right you are, Haim Bey!' murmured several of the other senior officers, both British and Arab.

His warning proved to be only too justified. When the Mechanised Squadron was ordered to Iraq in 1941 to help put down the Rashid Ali rebellion, one of the junior officers who was also an ardent Arab nationalist, instigated a mutiny. He persuaded some of the N.C.O.s and troopers to refuse to fight against fellow Arabs on the grounds that their enlistment papers were for home defence only. The Squadron was ordered back to Zerka and the mutineers court-martialled. Long sentences of imprisonment were imposed; every effort was made to hush up the whole affair; but, of course, it all leaked out in the end.

When the British Government announced in 1947 that it would pull out of Palestine altogether, there was widespread consternation, not least in the T.J.F.F. It was realised immediately that this meant that the Regiment would be disbanded.

'I don't understand', Tony said in the officers' mess, 'why we don't get back the two divisions sent here before the war and put down all this nonsense with a firm hand. Why do we have to scuttle away like this?'

'Where are you going to get two divisions?' asked the Colonel. 'Now that the war's over, everyone wants to get demobilised as soon as possible. For six years, none of us could get out; now, look how many applications have been made to terminate secondment and return home'.

'But what about the Suez Canal?' Haim Bey asked. 'Doesn't that mean *anything* to Britain any longer?'

'Who's threatening the Canal?' the Colonel replied. 'Before the war, I admit, the situation of the Canal was dangerous. Germany, Italy, France, Russia—all had their eyes on it. But, now, they're all flat on their backs'.

Haim Bey continued to press the point: 'That I understand, Sir. But withdrawing like this, and disbanding the Regiment, can only embolden the Arab guerillas. Look at Kaukaji; he'll take over the whole of northern Palestine'.

'An able fellow', said the Colonel. 'A Circassian; cousin of Qaid Ali Bey at Maan, I believe'.

'That's correct, Sir', said Haim Bey. 'I met him once long before the war, at Fik on the Golan heights when the French were still there. He was then a mounted sergeant in the Syrian gendarmerie. It was only when the French sacked him for subversive activities that he came over to Palestine for the first time, in 1937, during the Arab Rebellion. He soon had the whole of Galilee pretty well sewn up, if you remember, Sir. It was only when Captain Wingate and his Night Squads made life a bit too hot for the guerillas that they all went back to Syria'.

'Haim Bey', Tony asked. 'What happened to Kaukaji then?'

'He went into the import-export business at Beirut. I met him there again after the Vichy French had been chucked out. There'd been little doing in the import-export business during the war, so I don't really know *what* he was living on. I couldn't stay in Beirut long enough to find out as I wasn't really supposed to be there at all. I was on my way back from the Druze mountains after buying horses, if you remember, Sir, and had engine trouble just when we were passing through Beirut. It took the whole week-end to get the engine repaired'.

When the laughter from the rest of the mess had died down, the Colonel continued. 'As far as I can make out from the intelligence reports from G.H.Q., Kaukaji was recalled by the Arab Higher Committee in Palestine as soon as the present spot of bother began. *He* was given the northern sector, while Abdul Kader Hussani took over the south. Kaukaji's based on Jenin, it seems—solid Arab territory. But his main objective must be the Emek. I shouldn't like to be living in the Jewish settlements there once *we've* pulled out'.

The final departure of the last British troops, police and civilian officials was announced for May 15th, 1948. Those in the outlying areas were withdrawn first and moved to the main cities. From there, heavily guarded convoys converged on Haifa for embarkation. In the free-for-all, the British had to be prepared to fight their way out, if necessary.

The disbandment of the T.J.F.F. was already far advanced. Most British officers had been reposted to their own regiments in other parts of the world. A few senior Arab officers were retained to supervise the final winding-up. Stores had to be evacuated, sold or destroyed. All personnel were issued with their official discharge papers, paid their gratuities and went home to their villages. The Jewish radio technicians were repatriated to Palestine in an armoured car, as there was real danger of their being bumped off if they fell into Arab nationalist hands on the way home. There were unofficial Arab road-blocks everywhere.

Haim Bey had little fear for his own safety. He was one of the most popular men in the Regiment, even though he was Jewish. He had to stay on and wind up the Remount Depot and dispose of the remaining horses. But no one would lay a finger on *him*. He watched, however, with dismay the departure for Kaukaji's camp of some of the more violent Arab nationalists among the troopers. The fervour of the cheers from the rest of the men surprised and depressed him.

By now, all British police in Galilee had been withdrawn to Nazareth, thence to Haifa for repatriation. Kaukaji had moved north-westwards from Jenin and was soon laying siege to the veteran *kibbutz* of Mishmar Ha-Emek on the slopes of Mount Carmel itself. He had taken several hundred Arab guerillas with him, together with an old Turkish gun they had found in Jenin, still being used to fire salutes on the Moslem festivals.

The whole of Palestine was dissolving into chaos. A few telephone trunk lines were still operating; but, where they passed through Arab-held areas, most had been torn down. Many of the pylons carrying high-tension electric

power cables from the Jordan hydro-electric station at Jisr Mejamie across the Emek had been blown up. The Mandatory postal service had disintegrated and nothing had yet been set up to take its place. So letters were carried by the *Hagana* convoys that took food and ammunition to outlying Jewish settlements. On his final visit to the T.J.F.F. camp at Jisr, Haim Bey had found a letter sent across the Jordan from the *kibbutz* of Gesher on the other side. It was from his married niece at Mishmar Ha-Emek. The *kibbutzim* were not quite Haim Bey's cup of tea; he himself was all for free enterprise and let the best man win. Nevertheless, he was rather worried about Aya and her children. Her letter did little to reassure him.

> Dear Haim,
>
> I'm sending this letter to Gesher with Yossi and hope it reaches you eventually. We're rather worried about you, Haim, all alone now in Trans-Jordan. Isn't it time you got out? All the British will soon have all left and God knows what will happen then. We all feel you should go to some Jewish area before May 15th. You can't get to us, I'm afraid, as we're almost completely surrounded by Kaukaji's men. There's only one road still open, across the mountains; we got some *Hagana* reinforcements yesterday that way, including a two-inch mortar. Itzik is our gunner and, by a lucky fluke, with the first shot he hit the Sheik's Tomb on the hill-top. It's from there that Kaukaji's been shelling Mishmar; this makes us women and children spend most of our time in the dug-outs. Judging by the violent explosion caused by the hit, it must have been their ammunition store. For the moment the shelling has stopped; but they'll bring up more ammunition sooner or later from somewhere or other. We shall have a hard time of it when they tighten the siege. Luckily, they haven't any armoured cars and can't make a frontal attack, even at night, as long as our searchlights are still operating. Even though the power cables are down we still have our own emergency motors and plenty of fuel. In anticipation of an attack, we are trying to put up barbed wire fences wherever we can; but we haven't much wire left.

When Haim Bey got back to the Remount Deport at Zerka, his veterinary corporal gave him even more alarming news.

'*Ya Bey*', he said. 'There is a report going round the Depot that a message has been received from Kaukaji Effendi. He's asked some of his supporters in the Regiment now being demobilised to seize all our remaining horses and take them across the Jordan to him'.

This obviously meant that Kaukaji was planning some kind of cavalry charge to overwhelm the Mishmar defenders. They must have very few machine-guns and, without proper barbed wire entanglements, could hardly withstand a mounted attack resolutely pressed home. And Kaukaji was a resolute commander, Haim believed.

Haim still had 120 horses in the Remount Depot. All the rest had already been sold; but the market had been glutted and there were now few bidders. He walked down the horse-lines. What beauties they were! And in perfect condition, too. He'd spent half a lifetime breeding them and looking after them. Many of them he knew by name: this must be Jamileh; that one Latifeh. Both were good brood mares that would fetch a high price if sent to Britain for sale, or even Cyprus, as he had recommended.

That was now merely a dream. He knew what had to be done. The whole

future of Mishmar was at stake; and if Mishmar fell, so would the rest of the Emek.

'Corporal Isa', he said. 'Take all the remaining stable-hands in the pick-up to the Amman railway station and bring me a barrel of creosote. We must paint some of those hooves before we let them go'.

As soon as the stable were deserted, Haim Bey went to his own quarters and took half-a-dozen boxes of revolver ammunition from his personal steel cupboard. Pistol in hand, his lips grimly compressed, he walked down the lines, shooting each horse through the forehead. Pandemonium broke out as the animals, terrified by the crack of the shots, reared and plunged. It was terrible; blood flowing everywhere and the carcasses of all those beautiful beasts lying in their stalls, some still twitching.

He had just finished his ghastly task when Sidky Bey, a junior Arab officer in the adjutant's office, came running up to the door of the great stables.

'Someone heard a lot of shooting, Haim Bey. What's been happening?'

'Foot and mouth disease'.

'I don't believe you'.

As Sidky Bey lifted his hand to draw his own pistol, Haim Bey caught him by the wrist. Pressing his own revolver into Sidky's ribs, he neatly extracted Sidky's pistol from its holster and put it in his pocket.

'Now get the hell out!' Haim shouted.

'You knew very well Kaukaji wanted all those horses. You bloody Zionist! I swear you won't get out of Jordan alive!' And he ran back to his office to phone to every frontier post. To each he dictated:

> Watch out for a Jewish officer trying to get back to Palestine. He's wanted by Kaukaji. His name: Haim Bey. He speaks perfect Arabic, so don't be fooled. The number of his car is TJFF 5; it's a jeep. He's wearing a major's Frontier Force uniform. If he makes a dash for it, shoot him. This is Sidky Bey speaking, from the adjutant's office, regimental headquarters, Zerqa.

Haim Bey rushed to his room and rapidly changed into civvies. From the transport park he selected Tony Quayle's red Rover that he'd bought for a song when Tony had left. Then he drew some cans of petrol from the store and drove off at full speed for Jisr Mejamie. It wasn't the closest frontier post; but the Gesher *kibbutz* lay just the other side of the Jordan bridge. Once he'd got through the T.J.F.F. camp at Jisr, he'd be safe.

How many times had he driven up to the Jisr camp in happier days! First the horse lines, then the main barracks, with the officers' quarters and mess built on a hill above the brown, sluggish Jordan river. Just beyond the camp, but still on Jordanian territory, was the Rutenberg power station, now closed. The high-tension cables were all down and the Jewish station staff had all been withdrawn to safety in Gesher. Now he was approaching the bridge and the frontier.

In normal times, there was merely a hinged barrier across the road which the frontier police lifted to let vehicles through. But, now, the Arab nationalist guards had blocked the whole road with a line of old asphalt barrels, each heavy with gravel. There was no hope of charging through by force.

'*Wakf!*' shouted an Arab guerilla with two leather bandoliers crossed

over his chest, pointing his rifle at the car. Haim Bey stopped, but he made no attempt to get out. Other guerillas ran out of the frontier post, wildly excited. The one clearly in charge could read, it seemed. He was checking the car number with a scrap of paper in his hand and looked puzzled by the discrepancy.

'Shoo ismak?' he asked brusquely. 'What's your name?'

Haim Bey leisurely opened the car door and stepped out, impeccably dressed in jodhpurs, with a checked tweed jacket, a white stock with a horseshoe tie-pin, a deerstalker on his head and holding a riding-crop with a bone handle. Speaking in English, in a drawl that even Tony could not have bettered, he replied: 'And who the bloody hell do you think *you* are?'

The guerillas were somewhat disconcerted by this turn of events and lowered slightly the muzzles of their rifles.

'Ma btekhkish Arabi?—Don't you speak Arabic?'

'Why the hell should I speak Arabic to a bloody lot of Wogs?'

Few of the guerillas understood English, but there was no mistaking this officer's contempt for them.

'Lafain?—Where are you going?'

'What right have you got to stop me? If you must know, I'm dining with Major *"Taw'l"* (tall) Smith who's got a farewell party on at Beisan.'

The guerillas understood *'Tawil'* and 'Beisan' but were not at all sure that they weren't being tricked. The checkpost group leader approached Haim Bey with his hand out.

'Il nafus?—your identity card?'

Haim rapped him across the palm with his riding-crop.

'Take your filthy hand away and open up the barrier! I've had enough of this foolishness'.

The guerillas capitulated. If this man were really a Jew, he'd be frightened. He isn't in uniform; his car has a different number.

'Yalla! Iftah il bab!' said the group leader. 'Go on! Open the gate!'

The rest of the group rolled the heavy barrels aside. It was no good quarrelling with the Regiment. They'd soon be all gone and then the nationalists would take over the Jisr camp. There was still a lot of useful furniture there.

And that's how Qaid Haim Bey Apelbaum escaped to Palestine. It took him years to get over the nervous shock. After living quietly on a pension, he died only the other day, an old man of eighty, sitting straight up in his chair, surrounded by his daughters, sons-in-law and many grand-children.

[Viscount Samuel's new collection of short stories, *The Man Who Liked Cats*, will be published in 1974.]

MISSING PERSONS JOIN THE HOMELESS

by Greville Janner, Q.C., M.P.

ONLY now is it starting to be recognised that missing persons pose a problem not merely for the police but especially for social services. Problems of tracing are serious enough; but compared with the miseries of coping with countless thousands of young people adrift, they almost disappear into insignificance.

Before any problem can be dealt with properly, its extent must be known. We are beginning to discover that there are more missing persons than anyone thought possible.

On the 7th May, I asked the Home Secretary how many people—men and women, boys and girls—were reported to the police as missing during 1972. The answer? A total of some 70,000. On closer examination, though, it seemed that while some 6,147 people were reported missing in West Yorkshire, not including Leeds and Bradford, the figure for the whole of London was only 3,815. Once again, we found lies, damned lies and statistics.

It later turned out that the Metropolitan Police do not record as 'missing' those people traced during initial inquiries. Their total? 15,887 in 1972. So the real total for London during that year was 19,702—five times as many as the original figure.

Many police forces follow the example of West Yorkshire and where someone is reported as missing, they record him as such. After all, the fact that someone is found does not bring him back home. So, projecting the figures we have for the country as a whole, it is a fair certainty that not less than 150,000 people were reported to the police as missing last year—and probably nearer a quarter of a million. Anyway, there are vast numbers more who go adrift and are not reported at all.

The figure is vast—and probably each year some 2% of the families in the whole country are affected.

Next question: How long does the tracing take? Answer: Often (as London shows) just a question of days or even only hours. But equally, in some cases it takes many months—during which time the family is left in constant fear and anxiety and the drifter himself is unlikely to be in high spirits!

What, then, is the percentage of successful tracings? Answer: Remarkably high—somewhere between 98% and 99%. But undoubtedly the tracing could be speedier, less expensive and hence far kinder to all concerned if there were a central register of missing persons. There is none. I hope that soon such a register will be established.

Next, the crunch question: How many of those traced return home? No one knows. I have asked the Government to produce figures ranging from the number of those traced who were found to be dead to the proportion who became homeless—and no one can provide the answer. Each time, I

am told in effect—the figures cannot be found without the incurring of disproportionate expense.

Behind the figures of the missing lurks the real problem—homelessness. About 75% of all those adrift are under the age of 18. 16 to 18 is probably the crucial age.

Anyone who is involved in working for homeless people knows that this is a vast problem—and a growing one. And I believe that when its extent is recognised, the need for action will become apparent.

First, why do young people go adrift? They are determined to achieve their independence . . . their freedom . . . not to have to pay even apparent lip service to the courtesies of family life. And they often have money—at least enough to take them away from home. But the answer, clearly lies deeper—they are not coping with their home conditions. Either they have insufficiently deep roots in home soil or they have withdrawn them. They are joining the rootless—and have become the concern, in the main, of those organisations now happily united in the Consortium for Homeless and Rootless People.

Within the House of Commons, we now have an All Party Committee with concern for homeless and rootless people. Its officers (two Conservatives—Ernle Money and David Knox—two Socialists—Albert (Jock) Stallard and myself) try to bring attention to the needs of the homeless, single and married, young and old, and to service the Consortium. Our set-up is young and, as yet, not especially effective. It will improve with time and experience. And the missing persons campaign has drawn useful attention to its work.

There are limits, though, to all-party activity in this field. We are agreed on the need or housing for the homeless—but often deeply divided as to who should provide it and how. As a committee, we will do battle over the need (for example) for hostel accommodation and care for the homeless and rootless—but as to the Housing Finance Act, we move apart.

Anyway, the pressures are on the Government to provide or at least to support work on missing persons, on two levels—tracing and social services. The former is dealt with by the Home Office and the latter by the Department of Health and Social Services.

How, then, can the social service agencies improve the job they are doing? There are two aspects—before and after the break with home.

Counselling at home is clearly inadequate, both for young and old. Some areas have excellent agencies, easily available—others have few. Alternatively, the availability is unknown. Every M.P. knows that his main job is often nothing more than the provision of a channel of communication. Publicity, propaganda and persuasion should be used to get youngsters and their families to take advantage of the counselling services available.

Second, it must be recognised that many of the young people have no intention of returning home and will never in fact do so. The community must therefore recognise that a whole new category of extremely young, single, homeless people requires care and accommodation.

I believe that we should use the missing persons campaign to induce the Government not only to provide more support for those organisations already in the field, but also to promote a new agency to provide hostels and homes—complete with tactful, unobtrusive adult supervision. By all means let there be attempts, where appropriate, to induce youthful drifters to go back to their families. Certainly communication should be re-opened between the young people and their homes, if only so as to minimise the anxiety of their parents. But there must also be active recognition of a new and enormous problem—and active steps taken to cope with it.

[Greville Janner is Labour Member of Parliament for Leicester North-west.]

THE SEA OF GALILEE

by Thomas J. Clogger

IN the New Testament it was called the Sea of Galilee. To the Hebrews it is known as *Kinneret,* thought to be derived from its oval shape, supposed to bear a resemblance to a harp—in Hebrew, *Kinnor.* The Arabs call it *Bahr el Tiberia*—the Sea of Tiberias; the city on the southern shore on the road to Samakh and the Jordan Valley. Nine hundred years ago, at the Horns of Hattin, midway between Nazareth and Tiberias, Saladin met the Crusaders in their heavy Frankish armour, routed them and besieged them on this tiny eminence. They were tortured by the gentle mirror of blue of the sea, for they had no water. When they could endure no more, they were slaughtered.

At the time when Jesus dwelt there on the shores and upon the slopes of the surrounding hills, there prospered a luxurious vegetation of the most varied kind. Vines alternated with olive trees on the slopes and the shores were covered with fruit-trees. Then, ten cities stood by the waves or were reflected in the water—Tiberias, Magdala, Bethsaida, Ganala, Hippos and others on the eastern shore. This important body of water measures 21 kilometres in length from north to south and 11½ kilometres in width. The surface is 208 metres below the level of the Mediterranean and the depth of the sea is 45 metres. It is part of the Great Rift which splits the earth from the Jordan source, to the Great Rift Valley in East Africa. In summer, June to October, Tiberias is unbearably hot and humid and the Jordan Valley is even more torrid.

The water is fresh, being fed by the River Jordan and water which streams down the wadis. The source of the Jordan is in the Springs of Bannias on the slopes of Mount Hermon. Galilee is a bountiful source of quite a variety of fish, and this is an inexhaustible source of life to the people who inhabit the shore, in particular the fishing kibbutz of Ein Gev on the eastern shore. The musht, or St. Peter's fish, is found in large quantities, being a form of Tilapia, also found in Lake Victoria in East Africa. Thousands of years ago, this tasty little fish was known as *chromis simonis.* The 'Big Fisherman' himself is reputed to have netted it. So it was named St. Peter's fish after him. The name stuck to the fish and the fish stuck to Galilee. Another fish is the buri, actually a salt-water fish which thrives in the fresh waters of Galilee. Sardines abound, but the strangest fish is the barbut or cat fish. It is bright red and without any scales, having a broad face, not unlike a cat's, and is most repulsive to look at, particularly when one dives deep and comes up against one of the fish. But they are good eating, the flesh being something like chicken meat. Today, the shores abound in eucalyptus trees.

All this beauty, and an important source of fresh water for Israel and her agriculture, is dying from the curse of this modern age—pollution. The last lines of Rachel's famous poem are being brought up to date: 'O my

Kinneret, O Kinneret mine! Were you indeed? Or did I dream a dream?'

It was in 1971 that a South African limnologist, Bob Davies, dropped a depth-charge in these troubled waters when, after an exhaustive survey, he predicted the early 'death' of Lake Kinneret.

The pollution is coming from four sources: sewage; the use of agricultural chemicals and pesticides; the drainage of nitrates from the peat beds of the Hula region; and the dumping of industrial waste. How familiar it sounds! All the sewage of Upper Galilee—which contains the major number of *kibbutzeem;* from Tiberias and some from Safad, the ancient city of the Kabbala and Israel's highest occupied area—flows into the lake, carrying dangerous germs and noxious waste. An example quoted in the *Jerusalem Post* is that of the 18,000 settlers of Kiryat Shmona, the sewage of which is dumped untreated into the Jordan River and so brought down to Kinneret. Another kibbutz on the Golan Heights is reported to be growing 1,000 dunams of cotton (a dunam is about one-fifth of an acre), and the fertilisers and chemicals used in sprays are seeping into the lake. Hotels are springing up on all sides and are creating new problems, the least of which is tons of earth and sand being dumped into the waters to form artificial Lidos for holiday-makers.

But the greatest blunder was to drain the Hula swamplands, once situated between Rosh Pinna and Metulla in Northern Galilee. This was the Waters of Merom, from which could be seen the snow-covered top of Mount Hermon, known to the Arabs as *Jebel es Sheikh.* The drainage was carried out soon after the termination of the Mandate and 21,000 dunams of peat land was recovered. This has meant a tremendous drainage of nitrates from the peat into the lake. The position is so grave that serious consideration is being given to reflooding Lake Hula, thus restoring the balance laid down by nature.

It was in February of last year that another survey was carried out by a Swedish limnologist, Professor Ruda 'to halt the galloping pollution of Lake Kinneret which is Israel's only fresh-water lake and the country's main source of water for drinking and agriculture'. He reported that it was an extremely vital lake which could still be restored to its healthy ecological equilibrium.

This is a lake where many people have bathed and revelled in the blue and quiet of the water. It will not be long, unless drastic action is taken, before a non-swimmer, falling into the water will perish, not from drowning, but from asphyxia.

CAMBODIA AND SIHANOUK'S ROLE IN CHINA'S HANDS

by Nghiem Xuan Thien

WHEN, under the Congress' pressure, President Nixon had to order his formidable Air Force to stop the bombing of Communist-occupied areas in Cambodia on the 15th August 1973, the Prophets of the Press the World predicted that the days of Lon Nol's Government were numbered, and that it had only a few more weeks to live.

Though Prophets' predictions are reputed to be infallible — and in Asia, especially in Cambodia, Prophets are considered as demi-gods — many months have elapsed; but Lon Nol's government, apparently shaky and niefficient, does not seem willing to die. On the contrary, its Army, hastily formed and trained, the FANK (Khmer National Armed Forces) is fighting rather well against the Communist rebels or Khmer Rouge, supported by the North-Vietnamese Army (NVA) and the Viet-Cong (VC), stationed in Cambodia, and above all by Communist China.

Sihanouk, the would-be King of Cambodia who gave up ascending the Throne in 1960 to assume only the title of Chief of State, the erstwhile deadly enemy of the Khmer Rouge when he was in power, has become, since he lost it, their friend, their ally, their man and the head of an exiled government, the GRUNK (Royal Government of Khmer National Union), which he dismissed recently because finally he realised that he was a mere stooge.

On the fateful day of August 15th, the Khmer Rouge troops were approaching Phnom Penh. But as Sihanouk confirmed later, in an interview given in Algiers to T. D. Allman from the *Manchester Guardian*, 'the (US) bombing inflicted heavy casualties on us . . .' and as declared to C. L. Sulberger, from the *New York Times*, when the latter saw him in Peking: 'North Vietnam does not provide enough aid, and every time the Khmer Rouge troops besiege an important city, Hanoi deliberately chokes off its own and transiting Chinese supplies, making it impossible to capture objectives'. The result of all this was that the Khmer Rouge failed to occupy Phnom Penh as was expected by the whole world.

Sihanouk attributed this tactic to 'North Vietnam's fear of losing promised USA reconstruction aid plus possible resumption of American bombing'. And in a desperate, mood he added: 'We have learned not to rely on Hanoi. They prefer to avoid a decisive victory and follow the US plan of letting us Cambodians fight it out.' *(New York Times* of October 6th, 1973).

Another fact was revealed by the *US News* and *World Report*, in its issue of September 24th 1973: 'Some military analysts here have been puzzled by what they describe as the enemy's waging tactical warfare without substantive strategic shape.' Cited as an example is the shift in

the weight of the enemy's offensive from Phnom Penh to Kompong Cham. There is an absence of any classic military pattern. Authorities here suggest that the reason for the rebels' switch in targets is that the insurgents have more than one master, with no central command.

This suggestion is supported by the presence in the rebel combat units of about 3,000 Cambodians of Hanoi training, and some North Vietnamese advisers, also by the fact that it is Hanoi who, in Cambodia as well as in Laos and South Vietnam, has a well established and firm control over all comunist activities in the whole of Indochina. Such a situation is due to Hanoi's special role as an important intermediary supplier of arms and ammunition, and to the presence of North Vietnam Army (NVA) and Viet Cong (VC), inside all these three countries.

For Kompong Cham, there is another important fact revealed by the *London Economist.*

The situation in that particular town, the third in importance in Cambodia, situated on the West bank of Mekong River, some 50 miles North East of Phnom Penh, became very serious, a week after the US had stopped the bombing. It became worse in the first week of September, when the Khmer Rouge troops, some 6,000 strong, got inside the city, within one mile from its centre and about 500 yards from the FANK (Khmer National Armed Forces) headquarters.

Here is what we can read in the September 29th issue of the *Economist:*

> Neither the Government's Army nor the rebels show much professional skill . . . This is a war between amateurs, with the more incompetent losing the battles. At the Kompong Cham battle, your correspondent watched the Government's men advance under fire through grass and stubble against insurgents in a sugar plantation. Sauntering forward, with no attempt to keep down or use cover, they resembled sportsmen looking for partridges rather than soldiers in the attack and only the inaccuracy of the enemy fire saved them from massacre.

The final result, as we all know, was that the Government's troops, about the same strength as the communists', won the battle and cleared the town of the enemy.

For this second failure of 'his troops', Sihanouk also put the blame on lack of ammunition.

In a dramatic interview given in Peking to a French journalist from *Le Monde,* he complained that his insurgents' forces badly lacked arms and ammunition, because both China and North Vietnam have stopped their past aid lest their relations with the USA should be jeopardized. He said:

> In spite of our victory bulletins, the Lon Nol regime is still in power. If it is weak, and we are unable to overthrow it, this means that we are weaker. The truth is that we cruelly lack arms, and above all, ammunition. The agreements of Paris, last January, were followed by the stopping of supplies from the North. The transport of military equipment through the Democratic Republic of (North) Vietnam is blocked. Not entirely, but almost. In any case, the resistance had not what was necessary to occupy and hold Kompong Cham.

In his opinion, the US is seeking to stabilize the situation in Cambodia,

while waiting for an overall solution of the Indochina problems. They let North Vietnam know that if Hanoi helps the Khmer Rouge to the point of making them able to overthrow the Lon Nol regime, they will be obliged to intervene again.

On the other hand, Hanoi wants the USA to pay them what they call 'war damages', but what is actually the US economic aid for North Vietnam reconstruction. So North Vietnam must be very careful not to put herself in the USA's bad books!

Finally, Sihanouk thinks that Hanoi and the Viet-Cong (Vietnam National Liberation Front) have a plan for unifying their country. This requires much time, and another confrontation with the Republic of (South) Vietnam seems inevitable. The important thing for them (North VN and Viet Cong) is that the USA will not intervene directly in the new conflict, and, at least, will not bomb North Vietnam again. So it is necessary to give the USA enough time to disengage completely from South Vietnam. When the American people are accustomed to peace, it will be impossible for President Nixon to lead them to another Vietnam war.

Says Sihanouk:

> The road to South Vietnam through Cambodia, does not pass by Phnom Penh, but only through areas occupied by Communist forces (Khmer Rouge, NVA and VC), inaccessible to the Khmer Republic Forces. So the conquest of Phnom Penh is not necessary to North Vietnam. All these reasons are at the origin of difficulties the insurgents forces in Cambodia have met.

China's lukewarm attitude towards Sihanouk's desire for a quick victory against the Lon Nol Government may be explained, as Sihanouk suggested, by her desire to have good relations with the USA. This is vital for her, because she is afraid of a coalition of USA-USSR against her.

> It is possible that the Khmer Rouge may have reached an agreement with Moscow, Hanoi and Peking about a massive attack against Phnom Penh without telling me about it. I have no close relations with the Khmer Rouge. I find them to be Stalinists with their daily doctrinaire instruction, their language and the methods they are using.

The relations between Sihanouk and the top Khmer Representative in Peking, Ieng Sary, are not good. Sihanouk finds him 'personally antipathetic'.

In a sad, bitter and painful mood, Sihanouk said to a journalist of *Le Monde:* 'You know, there are wounds that cannot be healed. I will not return to Cambodia. I will stay in Peking till I die.'

This is almost certainly because the Khmer Rouge do not want him to go back to Cambodia, even though the USA has stopped all bombing. Nevertheless, he wants the Khmer Rouge to seize power in Phnom Penh and establish there a socialist regime. 'There is no choice,' he said, 'between a corrupted regime and a pure and hard regime the Khmr Rougee desire to install in Cambodia.

The most recent news concerning Sihanouk said that from Canton, on his arrival there to greet his mother, Queen Kossamak, who had journeyed from Phnom Penh where she had been confined since the overthrow of

her son, he had sent a telegram to AFP (Agence France Press) in Peking, (on November 9th), saying that the overseas part of GRUNK (Royal Government of Khmer National Union) had been disbanded. From this date on, the authority of GRUNK was in the hand of Khieu Samphan, the Khmer Rouge leader stationed in Cambodia. The latter is well known as deeply pro-Communist China. He had been an active member of the Cambodian Parliament when Sihanouk was in power. He was persecuted for his relations with China and had to flee to the jungle. Recently he attended a conference with the North Vietnamese communist leader Le Duan and the Pathet Lao leader, Prince Souphanouvong, in Sam neua (North East Laos, under the Laotian Communists' control).

It is good to remember that after the costly failure of the Monkey year (1968) attack against South Vietnam, the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) withdrew to their bases in Cambodia in order to make good their heavy losses and re-equip themselves. Military material was shipped to the Cambodian sea-port, Sihanoukville (now renamed Kompong Som) and transported, on Sihanouk's orders, by trucks to North Vietnamese bases. Later, when the Cambodian people were increasingly disgruntled with the North Vietnamese soldiers' behaviour, Sihanouk invited the USA to bomb those bases secretly, as was revealed not long ago.

When he was still in power, Sihanouk was hostile to the Khmer Rouge, whom he publicly called 'traitors to the Nation'; although he was sympathetic to North Vietnamese communists, intending to use them against South Vietnam and the USA. In a radio message to the Cambodian people, broadcast on October 5th, 1967, he once again addressed the Khmer Rouge leaders: Hou Youn, Khieu Samphan, Chau Seng, Phouk Chhay and Hu Nim, asking them to understand that he was always prepared to resist their attacks and would fight them mercilessly to the end, 'until the annihilation of the *de-Khmerized* Khmer (a name he had coined for the Khmer Rouge), even if it costs many skins.'

A short while before he had dissolved the Khmer-Chinese Friendship Association, and declared that Communist China was disputing the right of Cambodia to be master of her own house, that Cambodia could not be represented by men like Hou Youn, Khieu Samphan, Hu Nim or Phouk Chhay with whom the Peking Government 'corresponds over the head of our Government, the Khmer State, which is the sole legal representative of the Khmer people'.

Maybe Sihanouk's memory is short, but the Chinese's and the Khmer Rouge's are not!

Now, Sihanouk has been obliged to disband what he calls 'the overseas part of the GRUNK,' and hand all power over to Khieu Samphan. The GRUNK Premier, Penn Nouth, in exile in Peking, will remain in China, at least for the time being, as Sihanouk does. Officially, he is ill, and the Premiership has been temporarily assumed by Khieu Samphan, with the title of Acting Premier.

It is not yet known what role Sihanouk will be given to play. Perhaps

he is not as useful as before to Peking or to the Khmer Rouge. If, till now, China has given him generous hospitality, it is because she can use him for making an appeal to Cambodian people — mostly peasants, and feudal die-hards — to join the insurgents and for giving the Communist Vietnamese an appearance of legality for occupying Camodia. But the Paris agreements give the latter the right to occupy bases in South Vietnam without running much risk of being bombed; so Cambodia is not as necessary to them as she was before. Most of the North Vietnamese forces in Cambodia are believed to have come to South Vietnam, in communist-occupied areas, to reinforce their comrades already stationed there.

Probably, China and Russia wish to reach a compromise with the USA for solving the problems of Cambodia on the same pattern as they have done in South Vietnam and Laos. As Sihanouk refuses to talk with the USA or with the Lon Nol regime, he may be an obstacle and, in politics, to be an obstacle when one is not invincible is to be in a dangerous situation from which one cannot escape easily unharmed or alive.

But Sihanouk is in a very particular situation. Maybe his star in China begins to wane but the Russians seem now to woo him. On the occasion of the 20th anniversary of Cambodia's independence, (November 9th 1973), the President of the Soviet Union sent him a telegram of congratulations. In doing so, Russia seems to go back on her 1970 decision to recognize Lon Nol's Government, and to regard Sihanouk as the Cambodian Chief of State. Already, she has withdrawn her envoy from Phnom Penh. In fact, she is playing a very complicated game, in order to have a say in whatever the solution of the intricate problems of Cambodia may prove to be.

At present, we do not know what are Sihanouk's plans for the future. But well informed circles believe that he will stay in Canton with his mother for quite a long time. And the Khmer Rouge top delegate, Ieng Sary, sent to Peking to be at his side and whom he finds 'personally antipathetic', left Peking the very day his telegram was sent, i.e. on the 9th November.

Does this mean that Sihanouk's role in China's hands has come to an end?

It is difficult to say, especially when so many world powers are involved in Cambodia's affairs. It is not impossible that some day he will be urgently needed to give some reassurance to the great mass of Cambodian peasants, who still believe in a kind of God-King.

This prince, who at times astonished us by his vanity and gullibility, deserves our attention, all the more since he has often, in the past, commanded the Press headlines.

Great grandson of King Norodom I, who ruled over Cambodia, though not brilliantly, from 1859 to 1904, Sihanouk was born in Pnom Penh in 1922. In 1941, the French colonial rulers of that kingdom chose him, from among a group of princelings for the throne. They believed that the prince, then only 18 and a half years old, a docile and easy-going playboy, would

be happy to have an opportunity to give himself up to pleasure and would not create any problems for them. They were mistaken, because Sihanouk, once a king, showed his desire to rule effectively.

As he had often said, he aimed at only one thing: 'the survival of my country, in the face of two dangerous neighbours, Thailand and Vietnam, even at the cost of making it a communist satellite.'

He was impressed by the Chinese Premier Chu en Lai, who had assured him that the USA influence in South East Asia would be eliminated. As he could do nothing to prevent the North Vietnamese and the Viet-Cong from infiltrating his country, he believed he would neutralize them by allowing them to have bases along the South Vietnamese borders. But he was mistaken, because the North Vietnamese, not satisfied with having sanctuaries on his territory, stirred up rebellion among his subjects and patronized the Khmer Rouge.

Sihanouk knew quite well that Peking agents infiltrated deeply into the large Chinese community in Cambodia. This was why, in 1967, he ordered the Khmer-Chinese Friendship Association to be disbanded and banned the teaching of Mao's thoughts in his country.

Before his fall he had visited China six times. He admired Chinese communists' achievements, but he recognised that their system was unsuitable to the Cambodians. On this point, he was right, because in Cambodia Buddhism is a state-religion, and Buddhism means tolerance, mercy, charity and kindness, virtues not particularly noticeable in Communist regimes.

He not only disliked the Cambodian communists, he was afraid of them. For him, they were 'bloodsuckers, traitors, de-Khmerized Khmers', who 'agreed, after the 1954 Geneva Agreements, to place the country under the protection of the Democratic Republic of (North) Vietnam'.

Nevertheless, he showed some liking for Socialism, and in 1955, when he abdicated in favour of his father, who then became King Suramarit, he created the Sangham Reastr Niym (Popular Socialist Community). This did not prevent him from having a harem with many wives, though only one, the favourite, Monique, was allowed to appear with him in public. Monique is a Cambodian-Italian beauty. He met her in 1951, when he awarded her a prize in a beauty contest. Father of six daughters and seven sons, busy with his duty as Premier (1955-1960), and then as Chief of State (1960-1970), the Prince still found time to have a number of hobbies. He composed popular songs, and produced cine-films, in which he often played the star-part with members of his family and top government officials in supporting roles.

He withdrew from the French Union in 1955, and renounced all USA aid ~~in 1963~~. Since then Red China became Cambodia's main source of assistance (military equipment, but mostly industrial plants). Russia was his most important supplier of arms and ammunition.

Appointed Head of State in 1960 by the Cambodian Parliament, Sihanouk was dismissed by the same Parliament 10 years later (1970) while he was away in Moscow. The Russians, desiring to maintain relations with Lon Nol,

at that time Prime Minister, kept the news from him till he boarded the plane for Peking. Once in Peking, he was given asylum.

His life in Peking is extremely comfortable. Mao Tse Tung has given him a palace and allowed him to have a large staff, including nine chefs who prepare for him Cambodian, Chinese and French dishes.

Generous though the Chinese are, Chu en Lai, despite his suave courtesy, has a poor opinion of Sihanouk. When speaking of the Prince, he once said: *'Il n'est pas serieux'*. From the point of view of the Chinese Premier, having so many chefs at one's disposal and even a court jeweller in one's palace is not exactly in accordance with the communist way of life!

In his ingenuousness, Sihanouk still believes or at least nurtures the hope that 'the Khmer Rouge (will) keep me as Chief of State. I like attending international conferences and meeting other heads of state.' This was what he said to the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, in Algiers, on the 18th September, when he was attending non-aligned countries' conefrence.

After the disbanding of 'the overseas part of his Royal Government of Khmer National Union (GRUNK), perhaps he realized the unpleasant situation he was in, when with bitterness and anger he cried; 'They spat me out!'

On the other side of the Cambodian chess-board, facing the Khmer Rouge and Sihanouk, are Lon Nol and his so-called followers (so-called, because, between them, there was not much love lost), who form the High Political Council.

The following are members of this High Council, who, in the last resort, take all important decisions:

1. *Lon Nol,* 59, President of the Khmer Republic. It is he who wields total power, though physically a semi-recluse, since a stroke in 1972. Temperamentally, he is something of a weakling, unable to impose his authority. His orders are rarely carried out properly, and he never seems to have the will to take punitive measures. Recently, he escaped unharmed from the bombing of his palace by a junior officer of his own Air Force.

2. *In Tam,* 51, the most popular of top Cambodian leaders. He is Prime Minister and Minister of Home Affairs. He has the reputation of being one of the few incorruptible men in the Government. In 1972 he ran against Lon Nol in the Presidency election and came second.

3. *Sisowath Sirik Matak,* 59, Sihanouk's first cousin. In 1967 Sihanouk, at that time Chief of State, invited him to take the Premiership. He refused, because he was not given freedom of action. It was he who led the Government in 1972, after Lon Nol suffered a stroke. But, harassed by students' demonstrations, he resigned after the Presidency elections and formed the Opposition Republican Party.

4. *Chen Heng,* 53, a businessman of Cambodian-Chinese mixed blood. He is considered a neutralist, not violently anti-communist. It will be Heng

and In Tam who are most likely to be nominated to pursue negotiations with the Khmer Rouge. (The Cambodian insurgents have an army of about 50,000 men, against the Government Army of 200,000 strong.)

Whoever finally rules over Cambodia, — Lon Nol, Sihanouk or the Khmer Rouge — will have to solve almost insuperable economical problems.

According to the *US News and World Report* (issue of 24th September 1973), the cost of living this year is soaring by more than 160 per cent. The capital's hospitals — some of them makeshift — are jammed with civilian and military wounded. Also in the city are about 1.5 million refugees living in crude camps and pagodas or shifting for themselves in the streets. The refugees are already a heavy economic burden on the Government, and there are experts who feel they could become politically dangerous if unrest arising from their plight continues to increase.

Corruption is rife, which adds to the population's misfortunes.

In the face of so many urgent and overwhelming problems, no Cambodian can govern his country without foreign aid, even if peace comes in a short time. So there is plenty of room for World Powers to play a beneficial role — if they wish to.

THE TRIBAL MARRIAGE

by Benjamin G. Cavanero

WEDDINGS always make exciting news and interesting copy. But what perhaps could be the most worthwhile to witness in point of colour and pageantry are the Muslim weddings; particularly those of seven tribes in the Philippine archipelago; in Southern Mindanao are the Badjaos, the Yakans and the Samals. In other portions of the island the Batangans of Mindoro, the Subanons, Apayaos and Sulu.

Their marriage rites have been preserved in the original forms, and bear no traces of Western culture. The bride comes dressed in all her finery like a princess from the *Arabian Nights*, while the bridegroom is garbed in his multicoloured vest, scarf and wrap-round *kantiohs*. Then the couple undergo a wedding ceremony that is as quaint as it is beautiful, following a courtship and pre-nuptial rites that seem strange to the outsider.

The Badjao wedding is a fluvial wedding, usually timed for *Hariraya*, a special feast day during low tide. Unlike weddings of the six other tribes, the celebrations are relatively brief, with the dancing and feasting on the sandbar lasting not more than three hours. Sooner or later the tide rises, and the guests go drifting away in their gaily decorated *pelangs* or vinta boats.

The wedding on the waters is celebrated with much music. As the bride sits, eyes downcast, under the *cadjang*, a roofed section of the vinta, awaiting the arrival of the groom's *pelang*, the men play on their brass instruments. The male guests dance to this beat, their arms moving like the waves of the sea.

As soon as the groom's *pelang* draws near the bride's, the man steps into the shallow waters and allows the groom to mount his shoulders. Then, preceded by the *Imam Giwata*, they wade towards the bride's pelang; whereupon the *Imam Giwata* solemnizes the marriage by touching the groom's thumb to the bride's forehead.

Immediately after this ceremony the grand fluvial parade begins; a procession of the bride's *pelang*, the groom's and those of the couple's relatives and friends. A floating structure trails behind, a raft with bambo poles supporting the many cakes and *panyam*, a special rice cake, believed to be a fertility symbol.

This beautiful assemblage of floating colour and animated sound glides to a selected sandbar, high and dry, where the dancers alight for a few moments and perform special dances—the *pangalay*, the *dalling* or the *lingisan*. All the while, the dancing is accompanied by the explosion of firecrackers.

The wedding party then disperses. In the evening, the couple do not retire to their *pelang* for a honeymoon. Badjao tradition has it that the bride must sleep at one end of her vinta, and the groom at the other, with her parents in the middle. The couple do not live together as man and wife for a week, a custom that is strictly adhered to by this sea-faring people.

Wedding negotiations are undertaken by the parents of the couple. The dowry, or *basingan,* can be anything from a vinta to pearls and gold. Frequently, however, the bride's parents require more than this to prove a future son-in-law's worth. They may order the latter to dive into the sea to test his endurance under water. This is to determine whether or not he can make a good living from the sea.

The Badjaos, often called *lu-waan* or outcasts, are a peaceful tribe of sea gypsies. Like nymphs, they come and go. They are gentle, soft and timid. Their bodies are lithe and strong. Their hair, bleached by constant exposure to sun and sea water, is blonde but dark at the roots. They are a people of integrity and are known never to cheat or steal. There is even in existence a Proclamation of the Sultan, forbidding any inexcusable violence.

The chase is perhaps the most curious aspect of any Yakan betrothal. After the usual negotiations and the setting of the wedding date, it is customary for the bride to run away and hide, and for the groom to search for her. It is a way of testing his love for the girl, and the chase could last anytime from a day to a week.

It is also customary for a Yakan bride to appear coy and unwilling before the marriage. The day before the wedding, she is taken to her groom's house. But to show her reluctance at leaving her parents, she grasps at posts or doors. To persuade her to release her hold, relatives offer her money or gold.

After the wedding has been solemnized, the groom approaches the bride, publicly making advances. He tries to lift her veil and touch her, but the bride runs away, fighting and scratching and even hitting him with sticks to keep him off. This is done for the amusement of the guests, but unfortunately the bridegroom sustains real bruises.

The length of the feasting usually depends upon the wealth of the family. Both bride and groom have their faces painted with delicate lines and dots, using a thick paste. There are dancing and horseracing and games. In the Yakan counterpart the bride and groom spread a mat on the floor and perform the *kandingan,* or ritual wedding dance, as the guests throw money at them.

Like the Badjao wedding, the ceremony is solemnized by the priest placing the groom's thumb on the bride's forehead. Before this, the bride keeps her eyes shut, seemingly as if in a trance, totally oblivious of the coaxings of her father and her handmaidens. This is supposed to be a sign of her modesty and humility.

A Samal wedding runs the gamut from ostentation to simplicity. It could be a two-minute ceremony where the *Imam,* or Muslim priest, touches the bride's forehead with the groom's thumb—a symbol that he is her lord and master. Or it could last for days, complete with dancing, feasting and the firing of gun salutes.

The bridal negotiation is quite a ceremony in itself. The prospective bridegroom must first acquire an agent to speak for him, extolling his virtues and presenting the *dalahan,* or dowry. This is the amount in cash or in kind

which the bridegroom's father gives to the bride's parents. The practice, though frowned upon by Christians and spoken of as a 'purchase' of the bride, actually provides a nest egg for the couple and finances the *dwa-a,* or wedding feast.

In preparing for the wedding, all the heirloom brasswork is polished both for use and for display; tapestries are unrolled and hung up and carpets laid out in the pavilion constructed near the mosque for the special event.

On the wedding day, the stage having been set, the bride is carried to the pavilion in a *palanquin.* She sits motionless on a grand *tilam,* or cushion, with the curtains drawn about her and her handmaidens.

Meanwhile the priest waits at the threshold of the pavilion for the wedding entourage. When they arrive, the handmaidens begin a chant, a plea to the bride to accept the groom. In her own good time, when she pleases, she will push aside the curtains. The *Imam* then starts the ceremony.

After the ceremony, the festivities begin. The *kulingtangan,* the agongs and *gabbangs*—all brass instruments—beat a fast rhythm, and the dancers glide around the dance floor, moving their arms in snake-like grace. The bride and groom sit together like monarchs presiding over a great court feast.

Marriages among the Batangans of Mindoro are partly by parental prearrangement and partly by choice of the groom or bride. When a child is born, the prospective groom or bride simply signifies his intention by telling the parents, 'He/she is mine.' In this manner, the newborn becomes betrothed, without the cumbersome formalities of signing contracts or requiring witnesses. When the child becomes big enough to leave the parents, usually at the age of three or four, the prospective husband or wife as the case may be, claims it from the parents. Thereafter, he or she cares for the child until such time as it is mature enough for parenthood.

The wedding ceremony of the Subanons is unique and colourful. The bride, together with the unmarried young women of the community and two older married women, sits inside a huge white mosquito net hung in the centre of the wide and spacious outer room of the Subanon house. The man sits in one of the inner rooms. The *Panglima* escorts him out of the inner room and inside the mosquito net where he sits beside the bride. The *Panglima* places the couple's arms around each other. They are then entertained with songs and dances.

The *bailian,* or priestess, sings prayers and incantations and makes food offerings to the spirits so that the couple and their children will not be harmed. After the *bailian* has properly appeased the spirits, the couple eat from the same plate a large handful of rice. They also drink *pangasi* from a jar in which two bamboo straws have been placed. Then they stand up —as man and wife in the eyes of the Subanon community.

When the Apayao swain reaches the marrying age, he acquires from his parents a head-ax called 'badang', and with this symbol of manhood, he goes out in search of an Apayao lass. When he finally makes his choice, he visits her nightly and serenades her with native chants from a nose flute.

When the girl's relatives are all asleep, the suitor sneaks up to the girl's mat, where he whispers to her promises of heaven and earth.

If the girl does not feel like reciprocating, all she does is leave him alone there. If she likes him, she lets him sleep with her. This trial marriage continues for a month or more, during which time both have found out if they are compatible. If they feel they are, there follows the marriage proposal known as *sumpad* and finally the wedding ceremony.

The Muslim marriage in Sulu is far more colourful if not more elaborate than that of the lowland Philippine groups. The wedding is usually attended by relatives of both bride and bridegroom, dressed in very bright and flowing costumes. It is the climax of months of careful preparation and negotiation between two families. To Muslims, marriage unites not only two persons but two families, of 'kindreds', as well.

As in most Philippine ancient customs, the groom and not the bride provides the dowry. Polygamy was mostly confined to the Visayan Islands, probably infiltrated by the Muslim traders. However, in the old days, patrilocal residence appeared to be the rule in the Visayas. The married couple chose a matrilocal residence—that is staying in the house of the girl's parents. Moreover, when a husband died, his wife shaved her head and fasted for seven days. Some threw themselves into the fire where the husband's body was burned.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

RE-MAKING EUROPE

Foreign-Policy Problems before the European Community. Edited by Max Kohnstamm and Wolfgang Hager. Macmillan £5.95.

'The Community will not have a central seat of power like the White House, the Kremlin or the Japanese Government and the tasks it sets itself must take account of this fact. Taken together, these limitations make it impossible for the Community to become *A Power Like Any Other* — to become a nation writ large'.

These challenging words (my italics) are taken from the final chapter, Conclusions, of this remarkable book and go some way to explain its title. The remaining ten chapters have each been written by a distinguished European, but only after months of discussion at the European Community Institute for University Studies, situated in Brussels. Some fifty experts from Western Europe participated in the discussions and financial aid came from four different Foundations. This procedure is itself a valuable pioneer venture, especially when one realizes that in the United States such discussions are nourished and organized by many universities and independent institutions. If such continent-wide debate is to be stimulated in the Community, Europe needs comparable centres for high-power discussion.

It is now rapidly becoming clear that the European Community will need to develop unique institutions, both for its own identity and therefore for its external relations — be it with the World Economic Order, with industrial powers of the West, with Eastern Europe, with the Mediterranean littoral, or with the less-developed countries. This book is not concerned with institutions as such, but with the inter-dependence of the Community on a number of subjects — finance, agriculture, energy and security. It is my belief that the authors have got their priorities right; institutions will be created or adapted to carry out functions properly conceived.

Let me start with security. They agree that for many reasons a European Nuclear Force is out of the question, therefore Western Europe cannot become a Super-Power. Continued dependence on American nuclear power raises the inevitable discussions for clearer arrangements with America on economics, currency and foreign policy, though not excluding defence.

Sir Christopher Soames, following Ralf Dahrendorf as the Commissioner responsible for External Affairs, obviously has the key portfolio in the European Commission; though it is excellent news that his predecessor with all his past practical experience, will be amongst us as the future Director of the London School of Economics. We must now imagine the comprehensive task which confronts this new Foreign Secretary, representing a Community which is the largest participant in international trade and a body endowed with monetary resources nearly twice those of the USA and Japan put together. But, as the writers wisely add, power does not result from simple addition of resources: the Community must begin to use this capacity for common purposes and this presumes negotiating power. Never was this fact more clear than in the current energy crisis.

The European Community cannot accept a position of subordination to one or other super-power, nor is neutrality a possible policy. Europe's prosperity

is bound up with the U.S.A. and necessitates a dialogue based on recognition of each other's independence. On the other hand the Community has to initiate a dialogue with the U.S.S.R. and/or the eight European countries with their 100 million of population. This is a most complex matter because some countries like Roumania and Yugoslavia wish to limit Soviet hold on their commercial policies; also because of Willy Brandt's recognition of East Germany; and finally because the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe deals more with co-operation than with security. It is questionable wisdom for the Community to deal direct with Comecon.

Finally on the Common Agricultural Policy (C.A.P.) the book makes a serious analysis of its present protectionist weaknesses and contributes the outline for a future coherent policy. The accession of Britain and Denmark should force the Community to make some radical changes, partly because this was one of the conditions of our joining, partly because free discussion in the European Parliament has opened the eyes of many members to the real costs and advantages of a long-term agricultural policy.

This book is realist and at the same time imaginative. It makes an earnest appeal to Europe to make the most of its assets, remain true to its inner character and mobilize by its example a new stage in political civilization.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE MILITARY BIRTH OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

The Winter Soldiers. Richard Ketchum. Macdonald. £3.75.

The Marquis de Lafayette, after serving for only a short time with the American troops in the Independence War, came to realise that the cause and its commander-in-chief were synonymous, and if *The Winter Soldiers* proves anything it is 'that the liberties of America and the continued existence of its fighting force both depended in large measure upon George Washington who was the rock on which they anchored'. The central theme of this book revolves around the battles of Trenton and Princeton; it is the story of the 'few' who made American independence a reality.

The year 1776 was one of continued disaster for the rebel army. British troops under General Howe numbered some 32,000 well-disciplined, trained, professional soldiers, supported by a sizeable fleet. His plan was to seize Manhattan, march north up the Hudson River, and thus isolate the New England colonies. By autumn the plan had virtually succeeded, and the rebel army of fewer than 20,000 men, led by amateur officers, was in flight over the flatlands of New Jersey. The war appeared to be over, and possibly would have been, had Howe possessed the killer instinct and pursued the rebels to their capital, Philadelphia, but he chose to retire into winter quarters. This was Washington's chance. He knew that the final hours of 1776 could be the end of the road, that the dream of independence voiced earlier in the year, 'would vanish on the winds of winter unless he personally did something to salvage it'. Thus a small band of men (numbering at low ebb only 1,200) survived a critical winter of fearful hardship and fought in December 1776 the victorious battles of Trenton and Princeton. The author regards these two battles as the turning point of the war, for without them there would have been no army to fight at Saratoga and Yorktown. What these brave men achieved along the icy Delaware River around Christmas demonstrated that the new American nation had a fighting chance to win. Without these two victories the cause of independence would have been irretrievably lost.

Frederick the Great concluded after Trenton and Princeton that America

would now be able to retain her independence, and Horace Walpole reported that Washington's march from Trenton around Cornwallis's flank was hailed as a military masterpiece. Lastly, the French government welcomed the rebel victory, and the prospect of material aid from France was not now far off.

Washington was not a brilliant strategist but he had a gift of improvisation where a situation appeared to be hopeless. He constantly emphasised to Congress and to his officers that the war should be defensive; at all costs a general action was to be avoided. Although he could never get together enough troops or adequate resources to beat the British in a stand-up fight, he and his men discovered the immense effectiveness of guerilla warfare. In point of fact the tactics employed at Trenton and Princeton illustrated what a small determined body of men could do by moving swiftly and unexpectedly against isolated units of a superior army.

The Winter Soldiers is a masterly contribution by an American historian to a complex and controversial historical topic; it is superbly written with absorbing and often dramatic detail, further enhanced by many excellent illustrations and finely-drawn maps. Nor is the political scene at Westminster neglected; interspersed with an analysis of the causes and events leading up to the outbreak of hostilities are a number of admirable character sketches of British politicians and military personalities. There is also a lengthy description of British army organisation in the 18th century, but the *Höhepunkt* of the book is undoubtedly the drama of the Trenton and Princeton battles, the narration of which reads at times like a modern thriller.

S. F. WOOLLEY

PERSPECTIVE ON ALDOUS HUXLEY

Aldous Huxley. A Biography. Volume I: 1894–1939. Sybille Bedford. Chatto and Windus in association with Collins, London. £3.95.

The first volume of Sybille Bedford's biography of Aldous Huxley contains a fully documented account of the first 45 years of his life. It ends with the outbreak of the Second World War, by which time the Huxleys, Aldous and his wife Maria, had gone to live in Hollywood. The move, one of many in a few short years, was made not only, or even chiefly, to write the script on Marie Curie for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but mainly because he had discovered a great oculist there, a practitioner of the 'Bates' method of curing failing eyesight without the aid of spectacle lenses. In *The Art of Seeing* we already have Huxley's own literary account of his 'visual re-education' but much of the personal background of his 'private miracle' is added in this moving memoir.

Herself a novelist and essay writer of distinction, Sybille Bedford has the inestimable advantage for a biographer of more than thirty years' close friendship with her subject, his wife and many of their friends, including the Garsington circle round Lady Ottoline Morrell as well as D. H. Lawrence and the Middleton Murrays, all of them key figures in any account of the literary scene of the period. She has also skilfully used all available sources, both published and personal letters and documents, remaining true to her stated intention of giving 'a truthful and coherent account of the life ... and of Aldous Huxley as a man'. The warm, human portrait that emerges is of a wholly civilised, honourable man, possessed of high intellectual distinction, taken for granted in so famous a family, but showing also great humour and kindliness.

No systematic literary criticism is attempted, although the years covered in the book contained most of Huxley's finest work in novels, short stories and

essays. It is almost as though the biographer were living through the creation of *Crome Yellow, Point Counter Point, Brave New World, After Many a Summer* and *Eyeless in Gaza* along with their creator, providing sympathetic insights into his meanings, states of mind and moral preoccupations, without finally making any firm judgments but rather pleading his literary cause. Perhaps so intimate a view precludes evaluation, and certainly the reactions of contemporary critics like Cyril Connolly and Robert Nichols are recorded. But the very acuteness of her detailed perceptions of images, character and plot whets the reader's appetite for some studied appraisal of Huxley's stature as an artist. That she does not take the further step, although eminently able and qualified to do so, may disappoint readers who, in the thirties, met for the first time the dazzling, new-minted quality of Huxley's prose and the foreshadowing horror of some of his larger than life-sized characters. His peculiar genius, if genius it is, remains singularly difficult to pinpoint.

BETTY ABEL

A NEW INTERPRETATION OF CHEKHOV

The Chekhov Play, A New Interpretation. Harvey Pitcher. Chatto & Windus £3.

One of the rewards of re-reading a classic or seeing a new production of a play by one of the world's great dramatists is that our earlier impressions are renewed in the light of our recent experiences, and what at one time may have seemed simple may have become complex and what seemed obscure may have become simple.

Few writers of the past hundred years can have been subjected to so many interpretations as Anton Chekhov. Harvey Pitcher states that his urge to add another and 'New Interpretation' of the Chekhov play was inspired by the need to challenge prevailing criticism in Russia and the West and to find a reasoned explanation for the fascination of these plays, an explanation he finds lacking in other critics. His argument makes interesting and worthwhile reading.

The influence of mid-nineteenth century theatre and society is as important to the reader of Chekhov as it is to a full appreciation of G. B. Shaw, his close contemporary. Shaw was able, during his long life, to see and know the many social changes which occurred and these have been reflected in his writings but it has been left to the critics to read the signs and portents in Chekhov's plays. Pitcher makes the reader very aware of the scene in which Chekhov was writing: Russia at the turn of the century not the U.S.S.R. It is the background of the dramatist, writing for his own contemporary theatre which is emphasised.

'To take a fresh look at Chekhov's play (The Cherry Orchard) one must start by trying to free one's mind of the knowledge of what happened in 1905 and 1917 and by recognizing that Chekhov's approach was not in any sense partisan.'

There are illuminating quotations from letters and contemporary reviews, and the status of Chekhov with Stanislavsky and Nemirovich Danchenko is seen in a new light.

Harvey Pitcher is justified in calling this a new interpretation, and in a very readable style he brings new thoughts to familiar scenes and characters. It is particularly valuable that the reader is constantly made aware of the plays in performance, and the continuing appeal of Chekhov in the theatre today may be due to the audience's involvement in the lives of the characters and their emotional reactions to each other. He draws attention to those places in the text in which the original Russian is untranslatable and can only be

made clear by an actor's ability to use subtle vocal inflections and pauses. We know that Harold Pinter requires the same treatment by his casts.

Pitcher makes a detailed analysis of each of the four major plays and explores the evolving formula adopted by Chekhov and the reader will go back to the texts with renewed interest. He is concerned to challenge those critics who concentrate on 'the tragic lack of communication' between Chekhov's characters, and with many examples from the plays Harvey Pitcher can proclaim, 'at the heart of the Chekhov play there lies not emotional isolation but emotional contact between human beings.'

The book can be recommended to all serious readers of Chekhov and will be of considerable value to actors and directors who may well be reminded that, 'Individual human lives may come to an end, but the emotional interrelatedness of human beings remains constant. To leave this lasting impression of emotional interrelatedness is perhaps the finest achievement of the Chekhov play.'

MURIEL JUDD

BOSWELL AND THRALE

The Impossible Friendship. Mary Hyde. Chatto & Windus. £3.

Books about Dr. Johnson and Johnsoniana are legion, and seldom a year passes without one or more weighty additions to the collection. Mrs. Mary Hyde's volume is a welcome and valuable one, tracing how James Boswell and Mrs. Hester Thrale became closely linked with the great lexicographer. That their friendship began, and continued from their first meeting (when Boswell jumped impulsively into Mrs. Thrale's coach at Johnson's Court one day when she came to fetch the Doctor to her house at Streatham) for so many years is surprising in view of their similarity of temperament. No doubt Johnson was an amused witness of the incident and was thus credited with having introduced them. It was a friendship compounded of mutual admiration and devotion to Dr. Johnson, and, as early as 1769, less than a year later, in his first letter to Mrs. Thrale, Boswell told her that they 'were rivals for that great man'. He had noticed how she hung upon the Doctor's least word in general conversation and when he pontificated, and she was of course aware of similar note-taking on his part.

Hester's husband, the wealthy brewer Henry Thrale, was proud of his wife's cultural interests in worlds outside business and politics. He encouraged her lionising of Dr. Johnson and virtually made him a member of the household. Mrs. Thrale thrived under the umbrella of Johnsonian learning and wit and excelled in lavish hospitality in which Boswell and other friends of the Doctor's participated. Everyone humoured the great man's vagaries, and Johnson's Court and Bolt Court saw little of him.

But by 1776 the rivals were self-conscious about their jottings. Mrs. Thrale began one letter to the Doctor with 'I am glad Mr. Boswell is with you—nothing that you say for this Week at least will be lost to posterity'. And we find the two men regretting Mrs. Thrale's 'laxity of narrative' and 'inattention to truth'. One such complaint by Boswell was ended by Johnson: 'Do talk to her of it: I am weary'. And they agreed too that their hostess had 'a little of the insolence of wealth and of the conceit of parts'.

In her well-proportioned narrative, Mrs. Hyde gives a modest but delightful portrait of Henry Thrale. He seems to have been a charming easy-going man and the account of his illness and death is moving. Eight days later (the day after the funeral), Boswell entertained a party at Sir Joshua Reynolds', with a ribald song speculating whether the widow would marry Dr. Johnson, who was

by no means hale and hearty. The verses were rough repayment to Mrs. Thrale for years of courtesy and hospitality. Probably she heard of the song and, when she wrote (in reply to Boswell's enquiry as to Johnson's health, she did so briefly and coolly. Her mind was preoccupied with romantic thoughts centering on her daughter's Italian music-master Gabriel Piozzi and a project to go to Italy with her daughters with Piozzi as a guide. The London papers still proclaimed that Johnson was the foremost suitor for her hand; but her mind and heart were reaching a conclusion: she was determined to marry Piozzi, and did. Johnson was desolated, not answering her last letter, and burning all of Mrs. Thrale's that he could find. A few weeks later, while the Piozzis were enjoying their wedding trip in Italy, Johnson died, September 13th, 1784, aged 75. She was forty-one. Her diary entry was brief, 'Oh, poor Dr. Johnson!'

From then on Hester Lynch Piozzi worked sedulously preparing her first book of *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson*. This was published successfully, and other books of memories and letters followed before Boswell's more famous work got under weigh. Bitter recriminations passed between the two, sometimes incorporated in their books. This engrossing book tells it all in detail, and from it emerges a life-size portrait of Dr. Johnson himself and of the two gifted creatures he drew into his orbit with such compulsive genius.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

GAZELLE-BOY OF THE SAHARA

Gazelle-Boy. A Child Brought Up by Gazelles in the Sahara Desert. Jean-Claude Armen. Translated by Stephen Hardman. Bodley Head, £2.

This French Basque poet, painter, calls the extraordinary discovery he recounts here the 'most moving' in five years' travel in the world's 'forbidden' regions. On a solo camel trek into the Rio de Oro or Spanish Sahara, Great Desert region and *Reg* of the Tiris, he encountered a camp of gipsy-moor nomads, heard of the Gazelle-Boy and was guided to his herd a day's ride away, by one of them. His first distant glimpse is of a naked, slender human form, with long black hair, 'galloping in gigantic bounds among a long cavalcade of white gazelles'.

The guide leaves. He follows alone the herd's trail to a small, wild oasis of thorns, flowering tamarisk, date-palms in a fissured gorge. A gazelle springs from a bush, begins to pull up the ball-shaped roots of *dhanoun*, the desert's main survival food. A large male follows. Suddenly the boy 'darts from the bush, throws himself at the unearthed roots, teeth first, peels them with clicks of his tongue, then cuts them up frantically with his incisors'. A gazelle lifts its head, puckers its muzzle. The boy does likewise with his nostrils. Then they all vanish. A man has been scented.

The rest of the book records how, on subsequent days, he again tracks down the herd and gradually, patiently, becomes friendly with it and the boy, studying their habits and instinctive code-signs of communication. He first attracts the gazelles by playing a few simple notes on a small Berber flute, a *raita*. One, then another, draw cautiously near, lick his toes, hands; Armen gently licks back, while the boy watches as if transfixed. Evidently about ten years old, he has lively, dark, almond-shaped eyes, a pleasant open expression, ankles disproportionately thick, powerful muscles, scars from gashes, scratches.

Finally, a big male, apparently leader of the herd, possibly of the boy, too, approaches Armen, noses about his body, licks his face. At once the boy follows, sniffs at Armen's toes, screwing up his nose like the gazelles. 'Then he gives me a few little licks, first on the legs, then on the fingers. With little

cries from the back of his throat, probably marks of joy, this strange child of nature incapable of all human language seems to be trying to make himself understood.' They touch noses, lick the tips. Now the way is open for the long exploration of habits, code-signs, that make such fascinating reading.

Armen thinks the boy must have been 'abandoned' in the desert when seven or eight months old, or have fallen from his basket on a camel's flank in the night, been found by the herd and suckled, mothered, by a pregnant female in a nervous state or one that had lost her faun through illness or predatory jackal. He noticed that one old female had a special predilection for the boy, reciprocated; the licking, rubbing of nose against muzzle hardly ever ceased. Possibly his old 'wet nurse' and adoptive mother?

The story, lucidly translated, illustrated with Armen's one-colour stylised drawings, should engross all animal-lovers and titilate anthropologists, who may need proof of its presumed authenticity.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939 (H.M. Stationery Office). Volume XIII in the Second Series covers **Naval Policy and Defence Requirements July 1934-March 1936.** The second half of 1934 and early 1935 are mainly concerned with discussions between British, American, Japanese, French and Italian representatives in London on the vexed questions of relative naval strengths. In the spring of 1935 German re-armament and security became uppermost, leading to the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of June 18, 1935. In his Preface, Professor W. N. Medlicott, who edits the documents, points out that the Agreement is 'often associated with Sir Samuel Hoare's name, but all the effective steps, including the decision of June 5, fell within Sir John Simon's term of office'. It is interesting to read a Minute of Sir Robert Vansittart written on July 5, 1935 in connection with a Memorandum relating to German war preparations and British defence programmes. He writes: 'I am confident I shall also be right in my repeated predictions that Germany will be ready for trouble before 1939'. He also argued that Britain could not take for granted that she would always have allies. Professor Medlicott comments that Vansittart's 'urgent representations' influenced the Defence Requirements Committee 'who rejected the Services' view that Germany would not deliberately launch aggression before 1942 and advanced Jan. 1, 1939, as the latest date compatible with British security'. Nonetheless, of course, we were not prepared. A substantial part of this volume is devoted to the preparations for and the proceedings of the London Naval Conference, leading to the Treaty on March 25, 1936. As in other volumes, the Editors have enjoyed unrestricted access to, and use of, all papers in the Foreign Office Archives. Documents already published elsewhere have been 'normally excluded'. Use has been made, however, of the personal papers of Viscount Simon, Lord Templewood and Sir Orme Sargent.

Britain in Figures (Penguin Books. £1). This second edition of 'a handbook of social statistics' has been prepared by Alan F. Sillitoe. The 'basic principle' is that 'selected statistical series are presented in graph, diagram or chart form' together with a short commentary. Within 187 pages, the material is presented under seven main categories, namely Population, Social, Education, Labour, the Economy, Road Transport and Mass Media and Communications. The aim is to show

'social trends in this country during the last twenty or thirty years'. In some cases, as for example relating to population, trade unions and education, the figures go back much further. On the other hand, perhaps inevitably, they conclude usually in 1970 or occasionally in 1972. This, of course, greatly limits their use where current figures are needed on immediate issues, for example on balance of payments, inflation, and industrial disputes.

Human Documents of Adam Smith's Time (Allen & Unwin. £4.95). This volume, prepared by E. Royston Pike, is mainly directed to showing from contemporary sources conditions of life and living in the second half of the eighteenth century. There is a great deal about London, country life, the changing face of industry, Manchester, Kirkcaldy, Glasgow and Edinburgh. A prominent feature is the reproduction of twenty-three of Hogarth's engravings. Among the books quoted from are Daniel Defoe's *Complete English Tradesman,* Arthur Young's *Tours,* Sir Frederick Morton Eden's *The State of the Poor,* David Davies's *Labourers in Husbandry,* Dr. John Aiken's *Round Manchester,* and William Marshall's *Rural Economy* studies. Apart from a brief chapter on Adam Smith and *The Wealth of Nations,* there is little about him or his works. The object is to depict the Britain at the time he wrote. It is certainly a very useful book in providing a concise survey during this period.

Almost simultaneous with the lamented death of the poet William Plomer, his publishers have issued a splendid volume of **Selections from Kilvert's Diary** (Cape, £2.50), the remarkable Diary which Plomer brought to light in the late 1930s and began editing. The task involved the close scrutiny of twenty-two closely written notebooks in which the Rev. Francis Kilvert kept his diary between January 1870 and March 1879. The work paints a vivid picture of the life of a village clergyman in Wiltshire and the Welsh border. Since its first publication in three volumes in 1938, 1939 and 1940 the Diary has been enthusiastically welcomed and now ranks as a modern classic vouched for by several reprints, of which the present abridged edition is the latest. Its author has been compared with Dorothy Wordsworth and even with Pepys. Sir John Betjeman says the Diary contains 'the best picture of quiet vicarage life in Victorian England that has yet been given us'. (W.K.S.)

Penguin English Poets have the distinction of publishing **The Complete Poems of John Keats** (£6.00) in a compact scholarly edition of 731 pages, edited by John Barnard. The book contains all the poems and plays known to have been written by Keats —including thirteen sonnets and a high proportion of trivia which have been found mostly in Keats's letters; and for generous measure there are 240 pages of Notes and five Appendices including 'Wordsworth and Hazlitt on the Origins of Greek Mythology' and the poet on Kean's Shakespearean Acting. Altogether, this is a noble edition of Keats's poetry. (W.K.S.)

Admirers of Virginia Woolf are advised to turn to Mr. Allen McLaurin's **Virginia Woolf: The Echoes Enslaved** (Cambridge University Press, £3.90) not only for the critical judgments of the novelist's works but for the light thrown on the philosophy and aesthetics of Samuel Butler and the relationship between Mrs. Woolf's creative writing and Roger Fry's art-criticism. (W.K.S.)

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.08; U.S.A. and Canada $13.50. Rates for all other countries on application.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

March 1974 Vol. 224 No. 1298

THE MOST INTERNATIONAL SWEDE

A Portrait of Gunnar Myrdal

by Francis P. Walsh

PROFESSOR Karl Gunnar Myrdal sounds like a man who knows his own mind, even if, as he says, 'Things look different, depending on where one stands.' In America, Myrdal is known as the author of *An American Dilemma—the Negro Problem and Modern Democracy,* which appeared in 1944. In his native Sweden, he is remembered for his fiasco as Minister for Commerce three years later.

Recently, with the increasing Swedish engagement in world affairs, Gunnar Myrdal's separate reputations have been coming together. Americans cannot care less that his prophecies of a depression in their country after World War Two have not yet come true. The Swedes, on the other hand, are beginning to admit that they have at least one compatriot who is more than 'world-famous in Sweden'. A man who has received a dozen doctorates abroad, who has addressed both houses of the Indian parliament, who is the only foreign author ever quoted in the US Supreme Court, and who not long ago when many, including his son, were calling him 'a septuagenarian has-been', was delivered of a 5-lb., 10-year, three-volume, 2,300-page slab of socio-economic teamwork entitled *Asian Drama.*

Myrdal was born in 1898 in central Sweden where, as a boy, he could go from farm to farm over a wide area and meet relatives everywhere. The family had been rooted there for many centuries and Myrdal says they were solid people with never any criminals, drunkards or mavericks of any kind among them.

His father's name was Pettersson, but during Gunnar's childhood he decided to change to something less common. From the ancestral farm he took the name of Myrdal, which means a bog. A Swedish commentator states that 'Myrdal sounds 100% Swedish, honourable and reliable. It inspires confidence.'

Thus equipped, the first young Myrdal headed for Stockholm in 1918 to study law. Somewhere along the way he remarked: 'I am an ordinary

Swedish country boy with good health and physique, an inherited puritanical and positive attitude to the value of hard work, and a steadily increasing faith in my own abilities.'

A fellow-student from 1922 on was Alva Reimer, a building contractor's daughter whom he had known for some years. Besides her studies in educational theory, she shared a family feeling for the labour movement. 'Gunnar Myrdal has had many good ideas,' it was later said, 'but one of the best was to marry Alva.' This conjunction of stars occurred in 1924. From then on they were pushing each other ahead and bringing up a family.

Young Mrs. Myrdal soon perceived that there was little future for a young lawyer on the local circuit. Economics was the thing; and she brought him home tomes to study. In 1927, he took his degree and was appointed lecturer at Stockholm University.

The Myrdals spent the next few years abroad—first at Columbia University and then at the *Institut des Hautes Etudes Internationales,* Geneva, where Gunnar was assistant professor. Back in Stockholm in 1933, he was appointed to a chair of economics which he retained for most of three decades.

Myrdal already had a couple of books to his name and served on government committees dealing with housing, university reform, monetary policy, farming and other subjects. In 1935, he became M.P. for his native county, while in the following year his wife obtained the rectorship of a teachers' training college and also began to sit on committees. Across a big desk in their functional house they worked on a book about the dangers of depopulation, which was to prepare the ground for social welfare developments.

In a land where professors have an aura, Myrdal was described as a 'very human professor—high-spirited and able to joke at himself'. There were many who envied his brilliance. A columnist described the handsome young don in the audience at a physics disputation, 'cat's eyes under ironically raised eyebrows sizing up the candidate, and looking as if he could jump to his feet and defend that thesis very much better'.

The Myrdals, of course, seemed more radical then than they do now when time and the world have caught up with their ideas. They debated the 'sexual question'. Their home was a centre of prophecy and experiment. Houses designed for larger families were 'Myrdal houses'. A sofa in the students' club at Stockholm University, which had something suggestive of population, became known as 'the Myrdal sofa'. The newspapers became so personal that the couple finally made a protest to the press council.

Gunnar Myrdal made his entrance on the international scene in 1938, when the Carnegie Corporation was looking for someone to direct and write a study of 'the Negro problem'. They wanted 'a social scientist from some neutral country with no history of imperialism or domination by one race over another, a man free from the prejudices and attitudes that are traditional in the United States'.

Fortunately for Gunnar Myrdal, Sweden's long history of imperialism

has nothing to do with Negroes. He sailed for America with his family in the autumn of 1938, and spent the following months assembling his staff and organising the vast project. He was accompanied by Richard Sterner, a Swedish statistician, whose name, together with that of the American sociologist Arnold Rose, was later to appear on the book as Myrdal's assistant. There were also scores of memorandum writers and researchers who wrote chapters and drafts of chapters; but Gunnar Myrdal was the principal author of the 1,400 pages.

Two more books appeared about this time, one of them being *Contact with America,* written with his wife. In 1943, he was appointed financial counsellor to the Swedish Embassy, with the job of watching developments in the American economy. *An American Dilemma* was published in 1944, and thereafter Gunnar Myrdal could add to his honorary doctorate from Harvard the title of 'honorary American'. It is a title that he likes to use.

Back home in Sweden, Myrdal sat in parliament and was chairman of the commission for post-war economic planning. He predicted a depression starting in the United States and spreading to Western Europe where it would cause severe unemployment. Sweden should guard herself against that danger by developing trade with the USSR—which for him was not the bogey-land it had always been for most Swedes.

Soon afterwards, Myrdal became Minister for Commerce in the Social Democratic government. He made an agreement with Poland for the import of coal and another with Russia for the export of Swedish industrial products on a long-term credit basis. His avowed aim was to rationalise. He started inquiries into many branches of industry, 'lectured' stolid M.P.s on economic theory and alarmed businessmen by forecasting import restrictions. They accused him of meddling and planning far-reaching socialisation.

A Gothenburg editor proposed an inquiry to determine whether Myrdal had sufficient time to be: 1. A cabinet minister; 2. Chairman of the planning commission; 3. Editor of a monthly magazine; and 4. Professor at the university. Shouldn't he concentrate on one thing at a time?

Herbert Tingsten, editor of the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* and also a specialist on America, wrote: 'Myrdal is at one and the same time a free trader and an advocate of the planned economy, a supporter of socialism and a defender of certain capitalistic principles'.

In the event, his predictions failed to materialise. Instead of a depression, there was a boom in the United States. His trade agreements turned out disadvantageous. The credit deliveries to Russia, in particular, proved very costly; and the government had to resort to Marshall Plan dollars to save the economy. In 1947, unpopular measures became necessary, including the renewal of certain wartime regulations. After 20 months in office Myrdal resigned.

After this fall from political power he landed in Geneva. During his final months in office, he informed a visiting official from the UN that he would accept a post in that organisation, provided it was independent and embodied a 'mission'. Shortly afterwards, the Economic Commission for

Europe was set up, with Myrdal as Secretary-General.

In the following year, his wife also obtained an international post, as chief of UNESCO's Department of Social Affairs in New York. The *Chicago Tribune* later criticised a speech in which, it alleged, she was 'trying to sell Social Democracy through UNESCO'. As for Gunnar: 'Myrdal, just after the war, made a trade agreement so favourable to Russia and unfavourable to Sweden that he and his wife found it advisable to move to Switzerland. When the UN ECE was being organised, Russia agreed to come in only on the condition that Myrdal got the post of executive secretary . . .'.

Myrdal set about the job of restoring a continent's economy—in particular, developing trade between the West and the communist bloc. Small headlines followed his innumerable journeys—negotiations in Warsaw, London, Prague, Belgrade—agreements for coal and Scandinavian timber for rebuilding Europe. He was criticised for negotiating a 'one-sided' pact under which the USSR in return for grain received much-needed steel goods.

Instead of 'finance minister for Europe', the reputed goal of his ambitions, Myrdal saw his role gradually shrink to that of compiler of high-class statistics. ECE's quarterly reports were widely considered to be the best of their kind, especially on the communist countries. However, in 1957, *Barron's Magazine* commented:

> The ECE annual survey for 1956 underrates free Europe's industrial and financial achievement, while praising that of the communist bloc. ECE is intended as a source of authoritative information, but Gunnar Myrdal has made it a platform for collective ideas on economic planning.

About that time Myrdal published a couple of books which revealed a loss of faith in economic planning in the Western countries. This, he asserted, removed incentives and led to inflation and national autarchy on the economic plane. Then, as if to restore the balance, he told the Hungarians a few home truths about their reconstruction plans, and threatened to resign when they questioned his impartiality.

Meanwhile, in America, Myrdal was still news, thanks to his book on the Negro problem. Many were coming to share his view that it was also the white man's problem. Governor Faubus said that the Supreme Court, in reaching its 1954 decision on segregation, had been influenced by the writings of four social scientists, of whom Gunnar Myrdal was one. Congressman Lanham used more drastic terms: 'The Supreme Court has been brainwashed by *An American Dilemma*'. In the McCarthy purge of 'pink' books, the *Dilemma* was removed from USIS shelves.

During his decade in Geneva, Myrdal had little 'wife-life', as Alva pressed ahead with her own career in Paris and New York. Their son, Jan, was making a name for himself—and sometimes for his family—as a communist. In 1953, Alva Myrdal, arriving from Europe on UN business, was detained at Idlewild for questioning, and allowed to proceed only on promising to report her movements in the United States. At the time, Jan was organising a youth congress in Bulgaria.

In 1956, Mrs. Myrdal was appointed Swedish Ambassador to India, and

her husband, when he left ECE in the following year, was able to join her. Asia offered scope for another study along the lines of *An American Dilemma.* But now, instead of the Negro problem, the subject would be social and economic conditions in the developing countries; sponsors, the Twentieth Century Fund.

The next three years were spent in India and South-East Asia, travelling, meeting people and collecting material for the book. Again he directed a large team of assistants. In 1960, he returned to Stockholm and a personal chair at the new Institute for International Economic Studies. *Asian Drama* was a further eight years in gestation.

In a sense, Myrdal never returned to his own country after the political debacle of 1947. He could still be a prophet abroad—in America, for instance, where silence is not golden and enthusiasm not generally mistaken for levity. There his quips were appreciated. He was listened to and honoured. 'When Myrdal stands up in parliament,' a Swedish journalist sneered, 'he always looks so worried, because he doesn't know what he's going to say; and when he sits down he still looks worried, because he doesn't know what he's said'. But when Myrdal addressed the Indian parliament, Nehru, it was observed, took copious notes.

In this world perspective, Sweden has dwindled for Myrdal since he was in the thick of things a quarter of a century ago. 'We have had our harvest,' he declares. 'For me, Sweden has become rather boring. Among the exciting areas with problems and dramatic fights I would name America and the underdeveloped countries.' He declines to use the diplomatic 'developing'.

Myrdal was something of a pioneer in seeking international engagement. Now his countrymen are catching up. They are impressed by his reputation abroad. Sparing the big honours, they made him chairman of the Swedish Committee for Vietnam, and enthusiastically supported his offer of a guest professorship to the leader of the Greek resistance movement. On this ground he is again in tune with the youngest, the pram-wheeling students and mini-mothers who carry placards through the streets of Stockholm.

But he is not with them all the way. He draws the line at egg-throwing, flag-burning and smashing embassy windows. His 46-year-old son Jan had his glasses knocked off while charging a police cordon at the head of his teenage troops. He was arrested but released after coffee and a chat at the police station. He is his father's son—with Mao's vocabulary! Both are moralistic. While Gunnar never hesitates to speak 'off the cuff', Jan shoots from the hip. In films and newspaper articles, Jan derides the foreign aid programme (0.3% of GNP) which Gunnar likened to 'an old-fashioned charity ball'. The son has accused his father of woolly philsophising, and of excusing the American war in Vietnam by loose talk about the 'mechanism of fate'.

'This septuagenarian has-been politician has betrayed the ideals of his youth. His career is lamentably reminiscent of that of Hendrik de Man, the internationally-known Belgian scientist and politician who started out

as a socialist, then moved towards Nazism and after the fall of Belgium in 1940 advocated the regeneration of Europe under German leadership.'

Gunnar Myrdal did not reply to this hostile newspaper attack. He has a 25-year-old rule against answering his critics in the press. He broke it now to swot a similar tirade on him by another member of the egg-throwing faction, 'who seek cheap martyrdom by fighting our police. Why don't you people go out and take a risk in Vietnam? I would be there if I were young again.'

'To enlighten the American people is the essential task of this conference,' Myrdal said when addressing the Stockholm Conference on Vietnam. 'We demand that the US Government finally and unconditionally ends the bombing raids and all other acts of war against the DRV, in order to create conditions favourable to talks between the DRV and the USA, so as to discuss matters related to the settlement of the Vietnam problem on the basis of the fundamental principles of the 1954 Geneva Agreements on Vietnam.'

Myrdal shared the official American view that the people of Vietnam must be allowed to decide for themselves what kind of government they want. He agreed that there was an obstacle in the way of a free decision. 'This obstacle is American aggression, which provoked a general uprising of the Vietnamese people.'

In a letter addressed to the President of the United States, Myrdal's committee stated:

> It is up to the Vietnamese people to settle their own affairs on the basis of independence, democracy, peace and neutrality—i.e., according to the principles of the Geneva Agreements and the programme of the National Liberation Front.

Myrdal rejects the likelihood of a communist take-over in South East Asia, 'with the possible exception of Vietnam and Indonesia, where we have not seen the end yet. But India? The Philippines? Unthinkable. Long before that could happen the army, landowners and industrialists would have seized the key positions.'

Anyway, he adds, communism could hardly be worse than the present misery of the people.

Myrdal's view is that the American leaders are trapped into defending a series of blunders committed over the years, and have become the victims of their own propaganda and rhetoric. They have, in all sincerity, misled the masses. A large proportion of the 'hawks', he notes, are to be found among the ordinary people. The trade unions are more reactionary than big business, which wants nothing more than the profits of peacetime production. Here he corrects a noisy sector of Swedish opinion which blamed the war largely on Wall Street.

He endorsed the official Swedish line on Vietnam, but also advocated people-to-people contact. 'It is futile to try to communicate with the Johnson clique and their client governments around the world. We must speak directly to the people of America by means of protest meetings, peaceful demonstrations, newspaper advertisements—even letters to friends.'

Later, however, he suggested circularising governments and congressmen in America and the countries that support her. He speaks often of 'America's glorious traditions of religion and ideals, her present moral and political isolation, and the moral power of public opinion that stems from the conscience of decent people everywhere.' With all this and his easy access to the media he is far and away the Swede most likely to succeed in getting across to Americans.

Sometimes he talks like any old man. 'We live in a sick world. . . We thought in the 20s we could change the world, but now all values are gone.' Or like Gandhi. 'We must not hate Americans. I speak as one who knows and loves that country. In a world where there is too much hate we must try not to hate even the criminals, but rather understand in order to improve them. Rather than burn the American flag we should follow the advice of my old friend Norman Thomas and wash it!'

The Stockholm flag-burners duly notified the police of their intention to wash the stars and stripes in public, but the latter forbade both forms of protest.

Between the war in Vietnam and the racial problem in America Myrdal sees a connection. 'A very powerful white-dominated country is trying to use its might against poor coloured people abroad—therefore an association with the treatment of coloured people in America becomes a natural one. Any outbreak and suppression of riots, like those in Watts, is doomed nowadays to be judged with very much less understanding for the whites and more criticism of the government authorities.' As for Black Power:

> The Negroes simply have not the means to carry through a revolt; the result would be further repression and eventually the emergence of a police state. After all, they amount to only one quarter of all the underprivileged. What they must do is to get together with the other groups—Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Indians, poor whites—who are at present so divided, and follow the same route that led the Swedish poor to their promised land in the past generation. But for this there must be an end to the costly war in Vietnam, full employment and full unionisation. And the aid programme must not be for Negroes only.

On domestic issues, Myrdal is generally satisfied with current developments. 'My political aim,' he said long ago, 'is a stable, radically-orientated but conservatively carried through policy of reform.' And recently: 'Why should we nationalise the banks or private enterprise? We have at present sufficient controls, if we exercise them properly. Nationalisation of the larger industries would not bring greater efficiency!' But, as regards industrial relations, he finds the balance now tipping excessively in favour of the employers. To offset this there should be legislation to reveal the sources of party funds. 'I challenge the right of political parties—particularly the Liberals and the Conservatives—to vote covertly by means of shareholders' money.'

Now, at 76, Myrdal is still full of intellectual energy and confidence. *Asian Drama* has been followed by *The Challenge of World Poverty* and still the ideas flow: humanistic training for policemen, social levelling through fiscal policy, taxation of governments by a super-government to

aid the underdeveloped countries—though some say they are neither new nor his! He is again spreading them from an American rostrum, a research professorship at a California seat of learning. Alva is also making a *sejour* there.

Since the latest tomes he has been more than ever in the public eye, even in his home country. Watch him at a meeting rise to talk on his favourite subject of birth control in India, the eager words already flowing as he limps to the microphone. (He was lamed in a car crash in 1952.) He is clear, eloquent and not without diverting mannerisms—a lift of the cat-eyebrows while formulating an idea: the importance of having trained midwives fit the spiral. And as he speaks a noise like that of men at work is heard. The overflow audience cranes for the source of this hammering, mysteriously conveyed by the microphone. It is Myrdal, tapping in his points on the apparatus with his old white pipe. The hammering, the eloquence and the chuckles that regularly confirm the correctness of his arguments make a notable pattern of sound. He leaves the mike and hobbles back to his seat, still talking.

The April issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Joint Venture in Colonialism: Portugal and its Allies* by William Minter, *Agrarian Policy in Central America* by Alfred Joachim Fischer, *Byron in Greece* by Jane Driva-Maravelidou and *After Kissinger's Peace* by A. J. R. Groom.

ABORTION DAY FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

by Alastair Service

ABORTION Day for the House of Commons was 20 November, 1973. The immense Central Hall, Westminster, was filled with bus-loads of anti-abortion demonstrators who listened to an afternoon of emotional speeches and then moved in groups across Parliament Square under overcast skies to lobby their M.P.s, dodging the counter-demonstrating women from the Women's Movement and male supporters. The rain held off as the groups stood in a placard-bearing line four-deep from the entrance to Parliament almost to the Victoria Tower. Marshalled by dozens of policemen, they craned their necks to hear the M.P.s who walked along the queue shouting the names of their constituencies. Apart from the organised parties of schoolchildren and nurses, most of the demonstrators were middle-aged Roman Catholics, or those sharing the Catholics' total condemnation of all abortion. And they cared enough about it to come to London from all parts of the country for the mass lobby.

On the previous day there had been two press conferences. At the anti-abortion conference a speaker assured the journalists that doctors and social workers were trying to persuade women to have abortions, but he was unable to produce even a scrap of evidence to support his assertion. At the other meeting, a campaign was launched to offset the anti-abortion lobby. This new arrival in the arena is called 'Reason', a campaign for common sense on abortion, and it produced Professor Richard Beard from St. Mary's Hospital at Paddington to tell about research projects in his gynaecological department. These studies pointed to the appalling lack of contraceptive knowledge among abortion patients and to the success achieved by his contraceptive follow-up service in preventing further unwanted pregnancies. 'Reason' says that the only long-term solution to the number of abortions lies in this and similar projects, since restricting the Abortion Act would merely create a renewed demand for illegal abortions.

So abortion is still a political issue in Britain six years after the royal assent to the Abortion Act in 1967. The writer of this article helped with the turbulent passage of that Act and has watched the new law working, sometimes with concern, but more often with relief. There have been problems over profiteering nursing homes and even a few doctors, but the Department of Health and Social Security has found ways to deal with most of them. The numbers of abortions have risen, but most of this rise has been simply a transfer from the pre-Act criminal abortionists to the post-Act legal operations by doctors; the Home Secretary accepted a pre-Act estimate in 1966 of very roughly 100,000 illegal abortions each year, while in 1972 about 115,000 British women had legal medical terminations.

What benefits could one expect from the Abortion Act? One has

looked for indications that the criminal abortionists are gradually being put out of business and indications do exist. In 1968 there were 2,800 discharges from English hospitals after septic abortions (either spontaneous or criminal botched cases), while in 1971 there were only 1,200. Secondly, the prosecutions of men and women for illegal abortion have dropped steadily from 75 in 1968 to 34 in 1971.

Deaths from abortion have also fallen from 52 in 1965 to 35 in 1969 and to 26 in 1972. And there has been a gradual but encouraging improvement in the proportion of legal abortions done early (and therefore more safely) in the pregnancy.

All these are clear gains brought about as a result of the Abortion Act, though the situation is far from ideal yet. Indeed it can only be regarded as satisfactory when better contraceptive practice reduces the number of abortions to no more than those cases of rape, likely deformity of the child and a few other circumstances where contraception would not help. But in practice that position will not come about for years, for there are many problems (e.g. motivation to use contraceptives) that must be overcome first. Given the present state of family planning, the abortion situation in this country is not too bad, especially when compared with other European countries.

So what causes all the fuss from the anti-all-abortion lobby? First of all, there is the religious (or quasi-religious) objection that abortion as such is murder. That is a matter of personal conviction, but clearly most people do not feel that way. Three successive opinion polls in 1970, 1972 and 1973 have all shown that the majority of the electorate believes abortion is right (a) if the woman's health may be damaged, (b) if the pregnancy may damage the health of her existing family and (c) if there is risk that the child would be born deformed. And those are the grounds for abortion in the Act.

The second cause of the disquiet about the situation which does undoubtedly exist in some people's minds is that the total number of legal abortions has risen steadily since 1969, each increase announced by trumpeting headlines in the press which ignore the indications of a corresponding decrease in criminal abortions. For abortion has become recognised as one of the top attractions for shocking news stories, and it seems likely that we shall have to get used to that for some time to come.

This rise in the annual totals has understandably been exploited by those opposed to all abortion, who have given the impression that it is brought about by profiteering doctors and touting taxi-drivers making their fortunes from irresponsible British girls. In fact, analysis of the statistics shows that the picture is more complicated.

The National Health Service has performed about 55,000 abortions in England and Wales each year since 1970, so the situation has been almost stable there. Because the N.H.S. has failed to cater for the need arising from women's increasing rejection of back-street abortionists, non-profit-making charities have been forced to increase their activities and now provide nearly 40,000 'at-cost' abortions, compared with only 13,000 in

1970. In the legal but commercial profit-making sector, the increase of abortions for British women has been very small—18,000 in 1972, compared with 16,000 in 1970. But the big increase has come in the number of foreign women (mostly from France and West Germany, where attempts to reform abortion laws have failed so far) who go to the profit-making doctors and nursing homes in England. There were 50,000 such foreigners in 1972, compared with only 10,000 in 1970.

The fact that the biggest increases of abortion in England have concerned foreign rather than British women provides opponents of the Abortion Act with some apparent justification for dubbing us the 'Abortion Capital of Europe'. But then they used to say 'Abortion Capital of the World' before the United States reformed its own laws following ours. Until their reform large numbers of American women came here for abortions, but that has now ceased. The inflow of European women will doubtless cease too when France, West Germany and others accept their own inevitable reforms. And, thanks to the comparatively advanced state of our family planning services, our abortion rate is nothing like as high as the rates (legal and illegal) in other European countries. The Vatican itself recently admitted that some 11,000 Italian women die from criminal abortions each year, while only 26 British women died in 1972 from causes associated with all forms of abortion.

It would be unreasonable to expect those with deep convictions against *all* abortion to accept that things are improving in Britain since the Abortion Act. The Society for the Protection of Unborn Children was founded during the passage of the Bill in 1967 and has led an ever-growing group of similar (and often connected) organisations that have appeared since then. These organisations are largely but not entirely Roman Catholic, representing approximately 16% (according to opinion polls) of the electorate that believes abortion wrong in all circumstances—about 10% of the total population is Roman Catholic.

The anti-abortion pressure groups have specialised in highly emotive literature, often including coloured photographs of aborted foetuses that are horrifying—as many coloured pictures of a surgical or other medical nature can be horrifying to lay men and women. The leaflets have been widely distributed, especially to Members of Parliament, and there is no doubt that they have had an effect on those who had no previous firm views on the subject.

In the United States some of the pressure groups in favour of a liberal abortion law have reacted to such propaganda by adopting their opponents' horror tactics. Leaflets were produced showing a woman found bleeding in a huddled position after a back-street abortion and, opposite it, a woman lying calmly in a nursing home bed. The message was clear and impressive, but the activists in Britain decided against copying such an approach.

The only piece of propaganda with a scientific and rational approach produced by the British anti-abortion lobby has been a report on the long-term effects of abortion, published by the recently established Foundation

for Education and Research in Childbearing. This purported to show that births of congenitally abnormal children had increased significantly since the Abortion Act and suggested that this might be caused by long-term damaging effects on women who had had abortions. The report caused much concern when it appeared, but a series of articles in the medical press have since then rejected its findings. Moreover, it has emerged that the Director of the foundation which published the report was the same person as the Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Unborn Children—the leading anti-all-abortion group. Finally, the Secretary of State for Social Services pointed out to the House of Commons that the report should be treated with caution, mentioning that its authors were not medical doctors.

In spite of all these warnings, opponents of the Abortion Act have assiduously spread the impression that abortion is likely to cause a woman to have a deformed child later. The truth of the matter is that there has indeed been an increase in the rate of births with congenital abnormalities from 15.8 per 1,000 live births in 1966 to 18.2 per 1,000 in 1971. But there is no reason to link this with an increase of legal abortions; the most important cause seems to be the improvement in techniques for enabling such children to be born alive and the special request for doctors to report *all* abnormalities, however small. Abortion may or may not contribute a tiny percentage to this increase, as may some other as yet unknown factor. We simply do not know.

So much for the only serious attempt by the anti-abortion lobby to produce substantiated backing for its wilder claims about the undesirability of abortion. Its case really rests on the extremist position that abortion is murder, which has its opposing extremist counterpart in the view that a pregnant woman has a complete and sole right to decide whether to terminate the pregnancy or not. Meanwhile, the realist lobby in favour of the Act continues to plug away with a low-key campaign that points to the benefits and the possible ways of cutting the total numbers of abortions (legal or illegal) in the long term.

The prospects for success for either lobby are unclear because abortion is not a political field where final success is possible. For two years an official Committee of Enquiry under the chairmanship of Mrs. Justice Lane has been taking evidence and preparing recommendations to improve the working of the Abortion Act. The committee's report is now being submitted to Sir Keith Joseph and it is expected to be published in early 1974. The lobbies for and against the Act have been on tenterhooks waiting for it and a flurry of activity can be expected when it appears.

The anti-all-abortion lobby will of course hope to see legislation that will severely restrict the practice of abortion and will reduce the numbers done. One Member of Parliament, Mr. Michael Grylls, has already announced that he would use the high place he drew in the ballot for Private Members' Bills to legislate on the Lane Committee's rcommendations. Specifically, he hoped to ban profit-making abortion referral agencies, which has been one of the areas where some abuses have undoubtedly

occurred. This proposal, at least, has united the opposing abortion lobbies in its support; the Bill's sponsors include M.P. opponents of the Act such as Leo Abse and supporters such as David Steel.

Beyond that, the anti-abortion campaign would like to see a ban on foreign women having abortions in Britain and the more extreme want the grounds for legal abortion to be cut back. And of course there is a lunatic fringe that wants the whole Act repealed. Public opinion may be with them on the issue of foreign women, but it is certainly not in favour of restricting the grounds. Nor is medical opinion. Three surveys of General Practitioners since 1970 have shown that doctors increasingly feel that the Act should be left as it is. The proportion of G.P. supporters to opponents was about two to one in 1970 and is now three to one (73% against 23%). Even if the grounds were restricted by Parliament and mention of the health of the women's family removed, it would make little difference to medical practice based on the health of the woman herself—nor would it make a significant difference to the number of abortions done.

The question of foreign women is more difficult. For one thing, it is difficult to think of a way of stopping obvious loopholes in any such ban, such as a residential qualification of three months. Who is going to carry out the research to find out if a letter certifying residence is true? We don't stamp the passports of visitors from Common Market countries any more—and anyway the denial of medical services would be contrary to the Treaty of Rome. Apart from practical difficulties, is it right to deny foreign women health benefits legal in this country, as long as they pay for them? No, it would seem that we must wait until the reform campaigns in other countries succeed. In Germany that may not be too far away.

So there is no real prospect that the anti-all-abortion lobby can, by legislation, reduce the number of terminations of pregnancy each year. What that lobby can do, if it persists, is to sustain a feeling of horror about the subject among many politicans, which will prevent them from looking for more constructive approaches. It would be futile to expect most of the Roman Catholic part of the lobby to initiate such approaches, for a better contraception service is obviously involved. The initiative has in fact come from many of the same family planners who supported the passage of the Abortion Act and, largely as a result of their campaign over the last three years, we shall from 1 April, 1974 at last have the start of a full N.H.S. family planning service. It is ironic that of all the leading anti-all-abortion politicians in Parliament, only Mr. Leo Abse in the Commons and Lady Macleod in the Lords played a leading part in the campaign for free contraception.

Family planners, the 'Reason' campaign for common sense on abortion and the Abortion Law Reform Association itself, agree with the opponents that the aim must be to make almost all abortion unnecessary. But they disagree about how it can be done. Inevitably, an effective restriction of the Abortion Act would only cause a rise in illegal abortions.

Nor is there any other way of reducing abortions at a stroke. One of the many crises we are going through at the moment is the crisis of women's control of their own fertility. For the first time in history most women in Britain both aspire to this control and know that it is possible, by a variety of means. If we want to prevent them doing it by abortion, we must spend much effort and money over the next decade in educating them to do it by contraception. That is the message of reason and realism against the extremists.

[Alastair Service is Chairman of the Birth Control Campaign, of which the President is the Rt. Hon. the Lord Gardiner.]

JEWISH BANKERS AND THE TSAR

by C. C. Aronsfeld

LONG before she passed under Communist rule, Russia had need of Western aid; she has also previously found her treatment of Jews to be a handicap, and it is interesting to see how the Jews reacted when the agents of the Tsar solicited, as they frequently did, loans to sustain a regime notorious for its officially instigated pogroms.

The Russians approached the financiers of the West for the first time in 1890, and the first to be accosted were the Rothschilds of Paris. They flatly refused, putting forward strictly economic considerations. Since a substantial amount of French capital was already absorbed in Russian securities and much more was likely to be required by the French Government, they felt they would be acting against the interests of France by raising new money for Russia.

They did not however maintain this position when France began to enter into closer relations with Russia. In April 1891 a Rothschild-Bleichröder combination, assisted by German banks under Jewish direction, concluded a loan of $300m. The Jewish financiers were not free from conscientious scruples but they decided to trust in Russian assurances that their participation would be the best security for lenient treatment of their fellow-Jews.

The *London Jewish Chronicle* was at once highly critical. Quite apart from the fact that one Russian Minister had been allowed to go back on pledges given by his colleague, the paper suggested that

> the promise of tolerance to the Israelites cannot be embodied in a mercantile contract, nor could it be enforced if it were. Its fulfilment would only be ensured if the Head of the State were in sympathy with it, and we know that he is not. The Emperor is only less barbarous to his own family than to the Jews, and nothing good for Israel will come out of his inscrutably hardened heart. With a temper so harsh and so alien to the ordinary dictates of civilisation and political economy guiding the destinies of the Empire, it is full of risk to have any commercial transactions with Russia, and it would be as prudent from the point of view of mercantile success as it is desirable from that of outraged Jewish feeling to let the finances of this unhappy sovereign severely alone.

The *Jewish Chronicle* believed that if the Jewish bankers adopted this attitude,

> the lesson thus roughly taught to Russia of the effects of its treatment of the Jews upon the commerce and credit of the country will not be without its influences. The Romanoffs . . . will not care to see the credit of Russia . . . shaken to the dust by her own folly. Indeed the lesson is being brought home to her in the Holy City of Moscow itself. The merchants generally have been seized with alarm at the threatened withdrawal of the Jewish capital which is the life's blood of the commerce of the country.

It so happened that on the very day the Rothschild-Bleichröder deal was reported, mass expulsions of Jews from Moscow had been decreed. This action was felt to be 'greatly alarming the owners of Russian securities'.

The Rothschilds thereupon withdrew from the deal, bowing to representations by the English house which had no share in the business. Lord Rothschild actually protested 'against the support given by Jewish financiers to a Government which has devoted itself to such persecution'.

This at all events was the course pursued by the London Rothschilds throughout the 1890s, until well after the Russian war with Japan in 1904-05. But times changed. Germany's shadow began to fall ominously across Europe and Russia, having been a rival, became an ally of Britain, though the alliance, formally concluded in 1907, was unpopular. When Edward VII visited the Tsar in 1908, Ramsay MacDonald was by no means unrepresentative as he denounced the 'insult to our country' that the King should go 'hobnobbing with a bloodstained creature, a common murderer'. Edward himself felt anything but happy.

None of course had more obvious reason to feel aggrieved than the Jews. When the alliance was first mooted, the *Jewish Chronicle* warned that 'so long as Jews and others in Russia are subjected to maltreatment, so long can there be no real understanding between the peoples of the two countries'. When the alliance did come to pass, a scathing protest was registered by the distinguished Jewish diplomat and historian, Lucien Wolf. Speaking 'exclusively as an Englishman and a Liberal', he denounced the Governments of Western Europe as 'to a great extent participants' in the Russian atrocities:

> Many of the generous leaders of public opinion are dumb because of officially inspired whispers that political or financial interests may be endangered if they speak out. And this dumbness inevitably begets popular callousness and then imperceptibly passes into actual complicity in the form of high-premiumed loans which are used to finance the massacres, or of connivance at political agreements which have the effect of enhancing the prestige of the Tsar's Government.

Still, whatever the merits of the case, the Jews as loyal citizens must have found themselves on the horns of a cruel dilemma. But none of them were less enviably placed than the financiers who were called upon not only to tolerate the evil but to feed and foster it by means of loans. Many were astute enough to keep clear of a proposition which was deficient alike in morality and material prospect, for when the Tsarist tyranny fell a few years later, not a penny was recovered.

In 1905, a prominent British Jew, Stuart M. Samuel, M.P., felt it was widely agreed:

> that no bargain could be made by Jewish bankers with regard to removing their disinclination to take part in Russian financial operations in consideration of the Russian Government affording equal rights to the Jewish subjects of Russia. . . . The Jews could never consent to buy justice for their coreligionists. . . . The Jewish bankers have undoubtedly lost large profits by abstaining from taking part in the recent financial operations of the Russian Government. But no mere consideration of personal profit would weigh with them. The fact is they refuse to have anything to do with a Government that persecutes their coreligionists on account of their religion.

Samuel thought that the Russian Minister of Finance, Serge de Witte,

with whom he had an interview,

> seemed to take a wide and large view of financial questions and will doubtless be the first to appreciate the disadvantage to his country of such an important section of the commercial community as the Jews abstaining from participating in the monetary arrangements of his Government.

Precisely because he did appreciate this, Witte appeared willing to make certain concessions designed to conciliate the Jewish bankers of the West. There was however a grave and obvious danger in these calculations which was pointed out by Lucien Wolf:

> The bankers are, no doubt, quite honest in thinking that an arrangement of the kind proposed will prove beneficial to their coreligionists, and they have, as I happen to know, been confirmed in this belief by certain of their financial colleagues in St. Petersburg and Moscow, who are, however, more anxious to serve the Russian Government than their own people with the bulk of whom they are not in very close touch. But what are the facts?
>
> I have lately had occasion to confer with some of the leading men, both Jew and Christian, on the side of the Reformers, and I can say positively that they look upon the contemplated transaction with alarm. The Jewish question at the present moment cannot be separated from the general political question, and any attempt to separate it must prove disastrous for the whole cause of reform. If it succeeds it will produce in Russia the impression that the Liberals have been betrayed by the Jews, and thus a bitter discord will be introduced into the relations of the two parties. The trick is a very ingenious one and characteristically Russian. Its results would be that Russia would, for the moment, solve her financial difficulty and paralyse the reformers, while, so far from the Jews benefiting, the concessions made to them would be without any guarantee of permanence and would, moreover, be completely neutralised by the increased antisemitism to which the separate treatment of the Jewish question would inevitably give rise.
>
> The transaction is also likely to be a bad one from the point of view of the investing public. One of the great difficulties in the way of a Russian loan at the present moment is that it is very widely felt that without a far-reaching reform of the Russian administration there can be no security for the solvency of the Russian Empire.

Clearly, the *Jewish Chronicle* did not entirely agree with Wolf's argument:

> It is quite true that the Jewish question is intimately bound up with the general political question, but general reform is quite as much dependent on Jewish reform as the converse. It would be impossible for the Government to concede the demands made by the Jews without at the same time making equal, if not greater, concessions to the popular will. This consideration may account for the reluctance of the Tsar's reactionary advisers to consent to the smallest abatement in the anti-Jewish restrictions. If the Jewish bankers are successful in imposing their views on the Russian Government we do not see any ground for the fear that 'the cause of Russian freedom will be shamefully betrayed', as Mr. Wolf asserts. On the contrary, we believe that no greater blow could be struck for the universal emancipation of the Russian people.

When a substantial Russian loan—a forerunner of the alliance—was eventually floated in 1906, the *Jewish Chronicle* once again expressed its hope

> that no Jewish financiers are lending a helping hand in this business, and that

> the world will be afforded the spectacle of a huge loan of 90 millions being raised without the assistance of what are usually regarded as the indispensable and omnipotent Jewish financiers.

It was regretted too that Britain should be involved in the transaction, since 'to relieve the Tsardom of the financial troubles which would have forced them to come to terms with the Liberals is hardly the policy which one expects of the British people'. Nor would it improve the condition of the Russian Jews. It was true, as the Jewish paper continued:

> that the participation of Great Britain in the loan is likely to facilitate that rapprochement between England and Russia towards which both countries are slowly feeling their way; and that a Russia in close intimacy with the two great Liberal Powers—England and France—would be taken further along the road to constitutional government and Jewish emancipation than a Russia driven within her own borders. But an *entente* as a result of participating in the loan would be an *entente* between the two Governments, while an understanding brought about as a result of the sympathy of Liberal England with the Russian reformers would be an understanding and friendship between the two peoples. We should, in the interest of the Russian Jews, rejoice profoundly at a close association of Russia with the Progressive Powers; but a mere association with the Autocracy, bought at the price of buttressing Tsardom against the Progressive forces . . . would be a very different thing. The one source of hope in existing circumstances is that the Tsar cannot govern the country against the wishes of his people without plunging deeper and deeper into the financial mire.

That hope was frail indeed, had been disappointed before and fared no better now. When Edward VII went to Russia, the three London Rothschilds earnestly besought him to impress upon the Tsar the strong resentment at the continuing persecution. The King did broach the matter (without mentioning the Rothschilds), and he received the usual assurance that the lot of the Jews would be eased. It was the usual arrant lie (as the Russian Prime Minister, Stolypin, himself privately admitted).

Whether the Rothschilds were taken in is not known, though improbable, but another Anglo-Jewish financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, did not share their scruples.

A recent student of Cassel's life wondered: 'Was it really greed which drew Cassel into the Russian business, or did he sincerely believe that by supporting the Stolypin regime, Jewish financiers abroad could achieve an amelioration in the situation of their Russian brethren?' Most likely, Cassel's motive was neither the one nor the other, but simply the feeling that as a good, old-fashioned British patriot he had to fall in with official policy.

The story was not very different in Paris, Berlin and Vienna. But if Russia acquired some money in Europe, she found none in America which still had the good fortune of being less directly involved. The US Jewish bankers, notably Jacob Henry Schiff, Isaac N. Seligman and Adolph Lewisohn, were determined to use what power they had to secure justice for the Russian Jews, and they were strongly supported in the US press, which urged them to send the Tsar this message through Witte:

> Tell him that we realise that there is a good profit to be made on Russian bonds. We could buy them for a low price, with the special big secret discounts

to bankers. We could sell them the next day for a much higher price to foolish investors who don't realise that Russian bonds may be repudiated at any moment. We are perfectly willing to make money—we run our banks to make money. But we think more of our brothers in Russia, the men of our own religion, than we do of the profit that can be made from your bonds.

Tell the Tsar that we will not let the same man murder helpless, poor Jews and borrow money from us rich Jews. We have not an army capable of fighting you. We cannot effectually resent with force the Tsar's brutal, cowardly treatment of the Jews in Russia. But, at least, it shall not be said that we lent our money to enable the Tsar to carry on his plans of Jewish oppression and extermination.

The Jewish bankers were equally supported by leaders of the Jewish community. One of them, the Chairman of the Board of Delegates of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Simon Wolf, wrote to Witte as follows:

> Russia at this juncture needs two important elements to inspire its future prosperity and happiness: money and friends. The Jews of the world, as citizens of their respective countries, control much of the first and would make a magnificent army of the latter. There is no use disguising the fact that in the United States especially the Jews form an important factor in the formation of public opinion and in the control of the finances. . . . By virtue of their mercantile and financial standing in this country they are exercising an all potent and powerful influence. . . . Understand me distinctly that this power is not used to subvert or destroy but to resent aggression on the one hand and defend right on the other, and thus, owing to the lamentable and deplorable conditions of the Jews in Russia, your Government suffers a loss not only of prestige but of influence and friendship.

The Jewish press in particular insisted that 'Jewish financiers ought to be wary in participating in these loans with any idea that they are going to hold Russia to any promise of better treatment for the Jews. Russian promises are Tartar promises and absolutely worthless'. It would be 'absurdly indecent' to treat with 'the Modern Pharaoh' on any terms 'unless the people are given a voice in the government'.

On this fierce denunciation of Tsarist tyranny, the coming revolution was forecast in terms that proved weirdly prophetic:

> The expected revolution will burst and drench Russia in a flood of internecine warfare. The revolution, when it comes to Russia, . . . will be one of the most frightful ever known to history. The Reign of Terror will seem an insignificant affair as compared to that long anticipated outburst of Russian popular wrath.

The Russians in turn clearly realised what was at stake when they made what must have seemed to them the shrewd move of appointing a Jewish financial agent for the sole purpose of appeasing the US Jewish bankers. In the British press it was noted that 'Russia, the last of all the nations to realise the importance of the United States as a power in international relations, now sees the necessity of having the good opinion of America and of modifying her policy affecting her Jewish subjects if she is to obtain money in the United States'.

The Tsar's Jewish agent, Gregory Wilenkin, 'made a most favourable impression'—except on one man who happened to hold a decisive position as well as the most zealous convictions: Jacob H. Schiff, head of Messrs.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co., like the first of the Rothschilds a native of Frankfurt and a confirmed Jew.

Schiff once described how Wilenkin went about his business. He

> came to me and urged me, as he had done before, to lend my influence to Russia's obtaining some financial footing here. I told him, as I explained to him before, that it could not be done. A little later he came to me rejoicing. He told me that he had just made very favourable arrangements for forming a syndicate of American manufacturers for the exportation of American products and manufactures to Russia and for the construction in Russia of American plants under American management which would be of great advantage to America. Mr. Wilenkin said that he was sure that this would bring Russia and America closer together. When I asked him why he was making such arrangements, he told me frankly that it was a good thing for Russia if Americans made some money out of Russia.

Schiff would not listen to this argument nor did he agree that by refusing he was 'doing incalculable harm to the cause of Russian Jews in Russia'. He was sure that in wielding his far-ranging influence, he was championing not only the Jewish cause but (as he once explained) 'the most sacred of human rights' in the defence of which 'the United States should be only too eager and proud to take the first leading step'.

So long as Russia oppressed the Jews, he was firmly resolved to deny her access to the American money market, and such resolution, maintained in spite of a plea from the British Government, was to hold good not only during his lifetime: he solemnly bequeathed it to his successors.

So revolted was Schiff by the Tsarist abomination that he willingly engaged upon what proved his most important international undertaking—financial aid for Japan in her war (of 1904) which he regarded as a welcome opportunity to teach the Russians an object lesson. In this respect his policy differed from that of the London Rothschilds who hoped that there would be no showdown and avowed their sympathy for Japan only after the British Government had signalled agreement.

But Schiff had a wider and perhaps a firier vision. Realising the moral stakes involved, he called on Jewish bankers all over Europe to follow his example and 'not only decline but work with all their might against any Russian loans so long as existing conditions continue':

> We in the United States would have to bow our heads in shame and would have to feel that we had no longer the right to seek the good will and good offices of our own Government on behalf of our oppressed brethren in race, if our influential coreligionists in Europe did not at least use the means at their command to make the Russian Government feel that it cannot for ever continue with immunity its shameful policy towards its Jewish subjects.

Such an action, he insisted, was no interference in domestic affairs as the Russians claimed, like so many other evildoers before and after them. Nor should anybody, he urged, least of all Jews, allow themselves to be fobbed off with Russian promises that were 'as easily broken as made'.

He 'regretted deeply' that 'England has dropped the restraint which she so long and properly exercised toward Russia, and now, without receiving any concession in favour of oppressed coreligionists, is helping to support

the Tsarist regime'. Prophetically he cites 'the lesson that even the greatest and most powerful, whether an individual or a whole empire, cannot sin and go unpunished, and that sooner or later justice from on High will overtake even the mightiest of nations'.

Schiff relented when a new Government established itself in March 1917, and he gladly subscribed to Kerensky's 'Liberty Loan'. He cherished some early hopes of the Soviet regime but was soon disillusioned as he, a humanitarian, could never approve of either the methods or the principles of Bolshevism.

Now the question may well be asked (albeit perhaps rhetorically) how much precisely was accomplished by Schiff, Rothschild and other conscientious Jewish bankers who used their money to challenge barbarism? Not very much. It is pathetic to read in a well-meaning British history of the Jews published in 1907:

> The Jewish financiers of the West constitute a great power, and that power is known to entertain deep and abiding hostility towards Russia. Jewish capitalists the world over are actuated by a strong desire to avenge the wrongs of their coreligionists, and they have the means of gratifying that desire. Once more the Jews' wealth has proved potent enough to blunt the edge of prejudice.

Alas, it was not (and never has been) quite like that, though the Russian assurances of good behaviour, however false, certainly showed a deference to civilised standards which had vanished when Hitler sought to improve upon the Tsar. The end of Tsarism was still a long way off. Whether Jewish bankers helped much to speed it must needs be a moot point. Many no doubt fell short, but many strove, as best they could, to escape from that corruption which must dog and importune at every turn the owners of great wealth.

NOTE

The crucial American-Russian detente depends substantially on a fruitful development of trade. The Soviets hope to benefit from President Nixon's Trade Bill which may assure them of a 'most favoured nation' status, or at all events spare them being the 'least favoured'. This particular provision which the President may apply at his discretion was erased by the House of Representatives' Ways and Means Committee stipulating that the privilege should be withheld from any Communist country which 'denies its citizens the right or opportunity to emigrate'.

That move was inspired by a strong Jewish lobby which, not only in the Jewish interest, resents the Russian harassment of Jews wishing to leave the Soviet Union. The President appreciates the intention but believes that sanctions of this kind are bound to be ineffective, if not self-defeating. He feels that improvements in East-West trade will gradually secure greater freedom for all Russians including the Jews.

Editor

AT SIR MOORCALM LALLI'S

An unfinished short story by Denton Welch

with a comment and biographical note by Jean-Louis Chevalier

HERE, in my warm bed, on this gusty bleak evening, it amuses me to recall that day, twenty years ago at least now, when, as a little boy, I was taken to lunch with the old Levantine in his grotesque Prince's Gate house. It is just a twinkling little experience that lives and lives and lives and will not die, although for months, even a year or two, it may be leathery and vapid, like chewed meat on the tongue, a tasteless, pointless thing, just one of a thousand past experiences that almost irritate because nothing seems to be left but a sort of unmeaning poignancy.

His own name was fantastic enough to English ears, but since it would be incorrect to use it here, I must try to think of something of my own; so I shall call him Sir Moorcalm Lalli. This is, no doubt, an impossible name for anyone of any ancestry, but since Sir Moorcalm's was so mixed and I never had any true idea of what the mixture consisted, it will do well enough. My father, who had a great respect for him, would nevertheless talk laughingly of Baghdad, Cyprus, Jerusalem and Constantinople. Clearly it was vain to look to him for accurate information. He had only met Sir Moorcalm in the course of business in the East, and he was not the man to probe or be enquiring.

Sir Moorcalm had only lately settled in London, to contribute to party funds and so, in due course, to receive his Knighthood. Now that everything was accomplished, it seemed likely that he would soon be returning to a warmer country and one more to his taste. He met us in a little room at the end of the long dark hall. At first I was so amazed by the decoration of the room that I could not fix my attention on him properly, but I saw that he was very small and at once approved this littleness; I suppose, because I myself was small for my age. My next thought was, 'That man in the hall shouldn't have taken away my red coat. I would have matched perfectly in here', for all the furniture, and there was a great deal of it, was of scarlet buhl. It bulged and glittered and looked cruel and hard. The ormolu mounts of naked breasted women struck me as both ugly and improper. I was not to know then that, in this sort of work, tortoiseshell is laid over a ground of red paint, so I took it that the cabinets and tables were all manufactured from some garish imitation. The objects in the cabinets, the bronzes, the ivories and porcelain figures both horrified me and lured me on. I wanted to inspect everything, but knew that I must sit still and not appear inquisitive. Sir Moorcalm had taken my mother to a ridiculously dancing French chair—I felt that at any moment it might begin to bounce about, carrying her with it—he was saying to her, 'But my dear lady, abroad I have a palace compared to this'. He waved his hand contemptu-

ously at the room, the house, the whole of Prince's Gate. 'It is incredible the expense in London; and what do you get for your money?—a house in a row, looking on to Kensington Gardens.' I was immediately aware of the humiliation of such reduced circumstances. Sir Moorcalm was speaking again:

'Abroad my house is all white stone, marble you know. All along the front is a great closed-in terrace, and every pane is bevelled plate glass.'

Sir Moorcalm almost waited for my mother to gape. I was aware that this was 'boasting', but never having known it before in grown-ups, I felt that perhaps *they* were allowed to do it. Besides, I rather enjoyed it. I wanted too to be told of greater magnificence, wilder extravagance. If he were not discouraged, he might go one better than bevelled plate glass in all the windows. My eyes left the room and I began to watch Sir Moorcalm. I noticed that, although he called my mother 'dear lady', he leant towards her with a hard, eager, unhappy expression, as though he were chiefly interested in keeping her pinned down to her chair. He seemed afraid that her attention might wander or that she might jump up and walk about the room capriciously. He would glance anxiously at my father too. I was the only one who was not expected to listen to his complaints. I was relieved, also a little hurt that he should dismiss me as too young to be treated seriously. My parents listened to him with polite and careful sympathy, but he seemed to refuse their understanding, as though he were not to be cheated out of his dissatisfaction by a kind word or two. I began to take in the details of his face and form. The little hooded eyes, the hooked nose and nutcracker chin, the slightly bowed back all reminded me of a witch. I had a picture of him dressed in witch's clothes, carrying a very new broomstick; but I could not see him with a cat. He would be as indifferent to a cat as he was to me.

The door opened and a footman came in with drinks and emerald green pistachio nuts in little silver bowls. I had only seen these nuts before on chocolates, where the isolated little patches of green had been taken for granted; but here, in this scarlet room, the colour sang out, fixing my attention, making me aware of the strangeness of such food instead of the usual roasted pea-nuts or almonds. I nibbled one after another, savouring their flavour and peculiar hard-soft consistency. Titbits of vivid green were just what to expect in some story of enchantment and witches. I let my imagination play round the nuts, pretending that they were poisoned.

Outside the grey day pressed against the window. Sir Moorcalm began to apologise for the lateness of his sons. As he was speaking, they appeared, smiling in the doorway, rubbing their hands vigorously. They were both very much alike, both tall, well-covered, with glowing faces and rather large teeth. They wore striped double-breasted suits. Their robustness made their father seem frailer, more witch-like than ever. Their manner was embarrassingly optimistic and boisterous, especially to me. Sir Moorcalm's querulousness retreated into the corners of the room. He appeared to look on his sons with a sort of grudging pride; as if they had no right

to be so tall and young and glistening; and yet he would not have tolerated them otherwise. The rather mechanical liveliness that they brought with them, as soon as it was switched from me back to my parents, left me with a feeling of greater freedom. I was satisfied somehow that the grown-ups were now fully occupied, would notice me less and less. I could stare to my heart's content, perhaps even pick things up and examine them. My eyes had been caught by a marble portrait bust in a dark corner. It was of a woman with Edwardian 'cowpat' hair and a lot of lace at the throat. I marvelled at the carving of the lace, but it was some moments before I gave any thought to the sitter. Then it came to me suddenly that here was the likeness of Sir Moorcalm's long lost wife. I had once heard her story from my father and it had caught hold of me. Years ago there had been a terrible fire in Sir Moorcalm's house. His wife had had a favourite parrot. She had insisted on returning to her burning bedroom to rescue it. She did rescue it, but lost her own life in doing so. This bald little story had turned the unknown Sir Moorcalm's wife into an abstract heroine. She was the woman who had given her life for her pet. She had braved the flames. Small wonder that a bust had been made of her! I sat and gazed at it, taking in her rather heavy features, trying to read kindness and courage into every line. I wished Sir Moorcalm could be made to talk about her, but I guessed that her name was never even mentioned in his presence. I must contemplate her effigy in silence. I longed to know if my father or mother had recognised her. Were they too thinking about the heroic rescue? The remembrance of it had brought the whole room to life for me.

All through lunch, in spite of the frightful solemnity of the footman behind my chair, in spite of confusingly elaborate food, I felt her there in the backroom on her pedestal. She wasn't smiling, she wasn't taking any interest; but she was there in her heavy marble folds, the frozen waterfall of lace gushing from her throat. Perhaps my concentration in some way influenced my mother, for she unexpectedly began to talk of the danger of fire. It was only some passing remark, but it was enough to make my father glance up at her anxiously. Sir Moorcalm was silent. It was impossible to tell how much he noticed. His chief concern seemed to be with the food and his guests' enjoyment of it. He would recommend things lugubriously, as though the words were wrung from him and he would really have preferred to criticise. Once or twice he did make a faint complaint. I expected that the utterly inexpressive footmen behind our chairs would at last show some sign; but nothing changed, they might have been deaf and dumb. Their immobility began to weigh on me, so that I longed for lunch to end. The two sons kept up their Stock Exchange jokes and lively patter, but even my inexperienced ear could detect the effort behind their brightness. We were, I suppose, a very ill-assorted group, with my father as only the frailest sort of link.

After lunch the sons excused themselves with hearty smiles and handshakes; there was business to be attended to. Although they smiled, one knew that business really only called forth solemn, almost sacred feelings

in them. It was not to be trifled with, not to be set aside for a slight prolonging of the luncheon hour. The door shutting behind them brought a slight sense of relief. I felt more at home alone with old Sir Moorcalm. He took us upstairs to have coffee and to show us his collection of Persian rugs. They were everywhere. As we entered the lofty drawing-room, with its heavy cornice and long windows, a sort of breath of rugs came to meet us. They were on the walls, on the chairs, on the floor. Rugs were laid over carpets, silk rugs over woollen ones, until one had a suffocating feeling of cosiness. Sir Moorcalm stroked them, lifted them, turned them over, told us their different names. He leant over a sofa with my mother, showing her his favourite silk rug. She balanced her tiny cup precariously. I wondered what Sir Moorcalm would say if she spilt any of the treacly coffee on his rugs. I had never been allowed Turkish coffee before. I drank mine very slowly, pretending that I liked the cloudy, almost muddy liquid. The feeling of the padded cell increased. The layers of rugs seemed to grow thicker and thicker. I was growing very hot. I wished I could touch the marble bust on her marble pillar; then I remembered that the real woman had gone back into a burning building, had climbed up burning stairs. I saw the flames licking round fallen beams, the smoke belching out through cracks in the wall. She struggled on, searching for the parrot's cage. It was a nightmare of heat and agony that I had conjured up. The picture stayed with me, hung about me stranglingly. I could not bear to think of the poor charred body, and yet I had to.

I stood very still, hoping that no one would notice my face. If I did not even move an eyelid, perhaps I would grow calmer and be able to endure the stifling snugness of the drawing-room for a little longer. I prayed for my mother to be quick. 'Be quick, be quick, be quick,' I said, staring out of the window, with my eyes so wide open that they felt they would never shut again. At last my mother noticed me. She could see in an instant that something was wrong. She was at my side, asking me in a low voice if I felt unwell. I could only glance away without answering. She had turned to Sir Moorcalm now and was saying, 'I think we ought to take him back. You gave us such a splendid lunch; he may have had too much to eat!' She was trying to pass the situation off lightly by pretending that I had been greedy. I did not mind; I only wanted her to get me out of the house.

Sir Moorcalm looked at me mournfully, with very little love: 'Poor boy,' he said, using an ancient, oriental, humbugging tone; 'we must send him back in the car.'

My mother began to protest.

'No, no,' Sir Moorcalm held up his hand like a prophet; 'I won't hear of a refusal. The man can be round at the front door in five minutes.' He went to the wall and pulled the richly painted Victorian china bell. As he did so, he tried to smile at me benignly, but his pale lips seemed to find it easier to form themselves into a sort of snarl or sneer.

I let myself be led from the room, still holding my head very stiffly. No one had said anything, but I felt vaguely that I had not been a credit to

my parents. If I had been iller, I might not have felt so guilty. It seemed to me that my enormous lunch and the Turkish coffee. . . .

IC 1974 The University of Texas.

COMMENT

'There is really no story' . . . This was originally the beginning of the second sentence of the present text, in the MS held in the Humanities Research Centre Library of the State University of Texas at Austin, by whose courtesy it now appears. *'There is really no story'* . . . This was crossed out by Denton Welch on revising his text; and it is the only significant emendation in an otherwise little corrected 26-page MS which, with its lack of title, and its abrupt interruption at the top of a page almost when it seemed to be drawing to an end, appears to be the only version in existence, though, of course, the only certain fact is that neither the end of this version nor any other version are at Austin; but Welch's MSS were dispersed rather incoherently and a later or more complete text may crop up one day.

There is really no story . . . In writing this on first impulse and crossing it out on further consideration, Welch, in turn, explicitly protected his text from a certain kind of criticism, and then implicitly trusted it to stand on its own feet. That he finally discarded as a redundant precaution what he had first felt to be a necessary precaution, casts a new light on the difficulty, the ambiguity, and the nicety that lie in trying to characterise not only the present text, but also most of Welch's writings. It may then be worthwhile to pause on the threshold of the text and, before examining what it actually says and how it says it, consider what it intended to say and how it puts this forward. For, indeed, if by 'story' one means or expects a narrative with a clearly designed frame and such other structural components as plot, climax and so forth, one may regret—at least at first sight—that Welch deleted his warning sentence. But if one means or expects the simple unfolding of a narrative following something worth telling, no matter what, one may approve—though perhaps not on second thoughts—that Welch did in fact delete it. This, nevertheless, will not lighten or solve the difficulty, ambiguity and nicety, which are all three discernible in the fact that, although the present text is not exclusively either a structured narrative or a simple unfolding, it cannot be said to be neither. Welch himself must have been aware of this, and he seems to have expressed it not only in leaving in *'just a twinkling little experience'* after he had taken out *'really no story'*, but also in developing and clarifying this definition after he had suppressed the assertion from which it derives. This testifies to the importance of the point. However sparkling the pot-pourri which is meant here by 'story', however significant, if apparently spontaneous, the arrangement of his favourite themes, it is the introduction that must hold our attention, were it only on account of its skill in making

clear a problem essential to any writer.

The MS is not dated, but on internal evidence and with the help of some detective work it may be assumed to have been written *circa* 1942: *'twenty years ago'* may be an approximation. Mrs. Welch died in 1927 when Denton was 12; but could he really have still been *'a little boy'* and have worn a *'red coat'* long after he was 7 or 8? The Welches being not in England in 1921 and 1923, this would place in 1922, when they did stay in London, the time and occasion of their lunch at Sir Moorcalm Lalli's.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Denton Welch was born in Shanghai in 1915, the youngest son of a prosperous English businessman and of an American Christian Scientist. His mother died when he was twelve, and he never recovered from the loss. His first childhood had indeed been spent under his mother's wing, and in constant travels between China and England, via quite a few other countries and continents. He was educated at St. Michael's, Uckfield, and at Repton, from which he ran away at the age of sixteen. Though he had to finish his term there, he then went for a long—and last—visit to China, as a sort of grand tour before settling down in life. Back in England, he became a student at the Goldsmiths' College of Art at New Cross, and lived in Blackheath. This continued for four years until, in 1935, he was knocked over by a car as he was riding his bicycle. He was gravely injured. From that time on, he led an invalid's life, with occasional active periods and gradually longer and more painful spells of confinement to bed.

On leaving hospitals and nursing homes he settled in West Kent and went on with his drawings, paintings and decorations, exhibiting and selling at a reasonable pace. It was then that he seriously set about writing the book he had been trying to write for quite a long time, the story of his childhood and adolescence. This became *Maiden Voyage* (1943), a fictitionalised autobiographical account of Repton and China, which was enthusiastically received by the literary press and the reading public. Welch was constantly asked for contributions to magazines and undertook a certain amount of reviewing. He soon published a second book, *In Youth is Pleasure* (1945), the Thames-side holiday of the still fictionalised, but highly recognisable author in his teens. *Brave and Cruel* (1948), a collection of sensitive short-stories, appeared when he was dying.

He left an unfinished account of his accident and slow recovery, *A Voice through a Cloud* (1950), which may be his most moving and courageous book; stories and poems collected under the name of *A Last Sheaf* (1951); and *Journals* (1952), which rank among the most interesting diaries in the English language. With the exception of the short stories, all these works have been reissued at regular intervals over the last twenty years, and several magazines have published posthumous texts of Welch, mainly in the 1950s. Interest in his work has been recently revived with the

appearance of *Thirteen Texts* (*The Texas Quarterly*, Autumn 1972), and the announcement of a new selection of poems, *Dumb Instrument* (The Enitharmon Press, 1973). *Contemporary Review* is happy to share in this revival by publishing a story which, although unfinished, seems quite complete as an impression of a childish memory, and, for childhood, Denton Welch always showed partiality, predilection, and talent.

JEAN-LOUIS CHEVALIER

[Jean-Louis Chevalier is a Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Caen. He has contributed to the *Dictionnaire des Littératures* published by the Presses Universitaires de France (1968) and co-edited an anthology, *Britain Observed, XXth Century: A Choice of Texts* (Nathan, 1970). J.-L. Chevalier is preparing his *thèse de doctorat d'état* on Denton Welch; he has already published an analytical presentation of Welch's papers: *The Denton Welch Collection at Austin* (*The Texas Quarterly*, Summer 1972), and edited *Thirteen Texts by Denton Welch* (*The Texas Quarterly*, Autumn 1972) and a new selection of his poems, *Dumb Instrument*, announced for 1973 by the Enitharmon Press—thus establishing himself as the new Denton Welch specialist.]

THE VICTORIANS AND OURSELVES

3 Work and Wealth—or Getting and Spending

by Rex and Mary Witt

ONE of the present writers, as a child at Sunday School, used to love to sing a Victorian hymn. Its third verse is no longer included these days when egalitarian ideas prevail in church. Children at catechism still thank the Almighty for all things bright and beautiful, and creatures great and small. Four lines, however, are now missing: —

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate,
> God made them, high or lowly,
> And order'd their estate.

Could any utterance better exemplify the class consciousness of nineteenth century England? It is as though the Victorian Establishment had been evolved by divine providence.

An immigrant from Germany, Karl Marx, was studying the Victorian system of work and wealth, getting and spending money, as he saw it practised in the country of his adoption. *Das Kapital*, though published at Hamburg in 1867, was written in London by a man who may have been poor and lowly, a 'creature small' for contemporary English society, but whose iconoclastic socialism in the century to follow was to shatter the notion, expressed with what may be thought unction, in Mrs. Alexander's quatrain, that wealth and poverty were divinely ordered. Victorian England surely produced nothing more remarkable than Marxism, the revolt against all its most dearly held beliefs.

Seven years before *Das Kapital* another book about work and wealth had broken the economic conventions of the day. *Unto This Last* was Ruskin's protest against the utilitarian tradition of Ricardo and Mill. As Carlyle attacked the aristocracy of the Moneybag, so Ruskin rebuked Mill for saying that to be wealthy 'is to have a large stock of useful articles'. The political economists, in Ruskin's view, were leaving out the happiness of the individual. 'Life is the end and aim of consumption. Room must be found for the fulfilment of men's emotional needs. There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration.'

Ruskin in 1860 could not foresee England of 1974; the contemporary England known to us, with its industrial automation, its internal combustion engine, electricity, North Sea gas and oil, computers, television, immigrants from the New Commonwealth, and a prices and incomes policy to meet the fall in money values. For Ruskin 'wealth is the possession of the valuable by the valiant'. His mind is typically Victorian on the subject of employment. 'We shall find the best and simplest illustration of the relations of master and operative in the position of domestic servants.'

Unto This Last is a period piece, whereas *Das Kapital* still stirs up the

nations of the world in bitter strife a century afterwards. Yet Ruskin's message about work and wealth is not utterly outworn. He deeply distrusted the shibboleths of the nineteenth century Utilitarians, just as today those who are not themselves Marxists condemn dialectical materialism as a false view of human existence. When Ruskin chose to write of 'the valiant' he meant those who had a job to do, and did it well, inspired by a sense of duty. The domestic servant was for him not just a 'skivvy' born to drudgery, but a partner in an intensely personal relation with the master and mistress of the household. The work done by the servants in the Victorian home was characteristic of the period. The job at best gave security and contentment, a human interest that expanded with the growth of the family, opportunity for unselfish devotion, a breadth of outlook if travels were undertaken, and an awareness of belonging to a group where life and love were at one. Victorian domestics were not banded together in a professional union, for theirs was not a trade. And so they never went on strike for higher wages and were never involved in a lock-out. We in the age of industrial unrest may rub our eyes incredulously before such a picture: but the picture is true.

From such an idealized portrait of domestic service let us now turn to another sphere of work in Victorian England where conditions could be incomparably grimmer. In some celebrated lines the pre-Victorian painter-poet William Blake had drawn a stark contrast between 'England's green and pleasant land' and her 'dark Satanic mills'. One of the saddest paradoxes of the Industrial Revolution is that the labour-saving devices, such as the spinning-frame of Hargreaves and the spinning-jenny of Arkwright, meant untold hardship and misery for thousands of workers. Women went half-naked down into the coal mine. Infants sweated away bound to the loom in the cotton mill, and felt the crack of the overseer's lash (as did the young chimneysweeps the lit straw beneath them) to keep them from falling asleep at their job. Nothing is more significant in the history of our national legislation than the repeated and reformative Acts of Parliament concerning factory workers. Despite this, the nineteenth century factory inspector could enforce a maximum of 72 hours a week for women and children in the garment trade, and as late as 1878 the minimum age of child labour in textile factories could be laid down by law as ten. We in England today can truly believe that by progressive legislation we have once and for all rescued countless women and children from the *quasi*-medieval serfdom and bondage of the first decades of last century.

We should never forget that generalizations about the Victorian era involve the assumption of a social system static and unaltered for more than sixty years. In fact, during the later part of a reign that saw both Wellington and Churchill engaged in politics, there was a reasonable level of employment (in contrast with conditions in the Hungry Forties) to say nothing about an expanding range of the less expensive consumer goods, and an increase, between 1876 and the end of the century, of more than 80% in the average real *per capita* income (the wage figures can be

found in the *Cambridge Modern History).*

Between the Queen's Golden and Diamond Jubilees after an economic slump in the 80's the nation enjoyed an overall enviable prosperity. Great Britain was the world's bank. The pound sterling was the world's standard currency. The world saw in the gold sovereign of the City of London the invincible security of the British Empire, for whose millions the liege sovereign was the Queen. To that Empire belonged the subcontinent of India, an economic colony which could be exploited by traders and investors as in the years before. Latin America was largely dependent on British enterprise, economically if not politically. Rhodes' audacious but bitterly denounced Jameson Raid of December 1895 was further proof of the British will to gain fresh ground for trade by unfurling the flag at the end of a bayonet.

After the second World War, the British Empire that men such as Wolfe and Cook, Clive and Rhodes had striven to build was repudiated as an anachronism and in the new dispensation of the Commonwealth colonialism was abandoned for local autonomy. The bonds of blood and trade, of culture and sentiment were thereby loosened. Now, nearly thirty years after the end of the war, the economic links with what was called by the Victorians the British Empire seem to have been further weakened by Britain's entry into the European Community. Less than one hundred years ago the wealth of the world could be thought of as flowing up the Thames to London — much of it from the colonies and other British dependencies. A Gladstone or a Disraeli could have claimed for his country what Pericles asserted about fifth century Athens: 'Our political greatness gains us the whole world's total produce'. In 1973 one of the Government's expert advisers gloomily forecast that in a few years those who then inhabit Britain will be the peasants of Europe.

If a Victorian of Ruskin's stamp could return to survey the present scene, he might be expected to find in it both good and bad, here progress there retrogression, startling differences but also some resemblance, in thinking about the England where he had spent his days. Social security and the welfare state have gone a long way to remove the miseries of poverty. On the whole, the national wealth is more evenly distributed than it was a century ago — and as was shrewdly remarked by Francis Bacon: 'Money is like muck, not good unless it be spread.' If Ruskin's aphorism that there is no wealth but life is another way of saying that riches are for spending, then our contemporary society surely lives up to this hedonistic philosophy. The quality of life and the variety of enjoyment are vastly superior to what they were in the recent past. Not everybody can buy the alluring articles on sale in the shops, nor afford a car, nor own his house. But the foods and luxury goods in our self-service stores are beyond the wildest dreams of our forefathers. Motoring at will from place to place has astonishingly enhanced the freedom to travel. People at home and in the factory find life easier with the boon of electricity. The development of television has given the nation incalculable resources for entertainment

and education. In all these spheres the gap between the Victorians and ourselves cannot be disguised. Our traditional British way of life has silently undergone a revolution.

Yet a thoughtful Victorian might be worried about our general attitude towards work and wealth. 'Do you, my fellow-countrymen today,' he might ask us, 'value work for its own sake, as our craftsmen did? What counted for us Victorians was the *good name*. Now what seems to count is the *money*. In my day one of the most prized virtues was thrift. At the present time the sums that the more prudent among you try to save dwindle to nothing through the fall in value of money. Perhaps the real winner, therefore is the spendthrift, or the gambler who without doing a stroke of work wins a fortune in those lotteries you call pools. You are used to getting high wages. But you appear to me to fritter your money away by spending it on tawdry gewgaws. Your motor cars take you out of the home, where we Victorians found our peace and happiness in the simple pleasure of family and social intercourse. Whereas we would take an affectionate interest in each other by talking and reading aloud, you if you do stay indoors betake yourselves to the celluloid box you have bought at great cost, and glue your eyes mutely to the pictures on the screen for hours on end.'

Such a dialogue about money as a means to comfort and happiness could last a long time. In the eyes of a Carlyle or a Ruskin we might be severely blamed on the ground that we throw what wealth we have on the wrong things — 'Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.' We, for our part, might urge that in at any rate one way we are better off than our nineteenth century forefathers. The Welfare State has taken away from us the threat of dire poverty and starvation.

It is true, of course, that in the earlier years of Victoria's reign large numbers of families lived below the bread-line. Take, for example, the case of the dock-workers. Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor* was first published in 1851. In it he tells us 'At one of the docks alone I found that 1823 stomachs would be deprived of food by the mere chopping of the breeze'. He was amazed that 'such a vast number of men, women, and children' should exist 'amid such scenes of squalor, and crime, and suffering'. The docks, which were 'the very focus of metropolitan wealth' epitomized for Mayhew the appalling contrast between rich and poor.

> There are acres upon acres of treasure, more than enough, one would fancy, to stay the cravings of the whole world, and yet you have but to visit the hovels grouped round about all this amazing excess of riches to witness the same amazing excess of poverty. If the incomprehensibility of the wealth rises to sublimity, assuredly the want that co-exists with it is equally incomprehensible and equally sublime.

Mayhew was not one to indulge in flights of rhetoric. His picture is both trustworthy and frightening. At the mid-century the dockworkers were in a parlous plight. No wonder that some thirty years later they were ready for strike action. Their leader then was John Burns, a commanding figure in the history of trade unionism and in the words of the Webbs 'in

many respects the most striking personality in the Labour movement'. Under him there was won a signal victory in 1889, a year in which boilermakers were on strike at Southampton, ironworkers at Hull, riveters on the Clyde, tinplate workers at Worcester, bedstead workers in Birmingham, and bricklayers at Kettering. Significantly, when Burns came to sum up the lessons of the dockers' strike, he quoted the arithmetic of it. At its height there were 100,000 men out and 250,000 mouths to fill. It led to a 10% rise in wages for 160 London unions, and a 15% reduction in working hours. The chief lesson, in the words of the strike leader, was the necessity for workmen *throughout the world* to conquer themselves and thereby to *conquer their enemies* (the italics are ours). John Burns, late Victorian as he was, had imbibed one or two central sociological and economic doctrines of Karl Marx.

Three years after the great dock strike, the Labour Commission under Mr. Mundella heard evidence from the president of the Master Tailors' Association. Here the dialogue has a startlingly modern sound On the Time Log: 'In London they have got one now that was forced upon the London employers last spring after a strike.' On the employers' attitude to unions: 'We consider the Trade Unions have been quite a necessity up to the present. But we do see that there is a slight disposition to go a little bit too far in pushing their power.' On the question of immigrant labour ('pauper aliens'): 'Those who do have a trade upon their fingers and are competent to work at that trade, we think it would be a serious and wrong matter to exclude.' On sweated labour: 'We have invited cases . . . where . . . anything in the nature of sweating takes place. They have not brought such cases to us — we say it is because they do not exist; they say they are afraid of the law of libel.' On picketting: 'It is number which exercises terrorism, there is no doubt, even if they do not proceed to blows.' Speaking for the workers, the secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors took up the point of immigrants working in Britain. 'There had been a large influx of destitute foreigners into the tailoring trade, and this had a serious effect upon wages.' As to industrial action. 'The society always insisted upon the question in dispute being submitted to arbitration before they supported a strike.' Let us remember that all this was being said on work and wages eighty years ago. We may well conclude that the last years of Victorian England knew the struggle between capital and labour, the problems of human behaviour in industry, with which in this modern age of State planning, of policies for fixing prices and incomes and of Keynesian economics, we are nonetheless too painfully familiar.

Our British lead in technology, heralded by the advent of the steam-engine and the railroad, has been challenged in the contemporary world by other competitors, nations such as Germany, Japan and the USA. But the industrial supremacy which Victorian 'know-how' and our native resources of coal and iron gave us for so long the envy of the world, has certainly not utterly vanished and has been boosted of late with the coming of atomic power and oil and gas from the North Sea. Material wealth is still in our hands. The urgent question is, how shall we exploit

it for the welfare of the whole community? And shall we make a better job of it than our ancestors did a century ago?

Nobody can doubt that living standards, especially among the poorest members of society, have risen out of all recognition during the past hundred years. The State now cares for the comfort of its citizens, and cherishes their health. The blight of Victorian society was a population explosion which meant too little food (sometimes none) for too many mouths. In a land with such a high population density, where masses of people live cramped in huge cities, birth control is a crying necessity, and its widespread practice at the present time is proof of a social advance far beyond the dreams of the most outspoken Victorian Malthusian.

Yet, judged by Victorian criteria, our modern way of life may be condemned as too soft. A Boffin or Gradgrind come to us from the pages of Dickens might accuse our workers of not wanting work and our managers of being afraid to manage. In fact, this is precisely the view taken by those who invest their money not in Britain but abroad. In their eyes we are a divided nation, added to which they believe we lack the will to work hard; getting all we can, spending it as fast as we get it, and acting as though the rest of the world owed us a living. As a sidelight on this attitude, whether rightly or wrongly attributed to our nation, let us conclude the present discussion with the citation of a demand now being made by politically minded school-children — 'a living wage for all school students over 16, so that all can have a decent education.'

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BERMUDA STYLE

Part III

by Terry Tucker

IMMORALITY was the charge in December of 1660 for which four men and as many women (Negroes) were sentenced to receive 39 lashes each at the Whipping Post in St. George's. While in January of 1669 'Ellen, the wife of Jarvis Inglesbie, Jr., by plurality of votes of Councell (was) censured to be whipped immediately after the Lecture is ended at Devonshire Tribe Church with 39 lashes uppon the naked back. If she confesses who was the father of her Child, only to be whipped with 15 lashes.'

In September of that same year, His Excellency the Governor, Sir John Heydon, issued a warrant for William Deane of St. George's to be 'whipped uppon the naked back with 30 stripes.' Deane, described as 'a man of deboshed life', had cursed a neighbour, Mistress Katharine Shaw, for coming into his house when she heard him beating and abusing his own wife.

BANISHMENT or Deportation has been a mode of punishment among European nations for two thousand years. On several occasions in Bermuda's early history it was a great relief to be able to rid the island of those who were regarded as trouble-makers since even the then sparse numbers of inhabitants constituted 'over-population' vis-à-vis the existing facilities.

The very earliest session of the Bermuda Assembly, 1620, ruled that drones should be returned to the country whence they came.

Then, some of the most ardent Quakers were banished as awkward citizens who in no way fitted into the general scheme with their refusal to take oaths before a magistrate, conform to the procedures of the Law Courts or of the Established Church, or do military service. In February 1672, the Governor issued a Warrant to David Ming, Master of the ketch 'Francis' 'to receive on board . . . Elizabeth Carter and Anne Butler, foreign Quakers, and them transport to your intended port, New Providence.' This banishment was decreed following a disturbance they had created in the 'publick Place of Worship in Devonshire Tribe.' The intractable but unfortunate Elizabeth Carter was banished three times in all.

There were also political factions at variance when the news of King Charles's execution was received. Bermuda declared itself royalist and decided to pack off the local representatives of the party which had put the King to death.

As for individual banishments: in 1625, Governor Woodhouse proposed to deport 'an adulteresse' who, after her misconduct 'would have married with the Companion that she played the whore withall, which by some was thought lawfull, but I would not suffer the said woman to marrye neither that person nor any other in these Islands but determined to send her over

for England.' And in 1660; Neptuna, the wife of Benjamin Downeham, having been found guilty of the same offence 'whereby she hath made herself subject to the sentence of death by the present Laws (1650) of England'—nevertheless was mercifully awarded the milder sentence of banishment to Eleutheria in the West Indies.

Later there were several other such sentences, usually with the proviso 'and not to return againe for these Islands.'

PENAL SLAVERY, i.e. to be a slave to the colony during the governor's pleasure was, as noted earlier, the sentence passed on a convicted rapist in 1617. In this early period, penal slavery, irrespective of race, was common. The trial of one Nicholas Gabriell of Pembroke in October of that year resulted in his being sentenced to be hanged for 'concealing speeches tending to the disreputation of the Governor and his injustice and cruelties.' The convicted man was actually at the place of execution, 'the hangman not having yet done his worke, the Governor in mercy granted a reprieve and did sentence him to be a slave unto the colony until by his good behaviour he should deserve a free pardon from him.' There were frequent similar sentences.

The children of poor debtors could be sold, after the death of their parents, to pay debts. Although in a slightly different case from penal slavery, even the parties of women to whom Governor Butler refers in 1620 as being sent out by the Bermuda Company, were sold for 'one hundred pounds of tobacco apeece' to those men who needed wives.

The sale of criminals and 'dissolute men' as labourers for the New World was carried out both under James I and under Cromwell. These worked side by side in America with the Negro slaves who had been brought in.

Under the Indenture System, white men arrived in Bermuda, if unable to pay their own way, by virtue of serving a period in slavery. By 1668 most of the indentured men in the islands had worked out their time and must not in any case be confused with those who had been sentenced to penal slavery. (Quite different again was the Penal Exile System when convicts were housed on hulks and did heavy work on roads and fortifications, being re-exported at the end of their sentences; in any case, their story belongs in the 19th century as far as Bermuda is concerned.)

IMPEACHMENT was an exceptional process whereby officials or ministers of the Crown could be called in question for official misconduct and redress obtained from them. Although the Revd. Nathaniel White was the central figure in 17th-century ecclesiastical history of Bermuda, he also took a turbulent and high-handed part politically. He had come to Bermuda about 1638 as Church of England minister for Pembroke and Devonshire—a church he renounced in 1644 to adopt the designation of 'Pastor of the Church of Christ' and to lead the Independents. Even before he had instigated the objectionable practice of a weekly catechism of all men and women as to their private lives—to which Richard Norwood had so objected—and which led to many of the punishments we are now considering. In London he had been—unsuccessfully—charged with high treason, but on his return

to Bermuda, nemesis caught up with him. He was impeached for sedition in September 1649 as 'an enemy to the Kinge, company and country' and he, together with some sixty other Independents, was banished to Eleutheria.

And now we come to that terrible instrument of correction, the PILLORY. Perhaps because it was often grouped with, sometimes indeed materially a part of, the stocks and whipping post, it is thought of as inflicting a punishment of the same intensity. But the pillory, next to death itself, was the means of the most frightful indignities and tortures. Granted that the village yokels, sitting ruefully in the stocks, held by their ankles, might be mercilessly teased for over-tippling and even get a few rotten eggs and over-ripe bananas thrown at them. But the pillory was for severer sentences, and was even far more painful in itself since it held the upright victim immovably by the neck and wrists, unable to dodge flying missiles; sometimes so barely able to reach the platform with his feet that he strangled before being freed; and frequently received as part of his sentence not only branding on the face, but the nailing of his ears to the wooden board, and the slitting of his nostrils. As a final gesture before release, sometimes the ears were cut off.

This instrument of punishment seems to have existed in England before the Conquest and had been for many ages common to most European countries. The Charter of Henry II (1189) mentions its use. The ideas and traditions of the Old World were inevitably carried to the New World by the would-be settlers. (The pillory was not legally abolished in England till 1837 but its use had been discontinued years before.)

Admittedly, occasionally the judgement in Bermuda was merely to stand in the pillory a given number of hours. But the very position was excruciating, and it expressed all the pressures of a small and rigid society. On the small open square opposite the low-lying harbour-front of St. George's where Ducking Stool Island and Gallows Island (now combined as Ordnance Island) lay close offshore, stood the Pillory on its platform, where it could be seen by all.

Here in 1618 Robert Hall was sentenced 'to have both his eares cutt of close by his head . . . for that thou has taken thie corporal othe falsely econtrarye to the lawes of Almighty God—but the Governor in hope of his amendment of life did mitigate his punishment soe the third of March 1618 his lefte eare was cutt of.' (Nine years later he was to lose the other!)

Concealment of part of the tobacco crop, which was due to the Company, was a crime. In December 1624 several men plotted to build a vault as a hiding place, one of them concealing 500 lbs of prime tobacco under palmetto leaves and earth. When the plot was discovered, several of the conspirators were fined 100 lbs of tobacco apiece and condemned 'to stand upon the pillorie 4 houres and have a roule of Tobaco hanged upon his backe', or 'to stand upon the pillorie 2 houres and have superscripeon over his head. (This for concealing of Tobaco.)' The offenders included a Lieutenant Buckley, Captain Felgate, Captain Jennings and others of good standing. Some were also imprisoned.

In March 1627, the unfortunate Robert Hall who, as we have seen, had already had one ear cropped, was again sentenced 'for sundry misdemeanors' to 'stand in the Pillorie one houre, have his hayre cutt short from off his head that the side which hath no eare may be seene . . . and the eare which is left to be nayled close to the pillorie and after slitt from the naile, and to weare short hayre during his aboade in the Islands.' This insistence that the cropped ears be always obvious, underlines the role humiliation played in all punishments.

Two of the most barbarous condemnations to the Pillory appear as follows in an extract from a Presentment of the Grand Jury to a Court of Assizes held in St. George's, November 1659, when

> John Morgan, Chirurgian, (Surgeon) for speaking of most Blasphemous words against Almighty God . . . was censured by the Secretary and major part of the Council to lie in prison according to the Statute, three months or to give 10 pounds sterling for the public works. Mr Richard Norwood's censure that he (Morgan) shall stand upon the Pillory and be burned through the tongue with an hot iron and to practice no more in this Island.

Francis Welman (also convicted of blasphemy) had been presented at the Assizes of June 1652, the first at which the Republican or Puritan party had been completely in the ascendant. He received even more frightful 'censures' (the word indicated the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities):

> To be put in the Pillory with his offence written on a paper in capital letters; branded in the forehead with the letter B for blasphemer; have his tongue slit; and finally have a 2-lb weight hung by a hole through his tongue.

The TREADMILL or TREADWHEEL as an instrument of punishment does not come within the scope of this study, since it was not introduced into Bermuda till the early 19th century.

So now at last we come to the DEATH PENALTY—and even to the indignities inflicted on the corpse after it had been deprived of life, all in strict accordance with the thinking of the age. In addition to capital punishment being legal for such offences as murder and (after 1650) adultery, there are examples in Bermuda for the death sentence being passed for such lesser offences as: mutiny; questioning the governor's authority; concealing overheard disloyal speeches; theft of one Holland cheese; attempts to escape from the island; revolt; stealing a pair of shoes worth five shillings from a dwelling house; entering a cabin and thence stealing 'readie money, one ould pair of shoes price 12d and a sword price 10s sterling'; un-natural offences; persuading his servant to steal 17 dried fish price five shillings and eightpence, a bushel of corn and one sheet price two shillings; a criminal assault upon the accused's own orphan ward and niece aged 16; burglary by three men from various houses, their haul strangely including 'one dublet, one cassocke, one bible, one prayer book' among a multiplicity of objects; conspiracy; removal of a boat together with masts and sails; breaking into a dwelling house and causing the woman inmate to be 'much affrighted'; plotters of a dangerous insurrection among the Negroes; witchcraft; petit treason.

The death sentences were carried out by shooting (as in the case of the rebel, Henry Paine, who being condemned in 1610 to be instantly hanged

'earnestly desired, being a gentleman, that hee might be shot to death'); by hanging, this in the great majority of cases including witchcraft for which one man and four women were put to death on Gallows Island off St. George's waterfront between 1651 and 1655; and being burnt at the stake in the case of petit treason or adultery. A few of these sentences were commuted, some in exchange for the condemned man—or, in one case, a woman —reluctantly agreeing to act thenceforth in the unpopular role of executioner. In the Assizes of 1651, I find the following entry:

> Dorothy Longbottom for conspireinge to take away her husbands life, and for comittenge adulterie, was censured to receive 39 lashes on the naked body att the common whippinge post and to be after tied to a stake with a fire before her which was done accordingly.

In England, instances of burning females for adultery appear as late as 1788. Even after death, the poor corpse was not always left in peace. The display of parts of the dismembered body on gibbets at various points of Bermuda following execution on Gallows Island off King's Square, St. George's, was to remind disaffected persons of the grim penalty of sin. Sometimes the order for execution contained the proviso that the head should be impaled on a stake: 'Black Mathew', hanged at St. George's 22nd August 1664, 'his hedd, by the Governor's order, severed from his bodie and fixed upon a poles end at Stocks Point.' And inebriates and suicides might have a stake driven through the heart before burial.

As far as the general populace was concerned, they were ordered at different times to keep Days of Public Humiliation, Mourning and Fasting. The reminder to keep such days varied greatly, as we shall see; the pretext was to avert the wrath of a God always on the watch to trip up and punish His children with some terrible cataclysm; the guilt of remembered sins made them willing participants.

One of the earliest examples of such group punishments was occasioned by the tragically sudden double deaths of Captain John Barnard and his lady. As the newly-appointed governor, he had arrived in December 1622, arousing high hopes by his 'good means and quality' that he would 'revive the honours of these famous islands.' Some pestilence, perhaps typhus emanating from that noisome centre, the jail, smote them both. Within six weeks of arrival, both he and his consort had died on the same day and were buried in the same grave. As a reminder to the people of their 'cryinge sinnes', to which Captain John Harrison directly attributed the two deaths, a general fast was proclaimed for every Sunday in Lent.

In 1662, Governor William Sayle, convinced that the 'great and terrible drought' upon the land was sent by 'our gratious God for our many sinnes and provocations' appointed a fast 'to humble our soules.' But the drought broke in time for the fast to be turned into a general thanksgiving.

Interestingly enough, when news of the Great Plague (1665) of London at last reached the colony, Governor Florentius Seymour hurriedly proclaimed a day of 'fervent humiliation' for 18th July 1666, in case this island, whose sins he stated as even blacker than those of the Motherland, should be visited by as terrible a pestilence as 'the Kingdome of England.' To

climax this, in January 1667 the news had arrived in Bermuda of the Great Fire 'whereas we have understood that the eminent City of London hath undergone inexpressible damage by the dreadfull furie of ffire, all of which callamities have bin derived from the aloud crying sines that have bin practised therein.' Hastily acknowledging that the 'abominations committed by us even with greediness' were far worse and would undoubtedly bring down God's wrath upon the defenceless islands, a day of abject Humiliation and Prayer was immediately proclaimed. Thus the Great Plague and the Fire of London had their memorable if belated echo on these distant shores.

In 1671, another Fast was kept owing to 'blasting and unseasonable wether, the unwonted swarms of wormes destroying corne and other plants, thereby threatening famine.' Governor Sir John Haydon attributed these agricultural blights directly to idleness, rude education of children, false dealing, Sabbath breaking and witchcraft. These and other days of humiliation remind us irresistibly that

> The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The devil was well — and the devil a monk he'd be!

Looking back through the centuries, one must admit that occasionally it was the people themselves who demanded that punishment should be administered. In 1660, when the Quakers were making protests and disturbances in the churches, 'manye of the Inhabitants threatened that they would tear the Quakers to peeces if they were not restrained from disturbing our congregations. And to prevent murther and shedding of bloud wee were constrained to clap (a Quaker, George Rose) in prison.'

So then, justice administered by the State must be seen to be swift, sure, incorruptible, if the criminal activity of lynch-law is not to take over. Not that the term lynch-law was in existence in the 17th century; this sort of summary justice exercised by the mob in some parts of America was apparently named after an 18th-century Virginian. The unfulfilled threat of it in 1660 is probably the only trace of it in 17th century Bermuda where, owing to the smallness of the community, law enforcement was effective.

Today's rightful emphasis on the rehabilitation, through sympathy and understanding, of the criminal (whose cure is important), must not lead us to forget the innocent victims whose predator he is. Punishment, without the spirit of revenge, must still be meted out for ill-doing if the innocent are to be protected. That it is said of the United States that life is now more hazardous for the law-abiding citizen than it has been since the earliest frontier days, reminds us that what Dr. Johnson said two hundred years ago is still true:

> The danger of unbounded liberty and the danger of bounding it, have produced a problem in the science of government which human understanding seems hitherto unable to solve.

Note: Crime and Punishment Seventeenth-Century Bermuda Style, Part I, was published in the October 1973 issue of *Contemporary Review* (No. 1293, Vol. 223, page 195), and Part II in the December 1973 issue (No. 1295, Vol. 223, page 311).

DICK TAVERNE AND THE LEFT

by Merlyn Rees

IN the U.S.A. research into the grassroots organisation and functioning of its political parties is commonplace—unlike the United Kingdom. For this reason alone Dick Taverne's story* of his quarrel with the controlling party activists at Lincoln is compulsive reading.

The book is good on the quarrel and the subsequent by-election—but when he gets to the nub expressed in the title of the book, 'The Future of the Left', it slithers into woolliness of thought. As almost a lifelong member of the Labour Party, I find the over-simplification in his definition of the groups in the Labour Party in particular and the 'Left' in general, quite inadequate. Perhaps his need to classify in this way is one expression of the problem he faced in the Labour Party. I have never found the need to parse politically in this way. I have only found it valuable to parse linguistically when trying to understand a foreign language. Dick Taverne always found the Labour Party a little foreign to his outlook.

With regard to the split in the Lincoln Party itself and the campaign to get rid of their M.P., one thing must be set clear. Taverne was selected by a relatively small group of party members—as we all are. There is no divine right to selection. We can be rejected by the same or another such small group.

If the system is wrong, it was wrong in 1962 when Dick Taverne was selected and I do not recall any beating of breasts about that.

Some wider primary type system of selection has great intellectual merit —though the result in practice as seen in Northern Ireland, for example, is not the best of instances. Larger and more democratic meetings can also be packed.

What the Lincoln quarrel highlights is the need to improve the method of selection by Constituency Labour Parties. Pre-selection meetings at Ward and Constituency Party level, so that would-be candidates are available for discussion before selection day, would be one direction in which to move. It is already done in the better organised parties.

Far more important is to recruit to active membership a larger and wider cross section of the community who vote for the Labour Party. It is this gap between activists and electorate that Dick Taverne reveals at Lincoln—though he was personally fortunate to have his struggle when the electorate was disenchanted with the main political parties and locally with the town council. Local dissatisfaction with high-handed local

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* *The Future of the Left: Lincoln and After*, by Dick Taverne. Cape, Hardback £2.90, Paperback £1.50.

authorities is a growing phenomenon. In the years 1966-70 blame for local electoral defeats was put on the Labour Government nationally, as Taverne notes; the boot is now on the other foot.

Whatever the local reasons, the size of Dick Taverne's by-election majority in Lincoln was a shattering blow to us in the Labour Party. In so far as it was symptomatic of a narrowness of approach to politics by some in the Labour Party in the face of social and economic change it is serious in the long run. The next two or three General Elections will show whether the necessary changes will be made in organisation and policy. Political principles have always to be translated into the vocabulary of new generations and it is the ability to do this which determines the continued existence of a political party.

The Taverne 'Left' row in Lincoln was not part of the necessary argument which has to take place as the Labour Party adapts itself to economic and social change. Sixty-nine Labour M.P.s voted for the principle of entry into the Common Market, but only Taverne was rejected by his own General Management Committee.

On the personal relationships between the M.P. for Lincoln and his opponents it is impossible to judge from the pages of a book, but because I believe that an M.P. has to lead there is too much sign of insensitivity by Taverne to the party activists with whom he disagreed. This does not absolve them from blame.

It would have been better for him to have a home in Lincoln as well as Kensington. He should have attended G.M.C. meetings regularly. Over 10½ years I have attended almost every one of these meetings in South Leeds. They must have priority for they are the meetings of those who work actively and keep the constituency organisation going. It is Jim Callaghan's first rule in politics.

M.P.s and their G.M.C.s do not always agree, but most manage to get by and respect each other. I was a Minister in the Labour Government. Unlike Dick Taverne I heard no criticisms from my party. The issue of marching with constituents against the transference of a factory elsewhere did not arise for me. I see no conflict, however, in marching on the issue he raised. He would have shown preference for Lincoln over Bedford.

My G.M.C. in Leeds is not a left wing party but Dick Taverne would be surprised perhaps to find that abortion or homosexuality were not favourite issues there either. I voted for these reforms and explained my attitude and there was no problem. Such issues were not at the top of our reforms list.

On the matter of trade union involvement I must add that local Councillors from the A.E.W.U. serve my community extremely well and the present leader of the Leeds City Council was a senior official of this union.

I found the really revealing part of Dick Taverne's testament in the following words, 'as the critical situation first developed in the 1966-70

period, it would have been wiser from the political point of view to have spent a larger part of the weekend with the "lads" '. Oh dear, no! This is so patronising. Neither does taking party workers more for granted mean giving less priority to 'constituency cases and meetings'. 'Drinking with the lads'—another expression used in the book puts the whole situation in even worse perspective. In the end the whole relationship was wrong and there could be no compromise even had the National Executive of the Labour Party acted differently, as they should have done. It was too late.

At the by-election Dick Taverne won a famous victory. It will be a long time before the shock waves in Lincoln will be forgotten. The Labour Party has much to do to win the position back and the victories of Dick Taverne's friends in the local elections will be the earliest stumbling block to this.

If I lived in Lincoln it is from within the Labour Party I would work. It is the only hope for the principles I believe in. It is for this reason I am sceptical of the analysis offered on the Future of the Left. The Labour Party is not going to split in some political cataclysm.

The Labour Party, only created in its modern form after the first World War, has to change. In my view it will do this not by rejecting principles but by interpreting them relevantly. Our attempt in 1974 to come to terms with the growing 'mix' of the modern economy through a National Enterprise Board is a sign of this. Large state monopolies for industry are not the answer, but the growing provision of state money to the private sector does require a different form of company organisation. Private firms relying on government funds and even with government ownership of equity shares are no longer 'private'.

It is not the terms of policy, however, that will win the support of people—of the electorate. It is the stance of our representatives both locally and nationally. In my view this lead will come from those of us whom Dick Taverne castigates as the 'soft centre'. He says of this group, 'loyalty rather than ideology has been its main characteristic, it has not been one of the main driving forces within the party'.

How wrong he is. The ideologists come and go—whether of the left or right. They wrongly see the Labour Party as a vehicle from which, if it does not serve their purpose, they can stop and get off. Time puts them in perspective.

Taverne revealed in Lincoln weaknesses in the Labour Party. But in policy Dick Taverne was an ideologist. To him the Common Market was above all. We moderates never saw it that way and time will show us to be right.

CHALLENGES OF EUROPEAN REGIONAL POLICY

by Russell Johnston

THE EEC Summit meeting last October decided that priority would be given to setting up a Community Regional Policy and that a Regional Development Fund would be set up before the end of 1973. However, with only a matter of days to go before the extended deadline, the Council has yet to deliberate upon the two fundamental elements of the Policy—the Commission proposals on the size of the fund and their proposals as to which areas are to be designated peripheral areas and thus entitled to Community Regional Aid.

The arguments in favour of the institution of a Community Regional Policy are moral, environmental and economic. Indeed, 'reducing the differences existing between the various regions and the backwardness of the less favoured regions' is an aim of the Treaty of Rome, contained in the Preamble.

No Community could maintain itself nor have a meaning for the peoples which belong to it so long as some have very different standards of living and have cause to doubt the common will of all to each Member to better the conditions of its people. At a time when it is maintained that economic expansion is no end in itself but must, as a priority, contribute to mitigating disparity in living conditions, it is unthinkable that the Community should only lead to an increase in the process whereby wealth is principally attracted to places where it exists already. Unless the Community's economic resources are moved where human resources are, thus sustaining living local communities, there is bound to be disenchantment over the idea of European Unity. The long history and diversity of the European peoples, the historical and cultural values which are the moral wealth of each region, make the maintenance or establishment in each region of the groundwork of an up-to-date economy a matter of principal importance. Furthermore, if capital is not moved towards the less developed regions in order to enable labour to find employment in conditions which are comparable with those existing in the regions of greater development, workers will not have a real choice on which the free circulation of labour in the Community can be based.

Community regional policy is not only in the interests of those living in the areas of relative poverty, high unemployment, under-employment and migration. It is equally in the interests of those who live in the great conurbations with their increasing congestion. The physical poverty of the underprivileged regions is matched only by the mounting environmental poverty of the areas of concentration. The pressure on housing, the miseries of commuting on overloaded roads and trains, the pollution of air and water—all these mean that the environmental case for closing the geographical gaps is as powerful a one for those who live in the so-called prosperous areas of the Community as it is for those in the poorer regions.

Then there is the economic case. It is high time that a new balance in the economic policies of the Communities was struck. The purpose of a Community Regional Policy is to give areas of suffering from regional imbalances the means to correct them and to enable them to put themselves on a footing of more equal competitiveness. If this can be achieved, then it will be possible for the various factors of production of the Community to be more fully utilised and the idle human resources and under-used social capital and infrastructure to be more fully employed. The situation can be avoided where a Member Government is compelled to halve its programme of expansion because the central areas of its economy are becoming overheated and the inflationary pressures are mounting while there remain wasted resources in the poorer regions. To entrepreneurs the advantages of expanding in an already crowded area are self evident. There is a network of suppliers and the mass market is on the doorstep. But if it were practicable to make them bear the full economic costs of their expansion, their calculations would look very different.

From any rational view of the economic interest of the Community as a whole, uncontrolled congestion is more costly than the positive intervention involved in regional policy. If workers were sucked in to meet the needs of expansion of the area, there is the cost of providing them with the social capital—the houses, schools and recreation—to enable them to do the job. There is also the wastage of social capital they leave behind them. A real economic balance sheet should prove expenditure on regional policy to be a good investment, provided that it is rationally deployed in the interests of long-term self-sustained growth.

The general economic considerations are now reinforced by the emphasis in the Summit mandate on achieving Economic and Monetary Union by 1980 as a necessary condition for creating the European Union. Unless immediate action is taken to redress the balance of wealth within the Community on a geographical basis, those regions which are currently relatively poor will be unable to benefit from the advantages which Economic and Monetary Union will bring and even less able to compete with the Golden Triangle taking in Manchester-Lyons-Dusseldorf. With increasing disparities between the Regions it would seem more than likely that the peripheral regions would then begin to withdraw their support and react violently against any further attempts at integration and thereby threaten the entire process of European Union. This would be an especially dangerous development at this particular time. Hitherto, support for the European cause has been support from elites on somewhat elitist proposals. But as the scope of the Community is extended, especially concerning the harmonisation of rules and laws which regulate agricultural products and commercial practice, for example, which affect the individual citizen to a much greater extent, mass support will be required more and more to realise the various stages of the process of integration. Thus to alienate a substantial proportion of the Community populus by failing to come forward with a realistic Regional Policy which would ensure that all regions of Europe would be in a position to

share in the benefits of Economic and Monetary Union would be politically disastrous.

The Commission has elaborated and refined its proposals for Regional Developments, to enable Governments, Local Authorities and individual firms to plan ahead. However, as previously mentioned, the final amount to be voted for the fund, the criteria for its use and the list of areas, regions and places qualifying under the criteria are all still subject to approval by the Council of Ministers and it is possible that there will be changes.

George Thomson, the Commissioner responsible for Regional Affairs, has proposed that a total of 2,250 million units of account (some £1,000 million) be invested in regional projects over the next three years. Spending in 1974 is allocated at 500 million units, 750 million the following year and 1,000 million units of account in 1976. Of the £1,000 million over the three-year period, Britain might expect to receive £250,000 million.

The criteria for the use of the Fund include: a lower gross domestic product than the Community average; heavy dependence on agricultural employment in declining industries, with at least 20 per cent of local employment in such a category; and/or a persistently high rate of unemployment and/or a high rate of net emigration at least 10 per 1,000 over a long period. For practical purposes only territories with 100,000 inhabitants and an area of 312 square miles (500 kilometres) are considered as eligible; declining sectors of industry likewise must involve 5,000 employees.

One of the greatest political dangers to the effective introduction of a supra-national regional policy is that the Member States financing the policy may be tempted for domestic political reasons to insist on a *juste retour* for their own contribution. While this might constitute a political success in the eyes of would-be voters in the nation state involved, the whole concept of a fair return is totally inimical to effective regional policy. And although whatever system is finally introduced must be equally fair to Scotland, to Lower Bavaria, to Southern Italy, the Dordogne or wherever the deprived area may be, it is vital that money from the fund goes in sufficient quantity to those areas where it is needed rather than to where it might be considered politically expedient for it to go based on the most suitable compromise hammered out between 9 Nation States, each putting national before European interest, at a meeting of the Council of Ministers.

Beyond that there is also the danger that some countries may use Community Regional Development funds as substitute expenditure for projects which would otherwise have been financed from national resources. Community policy must be complementary to national policies. At present, regional imbalance has been exacerbated by the establishment of the Community. But at the same time the Treaties have limited the powers of the national governments to counteract these imbalances, without vesting sufficient powers in the Community institutions. This gap must be filled. Community policy should take over where national policy, through lack of resources or limited powers, becomes ineffective.

Regional policy inevitably in the first instance will be based on regions or

areas which are historical or administrative units and in very few cases on economic units. Scotland, for example, clearly meets the criteria which have been set out, and is regarded as a very sparsely populated area. Yet the third largest city in the United Kingdom, Glasgow, is in Scotland. Statistics will give the result which the pattern upon which they are based yields. Methods must be devised to concentrate on the areas within development areas which most require assistance. The Commission will have to continue discussions with each of the National Governments, long after the basic format of the policy has been decided upon by the Council of Ministers, to ensure that the pattern of regions upon which the policy is being based is in fact still realistic. Provisions for continuous assessment, given the rapidly changing fabric of society, must then be introduced. I was especially pleased when the Commissioner responsible for Competition Policy, the Luxemburgher Albert Borshette, indicated in his reply to a question I posed to him during the Oral Question Time in June of last year, that the Commission accepts the principle of a further grading of development areas and not simply the somewhat crude concept of central and peripheral areas, hitherto the case. It is essential that we go beyond that point and devise a further grading of aid rather than simply a choice of two things.

It is basic, if regional policy is to succeed, that both the Commission and Member Governments understand from the beginning that such a policy cannot be imposed from the centre. If it is to be successful it must receive the backing of the people in the regions concerned. And the only way that this can be achieved is by active participation in the decisions which go to make up the formulation of policy. It is proposed Commission policy to set up a Regional Advisory Committee, attached to the Council of Ministers. However, there is no guarantee, as yet, that there will be any direct representation of, for example, the constituent parts of the United Kingdom, or indeed of any other European Region. It is undoubtedly true that the failure of regional policy is frequently the failure to decentralise decision-making and to involve people in the whole pride and morale of their region. The ideal situation would, of course, be to see a European Parliament with greatly increased powers directly elected on a regional basis. This, more than anything else, would involve the population in the European decision-making process and also force European M.P.s to not only formulate distinct policies and positions on issues vital to the appropriate regions from which they came, but also to explain to the people of the regions those very issues which directly concern them and to be elected on the strength of those issues. However, this is not likely to come about until at least 1980, the date on which the Commission and Council are pledged to introduce Direct Elections. In the meantime, temporary measures must be devised. The Regional Committee would currently seem the most appropriate method of representation, but the regions must have the opportunity to either come or to be directly represented on it.

The eventual goal of the process of European Integration is, as I see it, that of a *Europe des Régions* replacing the Nation State. The modest beginnings of this goal are currently before the Council of Ministers, in draft form.

This is, in fact, the turning point. It is with cautious optimism that the outcome of the forthcoming Council of Ministers' meeting is awaited; to see whether the Community will allow itself to be persuaded to make that commitment to a policy which can ensure that the benefits of the European Economic Community will be shared as evenly as is possible amongst the multifarious peoples within it. And it is the successful implementation of this policy which alone can form the basis upon which all grandiose designs for the future of Europe will rest.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

JANE AUSTEN AND PROPRIETY

Those Elegant Decorums: The Concept of Propriety in Jane Austen's novels. Jane Nardin. State University of New York Press. $8.95.

It has been said that more books have been published about Jane Austen than any other writer — with the possible exception of D. H. Lawrence. Most of them repeat themselves and each other in a misleading attempt to identify situations and utterances in the six novels with Jane Austen's personal viewpoint and mode of life. Few satisfying attempts have been made to analyse and assess the novels on their own, without reference to the author as a human being. The exceptions seem surprisingly enough to stem from the United States, where detachment from the English 'Janeite' mythology appears to aid clarification of an otherwise diffuse picture. The most recent of these studies to reach us from the other side of the Atlantic is perhaps the most impressive. Jane Nardin is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee and it is her sub-title, *The Concept of Propriety in Jane Austen's Novels,* which provides the clue to her intention.

In setting out to prove that Jane Austen deliberately selected the morals and etiquette of Regency Society, not merely to provide a backcloth for her characters, but as a device to reveal about them significant and basic truths, Professor Nardin is soon seen to be on firm ground. These truths, reduced to the simplest terms, are that observances of etiquette and moral codes are in themselves valueless unless prompted by genuine warmth of feeling and consideration for the sensibilities of others. In the second instance, the manner in which the decorums are either observed or rejected affords a subtle yet reliable yardstick by which the characters will come to assess each other and themselves.

Abundant evidence is assembled, backed by innumerable quotations. A chapter is devoted to each of the novels, so that the argument is presented through six different sets of characters. Once firmly on the trail, for the reader who is reasonably familiar with the novels, passages which to the average 'fan' may once have seemed little more than humorous domestic trivia can be reinterpreted to reveal Jane Austen's master-plan.

'Elegance', a key word in the vocabulary of Jane Austen's characters, acquires a hollow ring. Such unattractive females as Charlotte Palmer, Miss Steel and Lady Middleton, who pay lip service to conventional behaviour merely to present a 'well-bred' image, are displayed to their detriment vis-a-vis Elinor and Marianne Dashwood who, in their separate ways, are concerned to work out a *modus vivendi* in a Society which displays as much fundamental appeal as a boa constrictor, and at the same time to preserve something of their own individuality . . . 'no poverty of any kind appeared except of conversation . . .' '. . . want of elegance, want of spirits, want of temper . . .' These are among the many damning comments on the downright unpleasantness, or at the best vapidity, of people in outwardly respected positions.

Possibly, Jane Nardin's proposition is best understood by a re-reading of *Sense and Sensibility,* yet it is the chapter on *Emma,* subtitled *Egotism and Propriety,* which provides the ultimate confirmation. In a remorseless analysis, the consistency of which is only equalled by Jane Austen herself, phrase after

phrase is marshalled to prove that Jane Austen saw Emma as the self deceiver of all time — a jealous, domineering and acquisitive personality, some part of whom perhaps lurks in each one of us! Only when the mask of 'civility' slips during the famous picnic on Box Hill, and Emma sees her true self mirrored in a pool of self-abnegation, does Jane Austen relent sufficiently to allow this complex creation of her mature years an opportunity for atonement and the fulfilment of a happy marriage.

Having successfully exposed an overall design for the six novels Professor Nardin offers some useful comments on the techniques employed. One of these is on the role of the narrator, whose purpose is to communicate attitudes and situations with a devastating irony, as a kind of omnipotent observer — though one liable to change sides within a paragraph, or even a sentence.

Perhaps refreshingly, Professor Nardin is totally unconcerned with the documented facts of Jane Austen's life at Steventon, Chawton and Bath. The conflicting images of this almost legendary Hampshire figure either as sour spinster or dimity maiden aunt, scribbling her immortal works in between calls from the 'gentry', have no place in her considerations. What emerges of Jane Austen is a formidable picture of a creative writer obsessed by a powerful, almost cold-blooded intensity of purpose, which kept her revising and devising the six novels during the final years of her short life, despite little hope of receiving money or encomiums. What inherited qualities shaped the disciplined artist, who was also the daughter of a country parson in pre-industrialised England, remains and must always remain an enigma.

ROSALIND WADE

COFFEE-TABLE COMPOSERS

Tchaikovsky. John Warrack. Hamish Hamilton. £5.00.
Benjamin Britten. Alan Kendall. Macmillan. £2.95.

'Coffee-table books' are a comparatively recent phenomenon. The concept of a profusely illustrated, lavishly produced book into which one may dip rather than actually read is perhaps better in tune with our age than the weighty, painstakingly researched volume. Some books, of course, cry out for illustrations: the life of a great artist is immeasurably enhanced by reproductions of his paintings. Indeed the 'coffee-table syndrome' emerged as a somewhat peripheral means of dealing with artistic subjects in such a way as to make them attractive to the general reader. Biography (artists aside) in such a form is an even newer development and, in the light of these two books, scarcely one to be encouraged.

It is hard to see how the biography of a composer will be assisted by such a format. In the case of the Tchaikovsky book the price is high, the innumerable (often coloured) illustrations frequently pointless, even irrelevant. What use, for example, are photographs of the composer's letters to Madame von Meck, showing his somewhat illegible Russian script? How are we assisted by pictures of Carnegie Hall, Tiflis, 'a city Tchaikovsky loved' in glorious colour, a New York concert programme, or a street tea-seller in Moscow? My own immediate reaction to such presentation is to suspect that it is so much window-dressing for an inferior and superficial study of the composer.

Here I would be totally wrong, which thus makes the choice of format even sadder. For John Warrack has in fact written a masterly study, combining a deep knowledge of Tchaikovsky's music with an astonishingly lucid portrait of this psychologically most complex man. He writes in an elegant, uncomplicated narrative style which makes the book difficult to resist. Not only does Tchaikov-

sky, with his mother devotion, his problematic homosexuality, his eternal hypochondria and depressions, assume flesh and bone as we read, but his music too benefits from Mr. Warrack's scholarship and lucid style. Nor does his analysis of the works baulk at criticism. One would go far to find a more pithily succinct appreciation of the 5th Symphony, and I doubt if any other single volume in English contains as masterly a survey of Tchaikovsky's operatic output. Thus with the fascinating picture of the composer's life on the one hand—excellent in its scrutiny of the enigmatic relationship with Madame von Meck, and sensibly cool in its approach to Tchaikovsky's unhappy marriage—and a splendid account of his musical achievement on the other, this is a biography of quality, and the over-glossy clothing given it by the publishers seems to augment its price and to risk concealing its true worth.

One cannot really say the same for Alan Kendall's 60th birthday appreciation of Benjamin Britten. This is cheaper, shorter, and the illustrations are rather better chosen—though again one questions the relevance of a travelogue picture of Venice's Fenice Theatre, a photograph of the hull of s.s. Oriana because Britten wrote a fanfare for the launching, or the necessity for quite so many representations of the composer conducting. The real difficulty with this book, however, lies in the text. For Mr. Kendall's appreciation lacks clarity, and in its seven chapters, totalling just over one hundred pages, is remarkable repetitive without actually telling the reader very much.

An appreciation of a living artist is inevitably a more hazardous undertaking than a critical biography of a dead one, but I am bound to wonder whether this particular book, which restates all the facts that anyone interested in Britten will already know, which adds nothing new, is couched in terms of somewhat reverent adulation, and which analyses his music only at a most cursory level, is either a suitable publication to celebrate the composer's sixty years, or a useful addition to the literature of 20th century British music.

DAVID FINGLETON

A NEW HISTORY OF THE FRENCH

France 1848-1945 *Volume I, Ambition, Love and Politics*. Theodore Zeldin, Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.

This book is the latest in the Oxford History of Modern Europe series which is designed to provide a survey of Europe from the French Revolution to the Second World War. Previous works have included such excellent histories as Raymond Carr's *Spain* 1808-1939, and Hugh Seton-Watson's *The Russian Empire* 1801-1917. Unlike the Cambridge Modern History, individual volumes are centred about the history of one particular country rather than about Europe as a whole. It is, therefore, probably of greater use to most general readers.

Mr. Zeldin, who is Dean and Senior Tutor of St. Anthony's College, Oxford, has written a book which is different from its predecessors in the series for it is not a chronological survey of this turbulent period in French history. Rather, it is an analytical discussion of 'the most permanent features of French society, to counterbalance the study of events, change, development, movements and fashions which have attracted rather more attention'. Indeed, one purpose of the study may be to offset the popular view that the best or the only way to view French history is to see it as constant change and flux. Mr. Zeldin shows that one can also discuss it by examining the permanent values of French society throughout the nineteenth century.

This is the first of a two-volume work. It is divided into three parts: the first examines the position and pretensions of various groups in French society such as doctors, notaries, the peasants and the workers. In the next section, the author discusses the role of women, children and moral values during this period. The final section is an intriguing description of 'the place of politics in life' and a consideration of such factions as the Royalists, the Bonapartists and the socialists. The second volume, yet to be published, will deal with the 'makers of the myths — the intellectuals', and the role of religion, the provinces, foreign affairs and education in the life of France.

For many readers, two of the most interesting points may well be the discussions on the bourgeoisie and the role of politics. The bourgeoisie are are shown to be a far less coherent class than previous commentaries have suggested. The author argues that the number of Frenchmen obsessed with politics is and always has been relatively small. Indeed, it is questionable whether 'the political nation' was any larger in this century than in the days of Louis Philippe. None but the Communists have been able to secure large numbers of party members yet, paradoxically, one may argue that they have proved least able to exert a positive and lasting influence on French politics. The author cites the encouraging results of two polls which showed that young intellectuals preferred poetry to politics, whilst French children found Pasteur and St. Louis preferable to politicians. The studies of the various political movements are, on the whole, both fair and interesting. One might question whether Royalists such as the Comte de Chambourd are given their full due however.

This book is well worth the considerable study it demands. It assumes that the reader possesses an adequate knowledge of French political history and in this it is different from its predecessors which were designed to give this outline. One may ask whether this volume, despite its undoubted excellence, belongs in this series. Whether or not this is the case, the book is well-researched, well-written and is notable for not assuming that the history of France is confined to the history of French politicians.

J. E. B. MUNSON

ATROCITY PROPAGANDA, 1776

Murder, 1776 and Washington's Policy of Silence. William H. W. Sabine. Theo. Gaus' Sons, Inc. $7.50.

During the winter of 1776-77 when the Americans had their backs to the wall, bitter charges were launched from British and American sides of ill-treatment of prisoners. One such alleged atrocity is the theme of this recent book on the American Independence War; this atrocity was not supposedly committed on a simple soldier but on none other than a Brigadier General, one Nathaniel Woodhull, who was also President of the New York State Convention, the ruling authority of New York after the Declaration of Independence.

The year 1776 was a disastrous one for the American colonists. The British commander, General Howe, evacuated Boston in March and after reorganising his army, sailed to New York whose harbour soon bristled with the masts of British warships. The geographical position of New York rendered it particularly vulnerable to attack by sea. Moreover, there was a strong element of opposition, both in and out of the Convention, to a permanent breach with Great Britain. Washington's relations with the Convention were by no means smooth and were embittered over the question of Long Island. In order to weaken the enemy,

Washington recommended that the rich farmlands of the island be despoiled, its cattle removed, grain destroyed, and mills dismantled. The Convention at first concurred but later had a change of heart; the feelings of the great Virginian can well be imagined.

On August 22, 1776 British troops landed on Long Island. The American forces were positioned in Brooklyn. The British plan of attack, proposed by Clinton, was to engage the Americans with feigned frontal attacks while a third column would march east to a point beyond the extreme left of the American line and so gain the rear. This manoeuvre, executed with classic perfection, took place on the night of August 26th to 27th, and by 9.30 a.m. 10,000 British troops were stationed to the rear of the American army, which fell back to the coast, eventually escaping to Manhattan Island. This overwhelming defeat might have been avoided. The author considers that 'the circumstantial evidence is strong that Woodhull maintained neutrality on the night of August 26th to 27th and thereafter awaited to make terms with the victors.' Clinton's plan involved taking his troops through a gorge beyond the American left, a gorge which could have been defended by a small number of men against any force. Woodhull, with a small army, was within two miles of the spot and yet did nothing. Moreover, Clinton knew that Woodhull was there but feared no interruption; his confidence may have been derived from a prior understanding between Woodhull and the agents of the British command.

How far was Woodhull to blame for the Long Island disaster? Historians have avoided the topic or misrepresented it: hence the purpose of Mr. Sabine's book is to examine all the records which may aid in the formation of a just estimate. Woodhull was captured soon after the battle by a party under Captain de Lancey, and it has been well established that he sustained some injury in the course of being made prisoner. He was transferred to a British ship where he died as a result of infection of the wound. It was at this time that the atrocity story was concocted as a result of a deposition of a fellow prisoner. The latter affirmed that Captain de Lancey and others hacked General Woodhull with their swords until his mangled remains were carried to the hospital where he perished. There would appear to be no foundation for this story and yet no one denied it. Indeed all those who actually knew the real facts pursued a policy of silence, and this profound silence by all parties concerned led to the emergence of the myth that Woodhull was a martyr to the cause of independence when he was precisely the reverse.

Murder, 1776 is an exciting book, and although it deals with hard, historical facts, all of which are carefully documented, it reads at times like an Agatha Christie thriller. The reader will be reluctant to lay it down until he has reached the final dénouement of this tangled web of intrigue and fraud.

S. F. WOOLLEY

LOOK, HE HAS COME THROUGH

D. H. Lawrence: A Critical Anthology. Edited by H. Coombes. Penguin Education. £1.50.

If Lawrence the Prophet was right, we have still some 236 years to go before his books are understood. And the most desultory reading of his early critics will go a long way towards the explaining of his rage-tainted pessimism.

The Lawrentian storm was heralded by *The Rainbow* (1915), intensified by the publication of *Women in Love* (1921), and rent the critical sky with the appearance of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928).

'Never,' writes Mr. Coombes, 'had any major English author . . . so low a stock as Lawrence had in his native land in the 1930s." His genius, his gifts lyrical and descriptive, were clearly recognised from the first, but from the publication of *The Rainbow* onwards his writings were seen as evidence of, at best, a genius gone to seed, at worst, festered to corruption. John Middleton Murry and T. S. Eliot, both of whom treated Lawrence with passionate moral censure, were largely responsible for encouraging the view of him as essentially degenerate.

Mr. Coombes divides his book into three parts — Contemporaneous Criticism 1908-1930, Campaigning Criticism 1930-1950, and Later Criticism 1951-1971. Included are many epistollary comments by Lawrence on his own work, and reprinted pieces by Henry James, Virginia Woolf, Edmund Wilson, E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, W. B. Yeats, Frieda Lawrence and W. H. Auden.

Among the later critics is Bertrand Russell, who predictably, nazified Lawrence, interpreting, as others have chosen to do, his 'blood-consciousness' as spiritual kinship with Hitlerian 'blood and soil' ideology. The undoubted 'hero' of Mr. Coombes' book is Dr. Leavis, who it can hardly be disputed '. . . has written the most important criticism of Lawrence's work.' Mr. Coombes' critical anthology is of considerable value, reprinting a great deal of previously uncollected material, and providing an important contribution to the continuing story of sharply ambivalent Lawrence criticism.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHERLOCK HOLMES' EPHEMERA

The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook. Edited by Peter Haining. New English Library, £3.50.

The gap between 1887 and 1974 is too enormous to be measured in mere years. Men, modes and manners have changed in that span beyond all reasonable expectation. And beyond all reasonable expectation there has survived into our grief-riven and moon-shot era the anachronistic, never-was man in the ulster and deer-stalker — Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's two-dimensional Sherlock Holmes. Eighty-seven years on, he once again bestrides the London stage. Newly decked out, the memoirs of his life and cases come piping from the presses, together with a hefty run of peripheral and ephemeral commentaries.

The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook, nicely produced, splendidly illustrated, presents a reprinted collection of, mainly journalistic, ephemera. That which might otherwise be lost. It is all good, harmless fun. The games otherwise sensible people play. Holmes and Watson put under the mock magnifying glass. Pseudo-scholarship, arch academicism, counterfeit argument waging merrily to and fro concerning mythical biographical minutiae.

The odd problem, too. For instance . . . the illustration on page 79, 'executed by D. G. Rossetti for "The Hound of the Baskervilles." ' *The Hound* was first published in the *Strand Magazine,* August 1901 to April 1902, and in book form in 1902. Dante Gabriel Rossetti died in April 1882.

The *Scrapbook* will be hailed with delight by the Holmesian myth-makers, and is undeniably seductive. Provided that it does not get out of hand, the Holmes cult is innocent enough; far healthier than the Bond fixation. As Doyle himself wrote in another context, Holmes has certainly wrought his creator's simple plan to . . .

. . . give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man,
Or the man who's half a boy.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939 (H.M. Stationery Office, £10.75). Series 1A Volume V in this work covers *European and Security Questions* from April 14 to December 21, 1928. This is, of course, an official series, but edited entirely independently by Professor W. N. Medlicott, Professor Douglas Dakin and Mr. M. E. Lambert who have access to all papers in the Foreign Office archives and freedom in their selection and arrangement. In this volume they have also used the private papers of Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cushendon. The first part of the collection is mainly concerned with the question of German reparations liability and the termination of the Rhineland occupation. British diplomats were even then concerned about German expansionist aspirations although the Nazi menace was unappreciated. For example, the British High Commissioner on the Rhineland High Commission referred to the Rhineland Nazis as a 'collection of unbalanced extremists' not worth much serious consideration. The latter part of the volume mainly deals with the Treaty for the Renunciation of War, the Kellogg Pact and the Anglo-French Naval Compromise.

The Monetary System (Academic Book Services, Holland, PO Box 66, Groningen, The Netherlands, Dfl.19.9) is a substantially expanded version of Mr. B. Narpati's article for the Contemporary Review published in August, 1973 (Vol. 223. No. 1291). The book sets out to provide a brief history of the Monetary System, suggestions for reform and a survey of present problems and obstacles to the attempt to achieve world stability and parity. Obviously, this is a study intended as a handy reference guide for experts, and for this purpose tables and a bibliography are included. Yet it is so clearly and cogently written that the layman also is catered for throughout the 136 pages.

American Review 18 (Bantam Books. $1.95), edited by Theodore Solotaroff, and published simultaneously in London, New York and Toronto three times annually, is far from being a conventional literary magazine. More accurately, it could be described as an anthology including poetry, short stories and articles. For instance, Ian McEwan, a young English writer, contrives, while breaking all the accepted rules of narrative and characterisation, to present a startling, vivid, 'off-beat story' called **Disguises,** which compels attention and lingers in the mind. Admittedly, the poetry is 'difficult' as for instance **Lavern and Some Greens,** the first published poems by Hugh Walthall, a taxi driver in Washington, D.C. One of the most satisfying and entertaining items is an essay inspired by the Albrecht Durer anniversary celebrations and based on the artist's famous picture **Melancholia.** This is an excerpt from the author, Gunter Grass's **Diary of a Snail,** shortly to be published. An enterprising team of editors' assistants based on the New York office welcomes contributions from new writers.

The Last Two Million Years (The Reader's Digest Association. £5.20). This is a remarkable and superbly produced volume of coffee table proportions showing in popular form the emergence of man and the history of the great civilisations down to the present day. It is divided into four parts: Countdown to Civilisation, the Great Civilisations, Man and his World covering 'the ideas and discoveries that have changed the course of history', and an A-Z Gazetteer on the Nations of the World. There are 34 major contributors, writing as specialists in their own fields. There are hundreds of illustrations, many in colour and depicting historic sites, buildings and works of art. Perhaps inevitably the colouring is not always quite accurate. For example, the full page plate of the Mycenaean death mask in the Athens National Museum does not adequately portray the light warm gold of the mask. As a popular reference book and to browse in, this book of nearly 500 pages will be widely enjoyed.

T. E. Lawrence's famous **Seven Pillars of Wisdom** (Cape, £3.95) has now been reissued in a handsome larger format with the complete, unabridged text, fourteen illustrations and four maps. The publishers emphasise that with the reinstatement of a few words or phrases omitted from earlier published editions, the text as issued to the original subscribers is now again presented intact. The late John Buchan said of this account of the Revolt in Arabia that it is 'as certain of immortality as anything written in English for half a century'; while Sir Winston Churchill said 'it ranks with the greatest books ever written in the English language. As a narrative of war and adventure it is unsurpassable'. The present reissue can be recommended as a magnificent library volume. (W.K.S.)

An Assemblage of Indian Army Soldiers and Uniforms (Perpetua Press. £4.75). The main interest of this well produced volume are the excellent colour reproductions of fifty-seven hitherto unpublished watercolour paintings by the late Paul Chater, who died in 1949. They are remarkable for their artistic skill and accuracy in both depicting the uniforms of Indian army regiments going back to the days of the East India Company and the lively characteristics of the soldiers who wore them. They are not tailors' dummies. The main text has been written by the editor, Michael Glover, who has contributed a short historical sketch of the Indian Army under the British and notes about the various units and regiments to which the plates of uniforms refer. Mr. Antony Brett-James has written a brief Foreword to a delightful book.

Two recent additions to the checklists of authors edited by Dr. Geoffrey Handley-Taylor cover the Wessex region. **Berkshire, Hampshire and Wiltshire Authors Today** (Eddison Press, £2.50) includes particulars of over 630 writers who were either born or now reside in the area. The second is **Devon, Dorset and Somerset Authors Today** (Eddison Press, £2.50) which covers over 400 authors. Neither list is exhaustive. Mention of some titles under author entries is included, particularly relating to the localities or to the author concerned. This guide is not always followed so that the lists are unsatisfactory. One of the better features is a cross reference to other books of reference.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

109th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

APRIL 1974

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A. J. R. Groom

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CALCUTTA CENTRAL LIBRARY UNIVERSITY

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

April 1974 Vol. 224 No. 1299

AFTER KISSINGER'S PEACE

by A. J. R. Groom

HAS the peace of Kissinger descended upon the Middle East? The Americans, Russians and Egyptians may think so, but a tense halt to hostilities on the Golan front, and the incremental edging of the Israelis back towards an agreed line in Sinai to rectify a difficult military situation for *both* sides is the only scant evidence of it so far, along with the tentative beginnings of a peace conference. Perhaps, with the maximum of bad grace, Israel will go a little further back, and ways may be found to bring the Syrians and Palestinians into the Geneva talks, but what then? Mr. Kissinger has done a remarkable thing. He appears to have convinced some Egyptian leaders that he can pressure the Israelis into going back to the pre-1967 territorial situation, and accepting some version of Palestinian rights, in the context of Arab willingness to talk seriously of peace, if Israel will also participate. President Sadat has put his head into an American noose whose rope leads ultimately to Tel Aviv. Sadat's overwhelming confidence in Kissinger stretches even to the activation of serious post-war reconstruction plans. While Sadat's critics in Egypt are willing or obliged to give his policy a try, its failure would make Sadat's position untenable, and he could only save himself in such circumstances by a complete and radical reversal of policy. The present Soviet leadership, which has mortgaged its internal political position to detente, has little alternative but to go along with the United States and Egypt. But will Israel agree?

Past experience shows that United States (and Soviet) pressure have only once brought major Israeli policy changes, and that was the withdrawal from Sinai after the Suez war. Israelis view this as a mistake. Conventional power analysis suggests that Israel is totally dependent upon the United States, militarily and economically, and therefore has no alternative but to withdraw and negotiate in the face of serious and genuine United States pressure. But is conventional power analysis realistic in the present situation? The depressing thoughts which follow stem from the notion that it is not.

In the short term the Israelis see no alternative to a policy of maximum military security. The 'Dunkirk' mentality is everywhere evident, and, like

the Arabs, they have been rearmed. The more friendless they become, the more pressured they are by their only friend, the less they think they can afford to concede, and the more they feel they must rely on self-help defined in terms of a military definition of security.

Israeli politics are remarkable in that a government which has manifestly failed, as the outbreak of the October war demonstrates, finds itself internally under attack only for its 'doveishness'. Israelis feel that, in the short run, the only alternative government is a more hawkish one—as the recent election showed—and the present (mid-February) difficulties in forming a coalition Government are due to Mrs. Meir's unwillingness to move further towards the hawkish, right-wing, hard line. In the long run a 'peace party' may emerge, as Israelis reflect on the lack of security brought by so-called security policies. But that assumes the successful management of the short run which, in turn, requires what Israelis consider to be unacceptable concessions.

The crucial element is, therefore, the United States ability to extract these. The Israeli short-run position to resist United States pressure is strong. They are united and determined on basic politico-security issues. They have been re-supplied militarily, but they are fearful that concessions will open them to the possibilities of military defeat. For them the October War showed this to be too real a possibility for comfort. Their guarantees must, therefore, be cast iron and, given the present internal political situation in Israel, the political right can veto anything less—even in the face, and, playing the nationalist card, perhaps especially in the face of United States pressure. Moreover, they have substantial and effective domestic support in the United States. Finally, if the worst comes to the worst, or if they feel an unfair settlement is being imposed upon them and seriously prejudices their security and, as they see it, their continued existence in a form recognisably close to that of today, they can 'go it alone' by attempting to seize one or more Arab capitals as a hostage or by taking the wraps off a nuclear weapon. Israel has repeatedly demonstrated its will to act independently in the last resort. We must consider seriously the likelihood that United States pressure on Israel will not work to the degree necessary to satisfy the Egyptians. What then?

Clearly, Egypt has given United States-Soviet diplomacy a last chance to move towards a diplomatic settlement. But Egypt (and President Sadat, in particular), cannot wait long, and it, too, has been re-supplied with arms. How will Egypt and the other Arab states react to Israeli intransigence? The most unlikely hypothesis is that they will bow to it. The two most likely options are military action and the continued manipulation of oil supplies. Military action has its dangers for the Arabs. No clear-cut victory or defeat for either side is possible, since such a decisive event would surely bring outside intervention, the net effect of which would be the loss of de facto independence for victor and vanquished alike, thus frustrating a major perceived goal of both. A military stalemate would change little from the Egyptian point of view, since it would tie Israel and the United States more closely together, and throw Egypt back into (and onto) Soviet arms. The

Egyptian meat-grinder cannot work against the United States. For Egypt, the military have achieved their principal maximum objective—to undo the slow legitimisation of the Israeli gains of 1967 and to reopen the whole Palestine question (besides restoring Arab *amour propre*).

The second alternative is thus the continued manipulation of a substantial proportion of the world's oil supplies. In this the Saudis hold the key. The overwhelming new development in the Middle East conflict is the entry of Saudi Arabia. Saudi activism does not appear to be ephemeral, and its effects are as far-reaching as Saudi commitment is real. Both are fundamental. The world economy, and particularly those in Western Europe, Japan and North America who do best out of it, is now a hostage. The purely economic ramifications of the manipulation of the oil supply are obvious. But internal socio-political ramifications on societies that have become accustomed to growth are more difficult to foresee, but no less likely to be of great significance, and the demonstration effect on other 'weak' producers of key basic resources may well be felt, so that an economic 'domino' theory could result. In addition, the Arab states are also in a position to manipulate the fragile international monetary system.

This places the United States and Western Europe in a dilemma. There are already signs that the United States will find it easier to 'coerce' the Saudis than the Israelis. President Nixon and Mr. Kissinger have made threats of intervention, and the United States has publicised its naval presence in the Gulf area. Moreover, the Nixon-Kissinger team undertook such military intervention on several occasions in Indo-China (e.g. the Cambodia intervention). However, East of Suez the United States is short of bases and has only one possible ally—Pakistan. (Iran is unlikely to want to offend the Soviets and the Arabs.) Military intervention will, therefore, not be easy and cannot be undertaken by surprise. The Saudi reaction to such threats is to state their determination to retaliate by blowing up the oil installations. The Saudis also have some defensive military capability, and pipelines everywhere are as hostage to Palestinian sabotage, as are Western economic interests throughout the Middle East to nationalisation by Arab governments. Military intervention, even the threat of it, is thus highly likely to ensure that oil does not flow. Moreover, what if Soviet 'volunteers' arrive to defend the installations as a result of United States threats?

Detente could not survive United States military intervention or even serious threats of it, if only because to save himself from criticism, Mr. Brezhnev would have publicly and overwhelmingly to reject detente, since he has been so diligent in its pursuit (in the eyes of his domestic enemies). Western Europe and Japan would, even without escalation, be the losers, and they may well reason that it is safer to buy off the Arabs than to try to influence the United States. A positive pro-Arab Western European and Japanese action policy is already under way. Western Europe has had no influence because it has chosen not to act. Now it can hardly afford not to act, as the French have dramatically pointed out.

The short-term situation is grim. But the long-term situation is more promising, if only we can survive that long: it turns on different concep-

tions of Israeli security by Arabs and Israelis. The Arabs are asking Israel to join them as equals in the Middle East (thereby satisfying both Arab and Israeli demands for independence, and making possible a role for the Palestinians), but the Israelis, obsessed by short-term military security, are sceptical of Arab offers. Yet the Arab states, if not all of the Palestinians, have acceded to Israel's basic demand for recognition of its existence. A multitude of ingenious plans exist for satisfying Palestinian-Arab demands with a combination of sovereign and semi-sovereign territories, functional integration and cultural-religious autonomy. The prime need is to get Israelis to seize their independence and security through integration in the Middle East. In the short run the Israelis need confidence in the genuineness of the Arab offer so that they can relax their military definition of security.

If the main goal of Israel is its independence—and this analysis is based on that assumption—then perhaps the Israelis can learn from some other small or vulnerable states who have a similar goal—not least Egypt. These states have promoted their independence through non-alignment. A possible way of breaking the highly dangerous deadlock thus suggests itself. India, Yugoslavia and others could call a non-aligned Conference inviting Israel to join them with, as a token of their good faith, Arab approval. The non-aligned states, or a group of them, could then provide a supportive framework essentially different from the threat framework provided by the super-Powers in Geneva. Thus the principal parties to the dispute—Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Saudi Arabia and the Palestinians—could begin to work out a new Middle East policy. Only if Israel insists on a military definition of security is conflict inevitable, and such a policy, after 25 years, appears more than ever to lead to insecurity for Israel. Not only does Israel then face eternal war and probably increasing domestic turmoil, but also the danger to its independence from the great Power intervention.

The demands on Egypt and Israel for greatness are thus dramatic and, if they cannot meet them, not only they, but we all, shall lose.

[A. J. R. Groom is Lecturer in International Relations at University College, London.]

REDUCING THE PRICE IN HUMAN LIVES WE PAY FOR OUR COAL

by Jan Vitek

THE shrieking of a siren high above the pithead, men jumping on trucks and bikes, or just running; women standing in front of the main gate, muted by fear and bewilderment—the scene is Ostrava, Czechoslovakia's largest coal field. After a long wait, the women move closer to the gate to watch. A rescue party emerges from the cage and plods over the muddy courtyard. Stiff and weary, the men hardly utter a word. Words indeed are not necessary, for they can add nothing to the ominous message written in the drawn faces, smeared with coal and sweat.

The fire that had broken out in a pit near Ostrava was caused by spontaneous combustion of highly bituminous coal. In minutes the whole sixth gallery was ablaze. Fortunately, shifts were changing at the time. Only a few men were underground and all of them managed to escape. However, there was dynamite down in the pit, threatening to explode, destroy, kill. . . .

Despite progress made in recent years, mining still ranks as a dangerous calling. The conscience of the world is jolted from time to time by disasters such as the one at Charleroi, Belgium, in 1956, where 262 miners lost their lives, or the one at the Mitsui-Mikawa mine in Japan in 1963, where more than 450 miners perished.

Accidents on a smaller scale happen so frequently that they hardly receive a line in the newspapers. Fatal accident rates for mining are some two to four times higher than those for building and civil engineering, generally considered as a high-risk industry.

The questions that immediately spring to mind are: what exactly is the death price tagged on our coal; and what kind of accidents keep it so alarmingly high?

International Labour Office experts have looked into this problem on the basis of available statistics covering 11 major coal-mining countries over a period of 40 years. These countries were: Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Federal Republic of Germany, India, Japan, Poland, Republic of South Africa, U.K., U.S.A., U.S.S.R. Two major conclusions have emerged from this survey:

The average yearly death toll is well over 600 miners, or more than two men per working day.

Explosions and fires cause more than 70% of all major mine disasters, killing and maiming several hundred workers every year.

These findings triggered a search for better and safer mining practices to protect men underground. The results have now appeared in a new Code of Practice* just published by the I.L.O.

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* *Code of Practice for the Prevention of Accidents Due to Explosions Underground in Coal Mines*, Geneva 1973.

A glance at the contents of the new Code reveals its broad character. Among the problems discussed are: emission of firedamp, ventilation, detection of gas, sources of ignition, and precautions against the threat of explosions and fires.

One of the insidious dangers in every coal mine is the emission of firedamp which may cause spontaneous explosion, ignite coal dust, and start fires as well as a chain of coal dust explosions. Firedamp is a mine gas composed of hydrocarbons, mainly methane, which mixes with air in the pits. The mixture becomes explosive if the firedamp content reaches about five or 10 per cent. The aim of prevention is to keep the firedamp content below the explosion limit. This can be done by effective ventilation, by draining firedamp from dangerous places and other measures.

The fire in the Ostrava coal field took an unexpected course and began gnawing its way towards the chambers which held three tons of dynamite, the weekly reserve of explosives for shot-firing. If the fire could not be halted, if the concrete walls of the chambers should fail to withstand the heat of some 1,200 degrees centigrade, the dynamite would surely blast the whole mine to pieces and blow off the pit headgear in the process. More rescue teams had to be called up. Adjoining galleries were hermetically sealed. Fire-hoses flooded the pit with thousands of gallons of water from a nearby pond.

Mining companies must be prepared at all times for such combat—and have the know-how to win it. Better still, as the Code advocates, all precautions should be taken against coal dust fires. The Code recommends using regular water sprays, improved ventilation systems and better cleaning practices to overcome the hidden danger. Other preventive measures should include rock dusting or the spreading of finely ground incombustible material in the pit.

The new Code represents the latest move at the international level to reduce the price in human lives we pay for our coal. Earlier I.L.O. publications in this field include the *Model Code of Safety Regulations* (1949), *Safety in Coal Mines* (1955), *Prevention of Accidents Due to Electricity in Coal Mines* (1959) and *Prevention of Accidents Due to Fires in Coal Mines* (1959).

These publications, which serve as models for national safety regulations, use the prevention-better-than-cure approach and repeatedly stress the key importance of the miners' responsibility in matters of safety.

Most disasters do not just happen by chance. Most often they are caused by people taking risks, forgetting or failing to do things which they well know ought to be done. Many fatal accidents can be prevented by the adoption of good mining practices and correct behaviour on the part of all who work in what is still one of the world's most dangerous industries.

Good practices—as the I.L.O. spells them out—include safe engineering and safe working methods. But in the final count, the problem is that of instilling a spirit of responsibility in the mind of each and every miner. Safety consciousness and continual vigilance should become second nature to all who work underground. The success of codes and safety depends not

on the experts who frame them, but on the men in the coal fields, who forget them at their peril. For these men, the burden of remembering must go on hour after hour, day after day, when they are fresh and when they are tired, when they are young and when they are old, for the whole of their working lives.

NOTE: The following information on the work of the International Labour Office may be of interest.—*Editor.*

The International Labour Organisation was founded in 1919 to advance the cause of social justice and, in doing so, to contribute to the establishment of universal and lasting peace.

The I.L.O.'s peace-building efforts were recognised by the award of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1969, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the Organisation.

The I.L.O., which has at present 124 member countries, is a specialised agency associated with the United Nations. But it is unique among world organisations in that workers' and employers' representatives take part in its work on equal status with the representatives of governments.

One of the primary functions of the I.L.O. has always been to help improve the social and economic well-being of working people everywhere by building up a code of international labour standards. This activity takes the form of Conventions and Recommendations relating to basic human rights, employment and training policy, conditions of work, social security, industrial relations and a variety of other social matters. So far, 138 Conventions and 146 Recommendations have been adopted and the I.L.O. has special arrangements to promote their implementation.

A major part of the I.L.O.'s work consists in the provision of expert advice and technical assistance to individual countries. Much of this operational activity lies in such fields as vocational training, management development, and manpower planning; also in the development of co-operatives and small-scale industries, social security, occupational safety and health, workers' education and industrial relations. The I.L.O. is conducting a World Employment Programme to help national and international efforts to stem the rising tide of unemployment, particularly in the developing countries.

The International Labour Conference is the supreme policy-making body of the I.L.O. It meets annually in Geneva. National delegations are composed of two government delegates, one employers' delegate and one workers' delegate. Delegates speak and vote independently.

The Governing Body functions as the Organisation's executive council. It meets several times a year and is composed of 24 government members, 12 employers' members and 12 workers' members.

The International Labour Office in Geneva is the Organisation's secretariat, operational headquarters, research and publishing house.

AN INDEPENDENT UNIVERSITY IN BRITAIN?

by Gillian Peele

PRIVATE universities, although commonplace in the United States, are non-existent in Britain. That is why the attempt to set one up in the heart of a charming but rather sleepy town in the Home Counties is revolutionary in the British educational context. The 1960s, of course, saw the opening of a number of new state-financed institutions of higher education—including the universities of Sussex, York, East Anglia, Warwick and Essex—but until 1967 nobody had seriously tried to establish a fee-paying university in order to strike a blow for academic freedom. When the idea was first mooted in the columns of *The Times*, there was inevitably scepticism from people of all shades of political opinion. It is, perhaps, a measure of the scheme's increasing credibility that ideological criticism of the project has grown more shrill recently. And now that the University's first buildings are actually going up on a disused dairy site in Buckingham and Professor Max Beloff, the Principal-Designate, has announced the first appointments, the scheme is commanding much greater attention. Yet there is still widespread ignorance about the reasons which prompted a small band of academics, businessmen and local figures to launch the venture. And there are also unfortunate misconceptions about the way the University really intends to operate.

The impetus for the Buckingham experiment has come from a group of highly individualistic academics and it is therefore difficult to attach any single coherent set of motives to their action. Insofar as it is possible to explain the hazardous step which they have taken collectively, it is necessary to make a two-fold analysis of their arguments. On the one hand, there was a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the trend of post-war educational thinking and practice—a dissatisfaction which has to be set against the background of events in the 1960s, while on the other hand the University's sponsors had some very specific educational experiments which they wished to initiate but which they saw little hope of orthodox universities adopting.

It must be remembered that it was in the early 60s that the climate of so-called 'progressive' opinion changed. The Labour Party began to shed its belief in meritocracy and to substitute for it a more explicitly egalitarian set of values. This conversion was significant for two reasons. First, although the debate about whether secondary schools should be organised on comprehensive principles or on the tripartite lines of the 1944 Education Act had been going on for some time, it had hitherto been thought that the disagreement was about means rather than ends. In other words both the protagonists and the opponents of comprehensive education argued as if they agreed that the purpose of the whole system was to give the best opportunities to all children to develop their different talents, but especially to make it as easy as possible for the clever children to progress up the ladder of academic success whatever their social and economic class. And academic

success, it was generally assumed, referred to excellence in examination performance at school and entry into a university if not to Oxbridge.

When the Labour Party began to reject the values implicit in this *cursus honorum* (along which so many Labour MPs had themselves travelled) its advocacy of secondary reorganisation along comprehensive lines took on a different character. No longer would it be sensible for criticis to point to lower academic achievement in these schools or indeed to *any* external criterion of academic success. The criteria themselves had been overturned: comprehensive schools were to be promoted because they were not socially divisive, facilitated the breaking down of class barriers, and by definition did not distinguish between children on the basis of their talents. It was possible to find methods of verifying statements about the ability of the grammar school or the comprehensive school to get examination results. It was impossible to prove or disprove statements that invoked social harmony or the class structure. But this fact made little impact on the debate. Education had become an ideologically explosive issue in a way which most Conservative MPs did not fully understand but which soon made itself felt in the educational press, the teachers' unions and the schools.

The second result of the change in Labour Party thinking during the early 60s was that it became inevitable that a Labour Government would initiate educational reforms with a degree of purpose and vigour that would be hard to combat. When the Labour Party was duty elected to office in 1964 and again in 1966 it enthusiastically set about applying the ideas embodied in its election manifestos. By 1970 the British school system was heterogeneous, to say the least. Even apart from the public and direct grant schools, it was possible to find 11-18 'all-through' comprehensives in some areas, middle schools and sixth form colleges in others, and the old grammar schools defiant elsewhere.

One effect of this transformation of the educational scene was that a section of the university community became seriously frightened lest the iconoclastic treatment meted out to grammar schools and academic values be extended to them. Some dons—and they were probably the vast majority —did very little about their fears; others joined in the public debate either to wage a lone battle or to contribute to concerted activities like the production of the *Black Papers*. The group of dons who were ultimately to come together to sponsor the Independent University project were at one in seeing the problem as simply another reflection of the evils springing from the subordination of purely educational and academic criteria to political and ideological ones. And they saw that such a subordination was almost inevitable while the government financed such a large proportion of the educational budget. How could the state which paid the piper resist the temptation to call the educational tune?

The secondary school level of British education had one feature, of course, that was lacking at the level of higher education. The private schools and direct grant schools remained untouched and the destruction of large numbers of good grammar schools increased their popularity. These independent or semi-independent schools did not reject their primary commitment to

academic success and they provided and still provide a yardstick by which the state schools could be judged. What finally convinced the founders of the Independent University that such an institution was needed in the tertiary sector were the developments in government policy towards the universities which were seen as parallelling the developments in the schools.

In 1963 the famous Robbins Report had pushed the universities towards an era of mass higher education. Unfortunately, although the governments of the 60s were quite willing to commit themselves to providing more places for intending students, they were far less willing to provide the money that would pay for them adequately. The universities found that they were expected to make their resources go a good deal further than they had been meant to go and this almost automatically entailed a worsening of the staff-student ratio.

At the same time, there was a fear in some quarters that the extended numbers could only mean a lowering of standards inside the university, especially since there was now no guarantee that entrants from state secondary schools would have had the appropriate grounding in subjects such as languages thought relevant to most areas of university study. (This suspicion proved justified in that both Oxford and Cambridge found they could no longer insist on specific entrance requirements such as Latin since these unfairly handicapped comprehensive school candidates who would not normally have taken classics as a school option.) Those who criticised the whole process were accused of élitism—a deadly sin in the eyes of 'progressive' thinkers—and were tartly warned that their assumptions might not be appropriate to a democratic and egalitarian education system. The concept of the comprehensive university came into vogue at about this time too, although it must be said that the new despised binary system was conceived by a Labour Secretary of State for Education and Science, even if he justified it more on grounds of financial necessity than out of purity of principle.

Perhaps the final factor in these years which pushed some who taught within the state university system to the limits of endurance was the attempt to secure greater financial accountability in the sphere of higher education. The University Grants Committee—originally devised as a buffer between the state and the universities—had customarily dealt directly with the Treasury in its budgetary negotiations. This symbol of academic independence and university autonomy did not survive the 60s. In 1964 the University Grants Committee was made to deal directly with the Department of Education and Science. Already the universities had been chafing under the yoke of U.G.C. specifications which tended to impose an unfortunate uniformity on buildings and salaries; now they had to cope with the spectre of integration into a departmental design for the whole education system. And with that integration would come an inevitable and perhaps justified extension of public control not merely of educational expenditure but also of policies pursued within the universities. When in 1968 the Prices and Incomes Board attempted to apply productivity criteria to the salaries of university lecturers and professors, there was a general feeling that all the worst fears of the government's critics were being realised.

Against this background of mounting dissatisfaction with the role of the state in the educational process, the sponsors of the Independent University project formed a Planning Board to work out a detailed blueprint for the new institution and to raise money from industry to support it. Some of the University's supporters were from the very first ideologically committed to a general reduction of the state's role in the economy. But many were middle of the road liberals who did not envisage any widespread return to laissez-faire principles but at the same time were sufficiently sceptical to question the proposition that the state had an exclusive right to determine the pattern of the whole educational system. And many more had specific criticisms of the content and structure of university teaching and organisation which they wished to remedy in the new University.

The major reform which the proponents of the Independent University wished to see was a reversal to more direct and participatory teaching methods. The provincial universities, they argued, had grown in numbers and become more exclusively committed to research. The net effect had been to reduce to almost tragically small proportions, the amount of time available for students to test their ideas and arguments against their tutors. No doubt the return to more face-to-face teaching would be costly, but the advocates of the new University (which they never envisaged as anything but small and intimate) were determined to achieve it. Equally the new University should, they thought, employ not the high-rise and impersonal buildings of the plateglass universities but comfortable, almost homely, domestic style architecture. This decision—to convert old buildings rather than design stunning new ones—had three advantages. First, it would enable Buckingham to absorb the University architecturally rather than be transformed by it and would minimise any tendency to look upon the University as an alien institution. Secondly, it was a cheap and flexible way of providing the necessary accommodation and accorded more with trends in student living. (With the increase in early marriage and cohabitation, the traditional hall of residence has become a costly anachronism outside Oxbridge.) Finally, there was a general feeling that the retention of a large number of small buildings and student self-catering units would give the Independent University that sense of community which the new universities so often lacked.

In addition to the attempt to return to the age-old ideal of a community of scholars and students, the sponsors had curricular changes they wished to see introduced. Some were concerned that the general mind-stretching function of a university education was being lost in the intellectual sausage-machine of twentieth century universities; others wanted to revive the commitment to personal success and effort and tangentially wanted to produce the kind of graduate who would make his mark on the world of employment rather than feebly resign from it in squeamish, if fastidious, intellectual horror. (It was for some time alleged that Buckingham's aim was to produce fodder for industry and degrees in accountancy. Even if this anti-academic sentiment was credible given the founders, the Planning Board knew that management and business looked not for training in relevant subjects but rather for an all-round flexibility of mind and character hardly likely to be

produced by continuous attention to book-keeping.)

Accordingly it was decided to make the first degree a general one—in scope not standards—although it was agreed that the student had to choose subjects which would make an integrated whole. Thus law, for instance, would be studied with other subjects as well; but the aim of his teachers had to be to illuminate for the student the feed-back between his major subject and minor ones. To this end there would be no departmental structure since too often the best educational motives of course designers are frustrated by the parochial outlooks of the several departments which administer the courses. Furthermore, the linguistic deprivation which was becoming apparent at school level had to be remedied. Two modern languages would have to be taken by everyone but not as old-fashioned literature courses. Modern linguistic techniques would be available to ensure a speedy proficiency in the skills which scholars as well as citizens need in an increasingly international age. And everyone, it was argued, would need some instruction in a mathematical or scientific discipline.

This new approach to learning in the modern world was complemented by the emphasis which the University from the beginning put on using sophisticated information and communication techniques. The libraries and research facilities were singled out as the most important area of expenditure, since everyone was agreed that tools of research and study if not properly organised could frustrate the student; in fact, knowing where to find information was seen as one of the most valuable by-products of a student's educational experience.

Two aspects of the Independent University's philosophy excited more attention and aroused more controversy than these relatively innocuous reforms. The first was the psychological commitment of the University to a loan scheme: with fees of over £1,000 a year local authority grants could hardly be expected to cover the cost of a Buckingham education. The second was the plan to abolish tenure and to reorganise the University year.

Student loans excite a good deal of emotive hostility. Undoubtedly a fraction of the potential student population would be deterred from assuming a financial obligation at such an early stage of their lives. But if scholarships could be liberally used to cover such cases (and they might have to be liberally used to encourage women to proceed with such an investment) there seems to be no prima facie reason why the Scandinavian approach to higher education could not work here. To some extent the phenomenon of student unrest made the argument for loans popular because, as one member of the Planning Board remarked: 'If you've paid for a seat at Covent Garden you're more likely to watch the performance than to tear up the seats.'

The abolition of academic tenure was an innovation designed to ensure changeover in the staff and a degree of freedom of movement for both employees and the employers. The major factor in deciding whether to renew a contract would not be the 'publish or perish' syndrome of some American universities but whether or not the lecturer had achieved a standard of excellence at teaching or research and was prepared to invest

more of his time in the project. (Contracts will normally run for five years.) Similarly, the reorganisation of the academic year was agreed to on the assumption that students who came would want to devote a greater proportion of their time to activities of an intellectual character. Four terms of intensive study (whether alone or with supervision) would replace the present year with its three short terms and a vacation in which too many students dig ditches or take factory employment instead of engaging in prolonged reading.

It is now expected that the University College at Buckingham will open its doors to students in 1975. When that happens, these reforms and the vision of its founders will be put to the practical test. If the experiment succeeds, its effects will be felt widely in this country and perhaps even abroad.

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Readers wishing to learn more about the College should write to the Registrar, The University College at Buckingham, The Old Bank Building, 2 Bridge Street, Buckingham.—Editor.

The May issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The United Nations and International Law: The Rhodesia Case* by Michael Stephen, *Women and Alcoholism* by Barry Richards, *The Brazilian Road to Ethnicide* by Edwin Brooks and Part I of *The Youth of an Historian: George Macaulay Trevelyan* by Mary Moorman.

AGRARIAN POLICY IN CENTRAL AMERICA

by Alfred Joachim Fischer

THE wide differences in the agrarian policy of Mexico, Guatemala and El Salvador are typified by three characteristic examples. Every Mexican President must distribute land in order not to lose face. If no fertile soil is available he resorts to uncultivated land or coveted State-owned forests! The prestige of each respective ruler is determined by the number of families who have thus benefited, rather than by their technical training or the availability of credits and modern machinery.

Prior to any presidential election in El Salvador, every one of the candidates called for land reforms. In 1967, one of the left-wing parties even demanded a minimum acreage of three-and-a-half hectares (one hectare equals 2.471 acres) for every farmer. However, when experts calculated that there was not nearly enough land available in the whole of El Salvador for such a project, this popular election slogan burst like a balloon and was not repeated next time. In 1967 the three centre parties had avoided any concrete promises. Thus the newly elected President, Colonel Fidel Sanchez Hernandez, confined himself to the distribution of a few government estates. He even proclaimed, with an eye on the huge coffee plantations owned by a few tycoons, 'we simply cannot afford to divide up the only wealth this country possesses.'

Colonel Arturo Armando Molina, his former secretary and successor, who had been inaugurated as President on July 1, 1972, a man right of the centre and then candidate for the *Partido conciliacion nacional*, will certainly be no less careful and no more generous in his policy of agriculture and land reform.

Guatemala can dispense with political bait for the farmers. Illiterates —comprising 72% of the total and 80% of the rural population—have no voting rights. Thus, only the well-endowed classes go to the polls, and they respond only to one slogan—'no change in the social order'. In other words: the feudal class, the big land-owners remain untouched, except for the distribution of a few Government estates, as token gesture, which signifies no more than a drop in the ocean. In countries like Guatemala or El Salvador, even the introduction (avoided by the tycoons as long as possible) of a minimum wage of £1 per day for plantation workers represented reform.

Only Mexico can boast of a genuine land reform which was firmly laid down in the Constitution of 1917 and has become a vital part of the so-called permanent Revolution which began in 1910, primarily motivated by land hunger. To understand the background two by now historical facts must be borne in mind. The church properties which had gradually been expropriated included one-half of all arable land in Mexico. Instead of dividing this land among the tenants and farm labourers, it was used to enrich the haciendas, socially and politically a state within the state! The hacienda system was structured like a pyramid—from the usually absent

feudal lord at the top down to the corrupt managers and assistant managers, and finally the mass of exploited tenants at the bottom.

From 1876-1910 Mexico was ruled by the dictator, Porfirio Diaz. This perverted Darwinist regarded the Indios—who at that time still represented 50% of the Mexican population, today 29%—as a hopelessly unproductive element, to be gradually eliminated for the sake of the nation as a whole. Their land had customarily been inherited from father to son. In the absence of ownership titles, Diaz simply had the land confiscated. True to the principle that 'generous gifts help preserve loyalty', he divided the spoils amongst his favourites—again the hacienderos.

At the beginning of the permanent, more or less 'green' revolution of 1910, 82% of all villages (in some areas as many as 90%) were haciendas, or part of them in one form or another. Of the population 3% owned all the agricultural land in the country.

Even though the 1917 Constitution empowered the State to remedy the injustices of the Diaz regime and to expropriate and redistribute the land, the Government was remarkably slow in exercising these powers. Only under the Presidency of Lazaro Cardenas, a full-blooded Indio, did the Revolution begin to bear fruit. During his regime, from 1934-1940, he distributed over 20 million hectares of land, including one million hectares which he gave to 30,000 small tenant farmers in one fell swoop. Altogether, a total of 50 million hectares of land has been distributed in Mexico.

The Constitution limits ownership of irrigated soil to 200 hectares, of coffee plantations to 300 hectares, and of grazing land to 1,000 hectares, with certain increases in thinly populated areas. Can this principle be maintained? Or will a further reduction of the maximum property ownership be inevitable, once the resources of good, arable soil are exhausted? Today this is still an open question in Mexico's agrarian policy. However, it is clear that, as usual in Latin America, the law left several loopholes open. Quite a few hacienderos and plantation owners retained a substantial part of their property by nominally endowing their children, puppet owners, etc., with the respective maximum holding of land. Furthermore, those with close connections to the presidential palace remained once again unaffected by the laws.

Despite such remnants of land ownership, the supremacy of the feudal class has finally been broken and the Mexican peasant socially set free. Formerly he would leave only his debts with the haciendero and the hacienda store. As long as they were not paid (i.e. never), the peasants faced harsh penalties for leaving their residence and place of work. Now they are allowed to move freely, but mass migration from the farms into the cities creates new social problems. The influx is too large to be absorbed by the poorly paid domestic jobs in the newly privileged class, or by the developing industries which offer only 180,000 additional jobs per year instead of the 600,000 needed. Isolated from the protection of their former village and clan communities, the newly arrived families vegetate in dank, miserable slums, often in the immediate vicinity of luxurious residential areas. Even so, the advantages cannot be ignored: access to a model system (by Latin

American standards) of social security, including health care, to adult education programmes and relatively good schools for the children. (Mexico's education expenditure amounts to 26% of the national budget, compared to 10.8% for defence.) Nevertheless the illiteracy rate is still estimated at 66%.

Only one-half of the Mexican population still lives on the land, resulting in the paradoxical fact that the relative share of the farmers is steadily decreasing, while their total numbers are constantly increasing (family planning efforts are discouraged and in some federal states even illegal, and the population increases by 3.7% each year). How can all these people be guaranteed their own land, when the number of landless villagers is growing and the small average holding of five acres proves unprofitable?

Mexico's agrarian policy permits private ownership side by side with communal Ejido land. Each of these two systems holds about equal shares of all the arable soil available. In backward areas, such as the Indian Yucatan, all Ejido land is being cultivated collectively, whereas elsewhere this system is applied to forests and grazing land. Ejido fields and plantations are being given to the individual farmer on trust and for his own use; they cannot be sold or mortgaged, may be inherited by one person, and the rights of this 'lease' are forfeited if the land remains uncultivated for two years.

Critics of the Ejido system point to its weaknesses—e.g. the low productivity of the ex-tenant farmers whose ambitions, after years of shameless exploitation, can obviously not be stirred up overnight. Moreover, the Mexican land reform lacks organic links with the internal economic structure, such as have proved successful in Japan and Nationalist China, on the Asian Continent. The land was distributed regardless of the location of markets, and no provision was made for roads or electricity or adequate irrigation facilities, even though there is an Irrigation Minister in the Federal Government, as well as a Fertilization Department. The desire to give some land to the largest possible number resulted in very small and unprofitable land holdings. No encouragement was given to the setting-up of modern cooperatives, and the hoe and machete were not replaced by up-to-date machinery. Nor did the new farmers receive any training; corrupt community councils worked only for their own gain and administered the communal land accordingly. Meanwhile the farmers are becoming more and more indebted to the Ejido banks and to private loan sharks—occasionally the former feudal lords.

In 1940, 51% of the population, and in 1972 three million out of 45 million Mexicans still went barefoot, mostly those living in the villages. Their tiny mud huts lack water, electricity and sanitation. Instead of 2% of the population as in feudal times, 20% are now living on the profits of industry, but the farmers do not belong to this envied group. The socialist ideals of the early days of the Revolution have long been abandoned. Despite a certain recession in 1970 and 1971, the privileged classes in trade and industry live in a state of wealth and luxury surpassing anything known in Europe. The average monthly earnings of a peasant, on the other hand,

come to about eight dollars and a plantation worker in steady employment earns one dollar per day, plus rent-free shack, free firewood and water. The United States strongly limits the admission of *braceros*. Encouraged by the Mexican Government, U.S. capital established export industries near the Mexican border and thus opened up vital employment opportunities to these former seasonal farm labourers. However, wages have deteriorated compared to the 'fat years' in the North.

Though socially freed by the land reforms, Mexico's farmers are not receiving their share of the economic pie, although agricultural products still represent 46% of all foreign currency exports. So far they have remained passive. However, the wave of discontent, particularly amongst the students and other intellectuals, may conceivably engulf them too some day just as in 1910, when the 'permanent Revolution' began.

Mexico's President, Luis Escheveria Alvarez, has introduced many progressive reforms, amongst others a liberalised election law for the benefit of the up-to-now completely neglected opposition. In June 1972 he visited Richard Nixon and described to him bluntly the damage caused to agriculture throughout the Valley of Mexico by U.S. industries effluent pouring into the Colorado river. A Commission was set up to alleviate the plight of the Mexican farmers and to investigate a more permanent solution of this vital problem.

The agrarian policy of Guatemala and El Salvador is less complicated than Mexico's and unilateral. The feudalist big landowners have not lost one iota of their influence and power. They reject any kind of social or tax reforms and utilise in turn effective boycott measures. The political and social situation may be characterised as an unholy alliance between the big landowners, the tycoons of a fast developing industry and the top brass of the army (which in El Salvador often serves as a substitute for the police).

Any attempts to initiate land reforms have always been nipped in the bud. In 1954, Jacobo Arbenz, then President of Guatemala, was overthrown through American intervention and replaced by the white terror. This politician whose liberal, humanitarian ideals may hark back to his Swiss ancestors, had succumbed to Communist influence. In theory an advocate of fair land distribution, he nevertheless hesitated to take the inevitable first step towards expropriation of the latifundia. When the almighty North American 'United Fruit Company' partly withdrew from Guatemala and El Salvador (which are now no longer considered banana republics), selling up huge tracts of plantation land, these two states neglected to secure options on this land. The oligarchy, on the other hand, was quick to grasp it, thus enlarging their 'state within the state'.

At least 70%, according to other sources 80%, of the land in Guatemala belongs to 2% of the population, mostly 'absentee landlords', while nine out of 10 independent small farmers own less than five acres. Of three Guatemalans, only one can afford more than the most basic necessities of life—corn, beans, onions, scanty clothing and a miserable shack. An Austrian Development Aid team, consisting of Father Luis Attems and his assistants, found after careful enquiries that the average monthly cash

income of a nine-member family is about $3.40. (The highlands area of Cantel in which they are working has a population of 22,000.) Human beings and cattle frequently live under one roof, and only three families boasted an outhouse.

Two-thirds of the Guatemalan people are officially designated as unproductive. However, this is by no means synonymous with indolence. For a few centavos the Indian peasants will drag heavy loads for miles to the nearest market. On steep mountain slopes on which elsewhere not a blade of grass would grow, they plant and harvest corn, which is their staple diet and is still treated almost deferentially. Foreign experts have claimed only a regime which would succeed in freeing the Indio from the fear of coming to the end of his corn supply, would be able to turn him into a productive member of the labour force. However, since every President allows price speculators to operate freely, this claim has never been put to the test and the peasants continue to plant their corn even in the most barren fields.

No less than 54% of the 5,603,840 inhabitants of Guatemala are Indios. The vast majority are illiterates who are barred from voting and any positions of democratic responsibility. The local Indian mayors who have some knowledge of reading and writing are customarily under the direction of Government-appointed secretaries who are invariably *ladinos* (of mixed blood), work only for their own profit and consequently oppose any social progress.

Current conditions in Guatemala may be characterised by social unrest and internal tension, short of civil war. One of the most militant guerilla groups has Trotzkyist leanings, while another (FAR) maintains close contacts with Havana, although Fidel Castro has recently been more careful about assisting 'Liberation movements'. So far they attract only intellectual supporters, and the peasants bear no responsibility if occasionally the manager of some large coffee plantation—coffee accounts for one half of the nation's foreign revenue—is murdered or kidnapped. However, once the Indios awaken from their lethargy and refuse to accept the status of second-class citizens it will be too late for the big landowners. Now, it would still be possible for them to give up part of their riches of their own accord, rather than lose everything later. For the time being, however, the outlook for such a realisation is poor. In view of the close involvement of landowners and army leaders any real land reform would be followed by a military coup. The present government is fully aware of this. It had been warned by the experiences of its predecessor. In April 1970, Count Karl von Spreti, the German Ambassador, was kidnapped and killed by left-wing guerillas, a tragic fate already shared by several high-ranking American diplomats and military experts. The year 1971 saw the death of a thousand Guatemalans, amongst them three Members of Parliament. One hundred and seventy-one people had been kidnapped, 147 were missing. Indeed, this paroxysm of violence was without precedent in the whole history of Guatemala. After this outburst a short lull occurred. In June and July 1972, however, the left-wing guerillas struck against the right-wing National Liberation Movement (MLLN) and murdered several of its prominent

members, amongst them Olivero Castanada Paiz, the Vice-President of Parliament.

Colonel Carlos Arana Osorio, the President of Guatemala, showed harshness towards leftist elements. His 'Economic and Development Plan' was introduced in 1972, but it is hampered by the effects of a terrible drought. As mentioned before, the Indian peasant giant is still asleep. His awakening could radically change the political and social structure.

El Salvador, like Guatemala, introduced a minimum wage of $1 per day for plantation workers. Frequently, however, only two or three members of a family are being employed and paid, instead of the whole family, as before. According to the latest official estimate, the average income of the urban population is two-and-a-half times higher than that of the rural population.

With an Indio minority of only 6%, El Salvador does not have to grapple with the problem of Indian integration. In Salvador 50% are illiterate, which is not too bad for Latin America. The coffee-growing industry, which provides El Salvador with two-fifths of her foreign currency income (cotton one-fifth), already surpasses that of Guatemala, its bigger and wealthier neighbour. Intelligent and flexible, the people of El Salvador turned increasingly to cattle-breeding when excessive use of insecticides in the cotton industry brought about the virtual immunity of the insects.

Frugal, tenacious and industrious, the 3,649,197 people, according to the 1972 census of this coffee republic (some 555,000 have emigrated, 350,000 of them to Honduras) are struggling against the threat of being crushed economically, while the country is bursting at the seams. Primarily agrarian, El Salvador with a growth of 3.8% annually has a population density comparable to that of Switzerland, a highly industrialised country.

In 1932, a peasant uprising was violently suppressed by General Martinez. Martinez was a despot who held the theosophic philosophy that 'it is a worse crime to kill an ant than to kill a man. A man will be reincarnated after his death while an ant's death is final'. Eventually even Martinez was made to realise that the wheel of history cannot be turned back forever. He introduced the eight-hour day as well as paid holidays for plantation workers, and he established a mortgage bank which more or less eliminated usury. However, when the dictator finally made so bold as to touch the 'sacred' property of the feudal lords, the ground began to shake not under their feet but his, and it marked the end of his power.

One of his successors finally did succeed in distributing some privately-owned land, but 10 years later it was back in the hands of the previous owners, since this land was not barred from resale like the Ejido land in Mexico. The Salvador government still restricts the import of agricultural machinery (after lifting the formerly total embargo) in order to prevent a disastrous rise in unemployment.

The American *Time* magazine claimed recently that all of El Salvador's arable land belongs to 14 families. This is somewhat exaggerated. Of the 30,000 coffee planters, for example, about 80% own plantations with an annual production of less than 2,500 kilos. On the other hand this amounts

to 12% of the total annual harvest. There is no doubt that the landowners wield the economic power of the country, whether they number 14, 20 or 40 families. One of these families is reputed to own one half of the entire country, of which 60% is exploited for pasture and cultivation. Even progressive Presidents of El Salvador would not dare to saw off the limb on which they are sitting—the socially, economically and militarily dominant feudal class. As to the question of whether the 'football war' between El Salvador and Honduras (begun in July 1969 and already half forgotten) could divert attention from adverse social conditions, much can be said to support this assumption.

There is certain writing on the wall. On March 25, 1972, rebel army troops took control of the national communications network and kidnapped the then President, Fidel Sanchez Hernandez, and his daughter. They were attacked by loyal troops and the air force and in the end had to surrender. Sanchez and his daughter were released unharmed, but 100 civilians and soldiers had been killed and 200 injured. The participants of the revolution were either imprisoned or exiled. Nevertheless the new president, Colonel Molina, as his first major action only 18 days after he assumed his high office, ordered troops to occupy and close the National University in a move to purge left-wing elements from all institutions of learning. A number of faculty members were expelled or exiled and the foreign professors amongst them were asked to leave the country. Those progressives and intellectuals are almost exclusively townspeople, but are in sympathy with the oppressed peasants.

In summary, it may be stated that the failure of the land reform in Mexico and its absence in Guatemala and El Salvador constitute dangerous time bombs whose explosion may rock and convulse not only these three countries but other parts of Latin America as well.

BYRON IN GREECE

by Ianna Driva

ASIDE of Byron that we Greeks unfortunately know very little about—and a century and a half has gone by since he died—is his poetry. Byron's poetic output was indeed great in quantity and in quality, particularly when we remember that at his death he was only 37. Here in Greece even to this day his work has remained in obscurity. Perhaps the reason for this is that only a few feeble and far from successful attempts have been made to translate him. Now and then a few stanzas, pale reflections at best, have made a faint impression on Greek readers. But we know far less in my country about his greatness as a bard than about his ardent nature as a man, his passion for liberty, and the sacrifice of his life in the cause of Greek independence.

Nevertheless, the work of Byron, the poet, must not forever remain in the darkness of oblivion, especially on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of his death, in a country with which his life was so closely and memorably connected. Hidden in Byron's heart was a personality that cried out to be revealed to the people whose land he loved and died for. My task now is to acquaint my readers with passages where his 'Greekness' is evident—his deep feeling for Greek history and his regard for the beauty of the Greek landscape. The depth of his feeling and sensibility, the keeness of his mind and the range of his knowledge appear very clearly through his pilgrimage to Delphi, in a passage from *Childe Harold*. Here we glean the true motives which led him to give everything he had to our land. Only through the divine art of poetry could these motives be unmistakably disclosed.

Oh thou! In Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill;
Yet there I've wander'd by this vaunted rill;
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

Oh thou, Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thee essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string
Though from thy heights no more one Muse
Will wave her wing.

When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,

But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee;

In this way the poet transports us back into the days of ancient Greece. We stand side by side with the pilgrims at the Delphic shrine of Apollo and are taught its history and its magical mythology. In a reference to it he acknowledges 'beauties that even a cynic must avow.'

We all remember Byron's restless nature, *Sturm und Drang*, which was indeed his curse and his doom. His deformity and his private life drew upon him the unwelcome attention of his compatriots, and do so still. As a result there was a tendency to neglect, if not to ignore, the poet's deeper world and his hidden humanity. Byron seldom isolates himself in an Ivory Tower of his own building nor does he withdraw himself from the sufferings of his fellow men. His concern is for the welfare and happiness of mankind.

In *Manfred* delight and pain are intermingled. It is as if we were living in an unearthly realm of spirits! Elsewhere we mark the pursuit of something true and tender even if it can be found only beyond the grave. In *The Prophecy of Dante* we see our poet profoundly interested (like Dante, 'the great poet-Sire of Italy') in metaphysical topics and in what transcends our life on this earth.

Many a Greek will be attracted by Byron's sympathy for the 'weak' and the 'unjustly treated' whom he could not fail to observe in his contemporary world. Born an aristocrat and on his father's side a peer of the realm, Byron yet had nothing but contemptuous scorn for many of his own class in the England of his day. He deemed that they were bent on wealth alone. Here, it seemed, was the beginning of human decay. In the heart of such people was no feeling of generosity or nobility. In his tragedy *Inheritance*, where the action takes place partly on the frontier of Silesia and partly in Prague after the close of the Thirty Years' War, we are introduced to the all-powerful castle overlords and princes, oppressing their serfs as though they were less than beasts. Here to the Greek eye is a scene reminiscent of the Turkokratia from which Greece suffered for 400 years. Today, even after 150 years, the poet's thoughts still remain surprisingly relevant. 'The funeral note of love deep-buried without resurrection in the grave of Possession; while the knoll of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo to triple time in the son's ear.'

In the same drama, one of the main characters says:

> 'I'm a thing of feelings' . . . 'The wretches whom the wind howls round, and the dull and dropping rain saps in their bones the creeping marrow' . . . 'How many in this hour of tempest shiver beneath the biting wind and heavy rain, whose every drop bows them down nearer earth, which hath no chamber for them save beneath her surface' . . . 'Should the nobly born be thankless for that refuge which their habits of early delicacy render more needful than to the peasant, when the ebb of Fortune leaves them on the shoals of life.'

He ponders unceasingly but in vain. He seeks a solution, he tries to discover a way back to the Lost Paradise. The promise is there and yet man is deprived of it. The great wonder of Creation leads the poet to the final question: Why should the glory of life vanish in the pitiless decay of death? In *Cain*, one of the characters says:

'With fear rose longing in my heart to know what 'twas which shook us all—

but nothing came. And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off our native and forbidden Paradise, up to the lights above us, in the azure, which are so beautiful; shall they, too, die?' . . . 'Thoughts unspeakable crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear of this Almighty Death, who is, it seems, inevitable. Could I wrestle with him? I wrestled with the lion, when a boy, in play, till he ran roaring from my grip.'

For 150 years the critics, especially in England, have been analysing the details of Byron's life, good and bad. A writer from contemporary Greece must ask, why they have almost completely overlooked the spiritual side of his work? This, after all, was a remarkable contribution to thought.

It is strange how often what strikes the man in the street about a well-known personality is his physical weakness; that which we allegedly most dislike and yet which seems a perennial inspiration for novels, films, plays and television programmes. In the case of Byron, this aspect has been the theme of one book after another. André Maurois, a capable biographer with considerable psychological insight, was very much concerned with the poet's personality. Maurois, quoting Paul Valery's dictum that a writer consoles himself as best he can for any injustice of fate, continues:

A man experiences the need to create a poetic, an imaginary world, because the world of reality has denied him happiness. In Byron's case, the motives for dissatisfaction are evident from his very childhood. He was born lame and this made him suffer. His mother, proud of her name, was ruined, then deserted by her husband. The child grew up in poverty; at first in an atmosphere of quarrels, later of complaints. This mother, courageous and honest, but wretched and irascible, loved and tortured him at the same time. He was ashamed of her.

In these words by a distinguished French Byronic scholar there is much food for thought when you happen to admire Byron and have been born a Hellene! If your own childhood has been lived in a Mediterranean country, you will be in a good position to understand the end of the passage from Maurois.

Byron was a crippled, fattish, timid young man whom girls made sport of. . . . Born sentimental and tender, he became unsociable and contemptuous. He had begun life by forming a sublime idea of love and friendship. When men and women disappointed him by their fickleness, he became a misanthrope or at least he thought he was one.

Maurois' judgment that Byron was, with Napoleon, one of the most remarkable figures of the nineteenth century is patently a Frenchman's *aperçu* of a poet and a man that any Greek can admire and love as a great philhellene. As Maurois states, both the letters and the conversations reported by Byron's friends reveal that warmth of heart which the people of the country where he died have always detected in his life story.

A Greek reading Byron's works, especially the plays, will at once be roused by the quality of thought and feeling, by the conflict of inner states of mind, by the poet's sensibility, kindness and generosity and by an almost Greek-born sentimentalism. In *The Two Foscari*, the poignant tragedy of a father, the Doge of Venice,—and so inevitably President of the pitiless Council of Ten,—is involved in the trial of his own son who has been

imprisoned on a charge of high treason. Note the words put into the mouth of one of the 'Ten', an avowed enemy of the Foscari:

> But this son and sire might move the elements to pause, and yet must I as hardily like them—Oh! would I could as blindly and remorselessly! Lo, where he comes! Be still, my heart! They are thy foes, must be thy victims: will thou beat for those who almost broke thee?

This play runs through the gamut of human emotions. The notes of hatred and dry cynicism are sounded as well as splendour of heart. We hear the low chords of vengeance in a kind of Hell. We rise up to the higher sounds of human purification and redemption in a kind of *Paradise Lost*. The moment comes when the father has to judge his own son and to sign the document for torture and exile involving the terrible doom of separation from family, wife, and children. Fate is implacable. The old man, for the first time in his life, suffers indescribable pain. Forgiveness comes, and so does death, which the other members of the Council have planned for him. Listen now to the speech which Byron puts into the mouth of the young Foscaro, shut up in his prison cell.

> No light save yon faint gleam which shows me walls which never echo'd but to sorrow's sounds, the sigh of long imprisonment, the step of feet on which the iron clank'd the groan of death, the imprecation of despair! And yet for this I have return'd to Venice with some faint hope, 'tis true, that time, which wears the marble down, had worn away the hate of men's hearts. But I knew them not, and here must I consume my own which never beat for Venice but with such a yearning as the dove has for her distant nest, when wheeling high in the air on her return to greet her callow brood. What letters are these which are scrawl'd along the inexorable wall? Ah! The names of my sad predecessors in this place, the dates of their despair, the brief words of a grief too great for many. This stone page hold like an epitaph their history.

From Byron's work other such passages can easily be selected. In addition, there exists a volume of letters, written to various persons—his mother, his friends and his teachers. These provide the finishing touches to the portrait. It has been pertinently stated that Byron 'took care in his letters and journals to leave no personal mystery for solution.' André Maurois makes the further point that the letters, like the poems, carry the reader along in an irresistible rush. 'Sometimes, quite naturally, the letter becomes a poem without the reader being surprised by the change.'

Here are just two examples:

> Dear Mama, I am very glad to hear you are well. I am so myself thank God. . . . Mr. Rogers could attend me every night at a separate hour from the Miss Parkynses and I am astonished you do not acquiesce in this Scheme. . . . If some plan of this kind is not adopted, I shall be called, or rather branded with the name of a dunce, which you know I could never bear.

Byron was then a mere boy of 11, and the year was 1799. Here was the young English aristocrat writing imperiously to his mother. Such a situation could never have occurred in the Greece of his day.

Listen again to Byron at 16. He is writing to his half-sister, Augusta. Brought up by her grandmother, she was the daughter of Captain Byron by his first marriage. The tone is suave. The young milord is already a man of the world.

> My dear Augusta, in compliance with your wishes, as well as gratitude for your affectionate letter, I proceed as soon as possible to answer it. That you are unhappy, my dear sister, makes me so also. . . . But really, after all (pardon me. my dear sister) I feel a little inclined to laugh at you, for love, in my humble opinion, is utter nonsense and deceit; now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses, I should, in the course of a fortnight forget them all and, by any chance I ever recollected one, should laugh at it as a dream, and bless my stars, for delivering me from the hands of the little mischievous God. . . . Adieu, my pretty Sister, forgive my levity, write soon, and God bless you.

In such letters as these we see a side of Byron which is fascinating to the Greek mind and which in Greece is as yet utterly neglected by those who venerate him as almost an immortal hero.

And now, to conclude this Hellenic tribute to a great poet, here are some lines (with the Greek title *Euthanasia*) in which the secret of Byron's heart is laid bare.

> . . . But vain the wish—for Beauty still
> Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
> And women's tears, produced at will,
> Deceive in life, unman in Death.
>
> Then lonely be my latest hour
> Without regret without a groan;
> For Thousands Death hath ceased to lower
> And pain been transient or unknown . . .
>
> Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen
> Count o'er these days from anguish free,
> And know, whatever thou hast been,
> 'Tis something better not to be.

Something better.

At Missolonghi, Byron found death—and found thereby something better, —immortality.

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CONFRONTATION

A short story

by Cecily Lambert

LADY Byron stood at the tall, brocade-draped window of the drawing-room, and watched the swirling January rain. The pavements of Piccadilly looked deep and black like cold waters in the night. Carriages passed as though floating over them, and an occasional great-coated figure sped by, as if driven by the storm that penetrated the house at No. 13 Piccadilly Terrace, and engulfed her own distraught mind.

It seemed as if she had been torn by unhappiness and a sense of failure ever since her marriage only a year before, because the incarnation of happiness, physically so close, became increasingly remote.

She turned to look at Byron who was standing with his elbow resting on the marble mantelpiece. He seemed absorbed in endless reverie or the interpretation of some cryptic message in the sinking glow of the fire. She gazed with a numbed sense of loss at the straight nose, the full curved mouth and the high white forehead with its frame of dark chestnut curls.

Hardly more than a month before she had borne his child—his daughter, Ada—but she wanted to bury the memory of that troubled childbed and the events that had preceded it: his absences, his taunts, his wild tempers. And yet her love for him was a longing that twisted in her heart like a knife.

Even so, there had been moments of happiness, rare tenderness, companionship, as well as irony and contempt. He had cried out to her, 'Bell, what can I do? There's a devil in me!'

He had told her that bailiffs waited to seize all their possessions. The noble Lord—the greatest literary success in history—was bankrupt. Nothing belonged to the Byrons who lived in the Duchess of Devonshire's mansion at 13 Piccadilly Terrace.

He was hunted and surrounded by problems: his beloved Newstead Abbey must be sold; his relationship with his half-sister, Augusta, cast sinister shadows on the marriage. There were the difficulties of his own nature, half-demoniac, half-divine, by right of genius. Annabella had dared to think she could alter him, redeem and reform him. Intelligent as she was, she could not realise her own egoism.

Yet she realised her failure. It was to Augusta he would go for comfort—to Augusta who held him with sympathetic understanding; similarities and shared tastes that Bell could never comprehend. She was too proud to admit her jealousy of Augusta, more intense even than of the others who claimed him, like the Drury Lane actresses.

'Byron,' she said softly, 'do I disturb you?'

The words trembled into the silence; the fire gave a dying flicker. He replied coldly, 'Disturb me? Yes, you do.'

She looked at him strangely, hardly believing he wished her out of his

sight. Yet it had happened before when he had wished to be alone with Augusta. Was this after all only a deep melancholy?

How quickly his moods changed. She recalled an evening when he had been gay and brilliant in a great company. She had remarked on his high spirits, and he had replied, 'And yet, Bell, I have been called and mis-called melancholy—you must have seen how falsely, frequently?'

'No, Byron,' she had answered, 'It is not so: at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind; and often when apparently gayest.'

She half-stretched out her arms to him, then drew back, 'Byron, why did you marry me?'

'Why did I marry you, Bell?' He laughed. 'That question requires a long and complicated reply. Surely you must know some of the reasons. Perhaps you wanted to marry me, my dear.'

She flinched. Yes, she had wanted to—too much. She remembered the letters that had passed between them before the wedding, letters in which she had implored him to come to her. But he *had* come, he who had been sought by the most brilliant and beautiful women in the kingdom.

He went on, 'How can I give you reasons—they are not marble buildings, and even they deteriorate. Reasons are often not clear. Reasons change.' He turned to stare into the embers.

'You never really loved me, Byron, did you?' Her cry was soft but piercing.

'What do you mean by love, my dear? It is only desire for possession—an impossible urge to have another human being completely; in that way to ward off loneliness. But is that love? Or is it a harmony of the rare qualities of generosity, understanding, tolerance? Men and women rarely know love like that.'

At last he turned in her direction, and saw the tears in her eyes, but these repelled him. Though part of him longed to stop this fencing, he could not take a step towards her.

'Byron, I do love you!' Her pride collapsed like the dying embers into ashes. 'I love you no matter how you make me suffer—and you do!' She was humbling herself, and he smiled ironically. 'Well, if you love me, leave me now. You asked if you were disturbing me. I said you were. Then why do you not go?'

She turned away, and said dully, 'And so I must. Ada needs me. I shall only send Emma to make up the fire here.'

Why did he turn so coldly from her—did he really want to send her away? Sometimes, he wanted to feel her soft arms round him. At others he couldn't bear her presence. But it was that way with all of them, except Augusta. Would it have been like that with Mary Chaworth? But no woman could completely satisfy him. He was a wanderer. Now he felt the desire to travel—America, South America, Greece again.

Perhaps Tom Moore or Cam Hobhouse would accompany him, and when he returned things would be more settled. Now there was the painful necessity of selling Newstead—his own great house—the wonderful haunted, half-ruined mansion. If he could only keep Newstead, it would make all the

difference. He would know how to use money.

Perhaps he had married Annabella chiefly because she was an heiress; but her mother was not letting him have any money. He must wait until Nature settled accounts.

What could he do besides write verse that became fashionable, he who wanted to redress abuses and change the course of history? Governments infuriated him with their chicaneries and policies of self-interest. He felt it his destiny to shame tyrants and politicians out of their cant and hypocrisies.

His own servant, Emma, came to build up the fire. She threw on a log, and the yellow tongues leapt, the light soon throwing into shadowy relief the splendid profile. She thought he looked so young and tired. 'Forgive me, Milord, for interrupting you. Milady told me it was growing cold in here.'

'Yes, Emma,' he said, 'it is growing cold in here. The fire was almost out.'

'Do you want the candles lit?'

'Yes, bring me candles. I must write.'

Annabella had gone to her room, and called for the nurse to bring Ada. As she fed the infant, she remembered how he had called his betrothed, 'the princess of parallelograms', and wondered if Ada would be poet or mathematician. They had had happy times together, but she couldn't endure these hurtful changes of mood, this countering her every wish. Then she would be scolded for lacking humour. She had despairingly confided in Augusta; but how could she be sure that Augusta did not laugh at her, and tell him, so that he could also laugh?

How she loved him? The pain in her heart was intense. She longed to feel his arms around her, to hear that beautiful soft, yet resonant voice whisper endearments. She wanted him to look lovingly at her as she nursed their child. Every young wife had the right to expect these small attentions. Even her bluff, unromantic father still caressed and flattered her mother.

No, she was only a convenience, not an integral part of his complicated life with poets, publishers, theatre, Parliament. There could only be grief ahead if they didn't separate. She must remove the burden; although she wanted to go on being his wife and bearing his children.

The nurse came to take Ada, and Annabella prepared what had to be done. She called her maid, and told her to pack some things for herself and the child. Only the nurse would accompany them to her parents' house at Kirkby Mallory.

Most of the time, Byron wrote until late in the night. She recalled how, a few months before, he had been working and had not noticed that cinders were falling on the rug, nearly setting the room on fire. Frantically, he had called her, and she had rushed to help and calm him. He was full of fears and obsessions. She sighed and the tears flowed from her large dark eyes. She could not sleep and shivered between the sheets. She wondered what he was doing—still writing, sleeping, thinking? Would she ever know? Would they ever speak again? The last confrontation—was it over?

The next morning, warmly cloaked and shawled, she walked slowly down the broad staircase, the nurse following with Ada. Outside his door, she paused. She had a strong impulse to lie on the threshold and wait for him.

Perhaps he would be different this morning. The rain had ceased and the sky was brightening. How could she carry out this wild plan to leave him, under the guise of visiting her parents? Then the moment of indecision passed, and Annabella left the house on Piccadilly.

Byron had fallen into a profound sleep, after meditating and writing till past three. There were no dreams, and he didn't miss the physical presence of his wife, for they often slept apart. He had thought no more of their words of the previous evening. Indeed his head had been full of literary plans—he who was to resume the persona of *Childe Harold,* and was still to write *The Dream*:

> I saw him stand
> Before an altar with a gentle bride;
> Her face was fair, but was not that which made
> The starlight of his boyhood, as he stood
> Even at that altar, o'er his brow there came
> The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
> That in the antique Oratory shook
> His bosom in the solitude; and then
> As in that hour—a moment o'er his face,
> The tablet of unutterable thoughts
> Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
> And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
> The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
> And all things reeled around him; he could see
> Not that which was, nor that which should have been,
> But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
> And the remembered chambers, and the place,
> The day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade,
> All things pertaining to that place and hour,
> And her who was his destiny, came back,
> And thrust themselves between him and the light;—
> What business had they there at such a time?

Even during the marriage ceremony and the year that followed, was it Augusta who had come between them; or was it as Tom Moore had said, quoting Steele, 'In all the marriages I have ever seen, most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions.'

Moore, who had been given the *Memoirs* and had allowed them to be destroyed, might have supplied the answer to the marriage breakdown. He left only a hint in his biography of Byron:

> Lord Byron himself, indeed, when at Cephalonia, a short time before his death, seems to have expressed in a few words, the whole pith of the mystery. An English gentleman, with whom he was conversing on the subject of Lady Byron, having ventured to enumerate to him the various causes he had heard alleged for the separation, the noble poet, who had seemed much amused with their absurdity and falsehood, said, after listening to them all: 'The causes, my dear Sir, were too simple to be easily found out.'

Byron understood himself well, but the understanding was not control. He was always at the mercy of his restlessness. He was Childe Harold, The Prisoner of Chillon, Manfred, Cain, The Corsair, Don Juan. He was all his

heroes and had to follow their destinies.

But only eight years later—in 1824—'his days were in the yellow leaf'; and he suffered that untimely Greek Tragedy death at Missolonghi. With the last inaudible whisper of that once beautiful voice, he beseeched Fletcher, the faithful valet who had been with him throughout, 'Go to my sister—tell her —go to Lady Byron—you will see her, and say . . . ' After that Fletcher could hear only murmured names: 'Augusta—Ada—Hobhouse—Kinnaird . . . now I have told you all.'

And Fletcher had to reply in desperation: 'I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying.'

Weeks later, Fletcher delivered his message to Lady Byron. His words brought on fresh grief. She remembered with anguish her pause outside her husband's room. If she had stayed, would it have made any difference; could she have prevented that headlong course that was to kill him? But that course was always waiting, and would have claimed him at last.

Ada came into the room—that lovely serious eight-year-old who had such a look of him, yet who did not know her father; although he had begun the third part of *Childe Harold*, obsessed by the memory of his daughter:

> Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
> Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?

The child looked curiously at Fletcher, then turned to her mother, 'Who is the gentleman, mamma? Does he bring news from papa? Did he get my miniature and the lock of my hair? When will he come?'

Annabella went to the window. The child must not see her tears.

Fletcher stood silently for a few moments, not knowing how to reply. Then he said quietly, 'Milord has come home, Miss. Yes, indeed, your papa has come home.'

JOINT VENTURE IN COLONIALISM: PORTUGAL AND ITS ALLIES

by William Minter

WHENEVER the subject of Portuguese colonialism is under discussion, the question invariably arises, how is it that Portugal, a small and backward European country, still clings to its empire, years after other colonial powers decided that colonialism was a lost cause? The answers refer variously to the Portuguese visions of grandeur, to the blind intransigence of the authoritarian Portuguese regime, or to the dependence of the Portuguese economy on the African territories. And such factors are important. But to concentrate only on such internal factors would be to miss the most essential characteristic of Portuguese colonialism, namely, that it is a *joint venture* in colonialism, a joint venture with other more powerful countries. And it is this special feature of Portuguese colonialism that clarifies both the reasons for clinging to empire, and the ability to maintain certain control in spite of the colonial wars which have already lasted more than a decade.

Portugal's early empire was not accompanied by the kind of economic development which would enable it to maintain that empire intact, nor even its own economic independence. By 1703, Portugal's own dependence on England was formalised by the Treaty of Methuen, which established terms of exchange between English textiles and Portuguese wines. In spite of limited industrialisation in Portugal, accelerated particularly in the years following World War II, the basic pattern of Portuguese dependence and underdevelopment (in comparison with the rest of Europe) has persisted.

During the 'Scramble for Africa' in the late nineteenth century, Portugal might well have been left with little or no territory in Africa, had not the other colonial powers been confident that they would have economic access to the territory administered by Portugal. And from that time the major enterprises in Angola and Mozambique, Portugal's two largest African territories, were financed and controlled by foreign, non-Portuguese capital. In Angola the Benguela Railway and the Angola Diamond Company are cases in point; in both British (and South African) capital played and still plays the dominant role. Mozambique's economy was soon subordinated to that of the interior South African and Southern Rhodesian economies, through the transit trade and the supply of African workers to the South African mines. Such profitable enterprises as the Sena Sugar Estates were run by British capital.

Onto this basic pattern the Salazarist dictatorship grafted a closer relationship between the African and Portuguese economies, so that African cotton served the Portuguese textile industry, and Portuguese exports found protected markets in the African colonies. And following the Second World War, American and continental European interests increased their

stake in the economy of Portugal and its African colonies through trade and investment. But the pattern remained the same: Portugal holding administrative control, and certain economic interests; Portugal's more developed 'partners' playing the dominant economic role. Thus the pattern followed in most other African countries, of a colonial power relinquishing formal control while hoping to maintain influence by other means such as economic influence and 'aid' of various kinds, was not realistic for the Portuguese-controlled territories.

For Portugal was too weak to adopt such a strategy. Without the Portuguese political and military presence, the other powers involved in the joint venture would have little reason to make use of Portugal, and in the economic competition for influence, Portugal would be severely disadvantaged. And for the other powers to try to force Portugal into such a 'neo-colonial' solution would run the risk of promoting disorder, or a radical African regime, which might endanger the interests of the other powers as well as those of Portugal. As the U.S. Department of State *Background Notes* on the Portuguese territories put it, 'The United States recognises the contribution made in Africa by Portugal and feels it is important that Portugal continue to contribute to stability in that continent'. Thus Portugal is too weak to leave, and gains strength to stay by being indispensable to its western partners, a guarantee of the stability which allows DIAMANG, and the Benguela Railway, and the Sena Sugar Estates, and now the Gulf Oil Company as well to continue their profitable business in Portugal's African territories.

It is with the collaboration of its allies that Portugal has been able to sustain for more than a decade its counter-insurgency effort, first in Angola (since 1961), and then in Guinea Bissau (since 1963) and Mozambique (since 1964). That collaboration has taken the form of direct military support, in supplies and in training of personnel, generally within the context of the N.A.T.O. alliance. Such support has generally been accompanied by the *pro forma* declaration that, of course, the military aid had nothing to do with the African wars, and was not to be interpreted as support for Portugal's colonial policies. The investment by companies such as Gulf Oil Company in the Portuguese colonies has provided additional and equally important support by contributing to the colonial economy and to the budget of the Portuguese colonial administration.

To detail such collaboration would go beyond the bounds of this brief article. Let several examples suffice here. Among the aircraft most prominent in Portugal's colonial air force are the Fiat G-91 fighter-bombers, the Alouette III helicopters and, more recently, the SA-330 Puma helicopters. The G-91 is an Italian design with a British engine, a French undercarriage, and Dutch electronics. They were built in Italy for supply to Greece and Turkey under the U.S. Military Assistance Programme, but actually assigned to the Federal Republic of Germany, and later sold to Portugal. The Alouette III is French-produced, and the SA-330 Puma is a joint British-French project officially approved by N.A.T.O. Without these aircraft, Portugal's counter-insurgency effort would be severely

crippled.

A second example is the recent sale (supposedly of no military relevance) of Boeing transport planes to the Portuguese government, financed by United States Export-Import Bank credits. These planes, it is acknowledged by Portuguese authorities, were purchased in order to facilitate troop transport from Portugal to Africa, and from south to north in Mozambique. Without these planes, most troop transport would be by ship, creating both logistic and morale problems for the Portuguese army.

A final example is the role of Gulf Oil Company in Angola. Having discovered oil off the Angolan enclave of Cabinda, Gulf Oil was producing more than six million metric tons of crude oil annually. Income from this production for the Portuguese administration in Angola amounted to over $61 million in 1972, an amount equivalent to more than half the Angolan military budget for that year. And with the Arab oil boycott just imposed on Portugal, Angolan oil is available to fill the gap, and supply crude oil for Portugal itself, as well as for Mozambique. In 1967 Rebocho Vaz, then Portuguese Governor-General of Angola, noted that 'The machine is the infrastructure of modern war, and machines cannot move without fuel. Hence the valuable support of Angolan oils for our armed forces'. In 1974, with the pressure of the Arab boycott, Angolan oil, produced by Gulf Oil (as well as by other companies which involve French, Belgian, and South African capital) becomes an even more important support for the Portuguese war effort.

For over ten years of war the Portuguese government has been able to frustrate the struggle for independence of the African peoples, being forced to relinquish control over the liberated areas conquered by African guerillas, but refusing to admit defeat, maintaining control over the urban areas, and retaliating against the liberated areas with aerial attacks and commando raids. In this effort it has been sustained by continued and increased foreign investment, and by the military help of its allies. Some of those allies, such as the United States, may have wished to conceal their help, and even occasionally criticise the Portuguese in such public forums as the United Nations. But when it counted, even such shamefaced allies came through by blocking U.N. measures which might result in effective action against Portugal, and by continuing the day-to-day routine co-operation in military and economic matters.

What then of the future? Is the prospect only for more of the same? In general, the answer is probably yes, and the result, only slow, albeit steady progress by the African liberation movements. Nothing basic has yet changed. The Portuguese still need their allies, and are still unwilling to grant independence; and the allies still need the Portuguese, to maintain the stability they want. But there are several trends at work that may change the pattern, although the effects on Portugal's allies may vary from one to the other.

The first trend is fuelled by the increasing successes of the liberation struggle, most particularly in Guinea Bissau and in Mozambique. As Guinea Bissau declares independence, and is recognised by over seventy

states, and as fighting in Mozambique penetrates further south into the strategic area of the transport link to Rhodesia, some of those who have supported the Portuguese are beginning to have second thoughts, and to consider that they may be backing a lost cause. Together with the growth within the western countries of movements calling for solidarity with the African peoples of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea Bassau, this has brought about increasing pressure towards dissociation from Portuguese colonialism and some effort to identify with the demand for independence. This is perhaps most apparent in the recent policies of the social democratic parties of Western Europe (most particularly the ruling S.D.P. in the Federal Republic of Germany, and the Labour Party in Britain). While prefigured by the stance taken by the Scandinavian governments, which have extended aid to the liberation movements, this policy emphasis in major political parties of countries which are among Portugal's major allies is a major new development.

Its importance makes it all the more necessary to evaluate such a shift carefully. While the Federal German government has offered aid to the Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO), it has refused to take the steps necessary to cut off the support given to Portugal, most particularly the German involvement in the Cabora Bassa hydroelectric project in Mozambique, a project whose completion would reinforce Portuguese and South African control in that country. Accordingly, FRELIMO has declined the proffered aid, until the German government decides to dissociate itself in a consistent way from support of Portuguese colonialism.

Even it not consistent, this kind of shift away from identification with Portugal must be seen as a victory for the liberation struggle. Without the progress of the liberation movements in the African countries themselves, and the pressure by independent African states and sympathetic groups in the western countries, even such limited steps could not take place. But their ambiguity must be seen in the light of another major concurrent trend—the continuing expansion of western investment in 'Portuguese' Africa, and the enhancement of the strategic value of Portugal and its colonies.

For Angola in particular has been shown to be a country with huge reserves of mineral wealth, and the threat of the liberation struggle is not yet sufficient to discourage the companies which seek profits and a supply of raw materials. Recent reports speak of major new discoveries in the Gulf Oil concession areas off the coast of Cabinda. Even if these particular reports should prove exaggerated, there is no shortage of large investors willing to put money into finding and developing Angola's mineral wealth, thus supporting the Portuguese government there, and in turn being protected by the military efforts of that government. And the greater the stake a given company, or country, acquires, the greater the incentive to stick with the Portuguese, for fear of losing it.

Confronted with the escalation of the liberation struggle, Portugal's allies have several alternatives: to move to abandon Portugal in the hope of developing a modus vivendi with new African governments, or to

increase support for Portugal in the hope of containing African insurgency, or, perhaps, to develop a combined strategy which, while helping Portugal to combat the liberation movements, encourages Portugal to move towards some form of autonomy for its territories, with African participation, in the hope of establishing amenable governments somewhat more acceptable on the international scene than blatant colonialism.

Portugal's allies may be expected to choose among these alternatives in accord with their different relationships with Portugal, and their internal politics. The Scandinavian countries, and the Netherlands, seem to be willing to move farthest in isolating Portugal, and accepting the legitimacy of the African liberation struggles, although even they are hesitant to break economic ties with Portugal, and make a serious issue within NATO of the support going to Portugal. South Africa has the most obvious direct stake in the survival of Portuguese colonialism, and has already been involved in combat support for Portuguese troops in Mozambique and Angola. The United States, under the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy, has moved to solidify relationships with Portugal, a process intensified by the use of the Azores air base for the U.S. airlift to Israel during the Middle East War. The Azores base agreement comes up for renewal in February, and by the time this article reaches print, there may be news of substantially increased U.S. support for Portugal (although much of the support may not be made public, such as whether the U.S. responds to Portugal's request for technical help to counter the anti-aircraft missiles now becoming available to the African guerillas). But the U.S. is also a major proponent of the theory that Portugal should take further steps towards a neo-colonial solution, and move away, if only slowly, from the most overt signs of colonialism. France, under the present government, shows little signs of abandoning its profitable arms sales to Portugal.

More uncertain, perhaps, is what stance England and the Federal Republic of Germany will take. The public storm over the massacres in Mozambique (which had been going on all along, without the attention of the international press) certainly indicates willingness in some prominent circles in the two countries to take Portugal to task. What that may eventually mean, in terms of the practical politics of relationships with Portuguese colonialism and the African liberation struggles, remains to be seen.

The same could be said of Portugal's other allies. For what the response will be to the intensification of the liberation struggle over the next few years still remains to be seen. There are important decisions to be taken which will affect, one way or another, the further advances of that struggle. Will the Scandinavian countries recognise the independent Republic of Guinea Bissau? To what extent will the South African government risk overextending itself by becoming more involved militarily in Angola and Mozambique? And what will Portugal's major allies—the U.S., the Federal Republic of Germany, France, the United Kingdom—do?

How these questions are answered by future developments will affect the advance of African independence. That the questions can even be

raised, and that there is a possibility of answers which may support the continuing struggle, is due to the day-to-day difficult struggle of the African peoples fighting against Portuguese colonialism, and to the movements that are leading those struggles, in the face of obstacle after obstacle. In Guinea Bissau the P.A.I.G.C. has advanced so far as to declare an independent state, in spite of the assassination of its first leader, Amilcar Cabral. In Angola, the M.P.L.A., faced with intrigues and with the immense logistic problems of a guerilla struggle in the vast expanse of Angola, has kept the struggle going, and stood for revolution that would be national in character. In Mozambique, FRELIMO has moved farther and farther south, striking into the strategic centre of the country. In all three countries, the movements have established areas under their control, and begun to build new nations. And, in all three countries, the people have struggled, and suffered the reprisals of the Portuguese counter-insurgency machine.

More than ten years after the start of the wars, some in the western countries that have been Portugal's partners in this joint venture in colonialism are beginning to realise what is going on. But the wars go on, and Portugal's partners have not yet decided to dissolve the partnership. But the liberation struggle continues to advance. As it does, it will become more clear which of Portugal's economic and military allies can be induced to write off Portuguese colonialism, and which, on the other hand, will become even more closely entangled with Portuguese colonialism, and suffer defeat with its defeat.

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CHINESE LITERATURE OUTSIDE CHINA: TRADITIONAL LITERATURE IN KOREA

by Richard Rutt

CHINESE script is not popular in Korea today. It is still used in newspapers and in most non-fiction of a serious nature, but is regarded as alien, and is acceptable only when it is combined with the native Korean alphabet much as Chinese characters are combined with the Japanese *kana* in ordinary Japanese writing. Ironically, the native Korean alphabet is relatively modern. It was created in the middle of the fifteenth century, and survived only as a convenient method of writing for the unlearned and for women until the coming of western missionaries in the late nineteenth century. The missionaries quickly realised its potential as a propaganda instrument, and the lesson was not lost on the leaders of the modern nationalist movements.

Until this century Chinese was the only acceptable form of writing for self-respecting Koreans. The situation was closely analogous to that in Europe during the early Middle Ages. The vernacular was the spoken language and produced a written folk literature, but for all practical purposes the Korean language was not written down. Koreans wrote classical Chinese, indistinguishable from the written Chinese of China in grammar and syntax as well as in script. Only the pronunciation was different. Chinese loan-words in Korean have retained to this day certain features of the pronunciation of Ancient Chinese, modified by the speech habits of the Koreans, whose own language is from quite different Central Asian stock.

The earliest records of the Korean nation now extant date from the twelfth century AD, though they contain elements from earlier writings. All, as one would expect, are in Chinese. They describe the emergence and establishment of three kingdoms in the Korean peninsula about the time of Christ: Koguryo in the north, Paekche in the south-west and Silla in the south-east. All began as tribal confederations, and all three came to a high state of cultural development as a result of their absorption of Chinese ideas, and especially of Chinese writing. The older native traditions were slowly changed under Chinese influence, but never died entirely. Peasant culture has preserved non-Chinese elements, though often under a Sinified veneer, while even in the formal arts of the aristocracy native Korean qualities can be distinguished. The Korean qualities are generally identifiable as a certain robustness and spontaneity, an attractive simplicity of outlook that belongs to a predominantly rural people, and a deep attachment to the Korean countryside.

Without the infusion of Chinese culture the tribes of Korea might never have advanced so much further than the other peoples of north-east Asia, but in the event Korea produced a highly sophisticated way of life, quite distinct from the life of China or Japan, and an intense sense of identity as a

nation. The three kingdoms of the peninsula were finally united (significantly, it was done with Chinese help) in the middle of the seventh century. The Koreans have been theoretically China's vassals for most of the time since then. Vassalage made little difference to them, because China rarely interfered with Korean internal affairs and always regarded Korea as her most important neighbour.

Korea's administration was progressively Sinified, and that process involved literary skills. Poetry remained a basic skill for administrators in Korea for longer than it did in China. The tail-end of the tradition can still be felt in Korea today, where poets are widely respected and leaders are expected on occasion to produce ceremonial compositions. The earliest Korean poet to have left a substantial corpus of poems is the tenth-century writer Ch'oe Ch'iwon. He went to the T'ang court at the age of twelve and remained there until his late twenties, winning himself a reputation as a writer and official before he returned to Korea. His writings reflect the qualities of the decadent period in which he lived, intricate in style and allusion, deliberately striving for easily recognised effects. This poem about the tide was written before he left China:

Showered snow and scattered frost, ten million times repeated,
Waxing and waning with the moon, for ever in the same path —
I see you all day long, devoted in your faithfulness,
And regret the scurrying hours wasted by my idleness.
Your noisy battle with the cliffs reverberates like thunder,
Your toppling cloudy crests reflect a mystic world.
I think of Tsung Ch'üeh and his wish to ride the wind,
Of the power of creation, like a sleeping dragon.

But a quatrain written after his return and retirement to live in the Kaya Hills of south Korea, deft though it is, reflects more spontaneity and Koreanness:

Crazily piled-up rocks re-echo the roar of the peaks;
A man's words are hard to distinguish, though he speaks close at hand.
It must be to prevent sounds of strife from reaching the ear
That the boom of rushing waters is thus made to fill the hills.

Those hills still have the same deafening noise of countless cascading streams that is surprising in such desolate places.

Two centuries or so later, Korean poetry reached what many native scholars regard as its apogee. From the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries the country was politically and often militarily distressed, but even decades of plunder by roving Mongols did not quench the cultural vitality of the Koryo dynasty (whose name has provided the modern western name for the country). The culture of Sung China gave much of the inspiration for the extravagances of the court at Songdo, and trade with Sung helped to support them. The peerless celadon wares of the period are its best known artefacts, but architecture and painting—of which all too little remains after the series of devastating wars which has plagued Korea since—and above all literature, flourished and developed as they had never done before.

The Koryo poets knew the work of the great T'ang writers, and were deeply affected by T'ao Ch'ien (whose hold over the minds of Korean writers never weakened), but Su Tung-p'o quickly became as important as

Li Po and Tu Fu in the literary lineage of Korean writers. They had discovered that Po Chü-i was in many ways the most congenial of T'ang poets, and it was easy to find in Po Chü-i and Su Tung-p'o models on which the Korean could base the development of his own natural strengths. It is unfair to claim, as many writers have done, that the Koryo poets merely imitated these eminent Chinese. That impression could easily be gained from the formal anthologies compiled under royal auspices during the fifteenth century, when aping the taste of Ming was orthodox fashion in Korea; but any reading of the critical essays of the Koryo poets, or wider examination of their output, shows that they were consciously fostering a national style and a national concern.

In no one is this more obvious than in Yi Kyubo (1168-1241). Temperamentally he felt much in tune with Li Po, but he knew he was closer to Po Chü-i in his social and intellectual bent. Like Po Chü-i, he was subject to compulsive versification, and wrote poems when he was seventy-four years old, and blind, a few days before his death. He wrote several poems on Korean historical subjects, whose prefaces show that they were intended as patriotic exercises; and his drawing of subject-matter from the traditions of northern Koguryo as well as southern Silla provides an interesting sidelight on the welding of the three old kingdoms into one nation.

The two-thousand-odd poems in his collected works contain many occasional pieces and a number of displays of technical virtuosity with rhymes. The anthologists admired such things as:

> In a thin robe I doze on my mat by the breezy lattice,
> When my dreams are shattered by a couple of orioles calling.
> Among the thickening leaves a few fading blossoms have outstayed the spring,
> And sunlight filters through the clouds, shining in the rain.

They avoided such pleasantries as this verse teasing a friend who was discovered attempting to mend his own trousers:

> So you trod on your snow-white silk breeches and tore them!
> Behind whose curtains were you sporting with Wen-chün?
> Now, careful lad, with industrious haste, you ply needle and thread
> To hie off again to the secret rain-clouds of Wu-shan?

The joke is in the Chinese references to the amorous girl Wen-chün, and the 'rain and clouds of Wu-shan' as a euphemism for sexual congress.

In the last year of his life he returned to the subject of his youthful dalliance in a poem which was a preparation for death:

> I am now seventy-four
> And have long since stopped games in bed,
> So why in a dream
> Have I been frolicking with a pretty girl?
> Her hair tumbled down in raven clouds,
> Her eyes gleamed like autumn streams.
> Did I tease her only in my mind?

Then, after describing the dream in further detail, he brings his buddhist reading to his consolation, recalling a phrase in the Surangama sutra:

> The world is a flickering thought,

All things a dreaming sleep;
Ananda's harlot was a dream,
And who could make her stay?
Escaping from the bounds of illusion
Will be like waking from a nap,
Or a dream within a dream,
For I doubt what is real, what false.
Do not say this is what I believe:
Perhaps life does differ from death.

Yi Kyubo's poems, like those of so many Chinese, are the flesh that covers the chronological bones of the official biography. He travelled constantly and wrote his notes in verse. In 1196 he spent a night at a temple in central Korea.

After supper in the monastery I drank tea for a while.
Already the reddening sun had slipped westward over the hills.
I sat and called the tame cranes up the rocky stairway,
Lounged and listened to the guardian geese outside the gate.
The path ran north and south between the shadowy willows;
Houses — two or three — stood beyond the trickling brook.
Suddenly I thought of this verse and wrote it on the wall,
Then sent a message to the monks, not to paste anything over it.

More interesting to historians are poems like this one written at a village called Kun'gok, while Yi Kyubo was travelling from Yoju to Sangju and stopped there one midsummer night to look at the fields he owned in the district.

As I entered the serried hills, at first I lost my way,
But the villagers came over the pass to meet me.
There they stood, labouring yokels, bowing in a row like monkeys,
Jabbering away in what sounded like South Sea savages' language.
The head of the tenant household with tousled greying hair,
Greeted me effusively with fowls and millet;
A whiskered slave grabbed a crock and ran to draw well-water,
A scrawny hag rinsed a mortar, then busily wielded her pestle;
Three-foot-high mountain jars gleamed smooth and bulbous,
The wine smelled good in the flare of the pine-branch torches.
Down in the yard the busy folk bent over like jade chimes,
While up on the verandah I relaxed with my hat off.
Replete with wine, I soon lay down and snored;
But the grooms were feeding the horses, for the sky had already lightened.

Other writers of the period have often been more highly esteemed than Yi Kyubo (though he was immensely respected by his contemporaries). Modern criticism tends to grant the highest praise to Yi Chehyon (1287-1367). He spent much time in Yüan China and is credited with being the only Korean poet who composed much in the *tz'u* form. He has transcendant qualities of style which belong to that part of poetry which most defies translation. One quatrain has been selected by a modern Korean critic as an example of Yi Chehyon's best work:

The paper quilt grows cold, Buddha's lamp burns dim;
That novice has not struck the bell tonight.
The guest will be grumpy when he opens the door at dawn
And sees the snow-bent pine before his cell.

Mountain monasteries often stirred the Korean to verse. He had read similar verse from China, but he probably did not know what Chinese scenery was

like, and when he read Chinese poems he envisaged their contents in terms of Korean mountains, buildings, dress, and trees. To the westerner who is familiar with neither China nor Korea the distinctive atmospheres of the two countries are difficult to distinguish, yet a typical Koryo poem by Chin Hwa (c.1200) in spite of its conventional Chinese material, describes a recognisably Korean place and emotion:

Last night a wild plum put forth one spray of blossom,
But these old mountain monks are too simple-minded to pluck it.
My companion, young and romantic,
Runs over to investigate the cold flowers closely.
How sad there are no immortals with paired jade flutes
To play, to dispel the melancholy of mortal partings!
We came to these hills three days ago, but still have not climbed the peak,
Because the freezing spring winds prevented us.
Tomorrow I must mount my horse and return to city cares.
Who will then enjoy the moonlight on the window-screen before this lodging?

The Koryo dynasty was superseded at the end of the fourteenth century by the Yi. Koryo had been a time when buddhism inspired the national culture and confucianism gave it an intellectual stimulus. The Yi did their best to eradicate buddhism. They were unsuccessful, partly because some Yi kings were recidivist and favoured buddhism, partly because the women of the country, deprived of religious outlet by the masculine emphases of confucianism, maintained the strength of devotional buddhism. Nevertheless, confucianism pervaded education and public morals and administration. Therefore it gave a new direction to the quality of learning and literature—two aspects of life that cannot be satisfactorily separated in pre-modern East Asian culture. Intellectual history in Korea matches the intellectual history of China from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, as is exemplified in the Korean development of early Ming studies in linguistics and the eighteenth-century concern for 'empirical research' which grew out of the *k'aocheng* methods of Ch'ing scholars. The Koreans, however, progressed independently of the Chinese: the philosophy of Yi Hwang, the phonetics of King Sejong, and the whole elaborate movement in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries now called *sirhak* (practical learning) were peculiarly Korean growths.

Chinese poetry—unless we have still much to discover—had achieved so much by the end of Sung that Ming and Ch'ing had nothing much left to do. The Koreans turned back to the T'ang as their models and every man of note left a volume of verses. Poetry was written on every imaginable occasion, and a large corpus of interesting poetry criticism accumulated. The distinctively Korean quality of the tradition was partly obscured by obligatory deference to the superior Middle Kingdom, but both prose and verse maintained the national quality. Poems by the gifted group of five brothers Kim in the late seventeenth century show the sense of their agricultural roots that marked Korean aristocracy at its best.

Kim Ch'anghup, at the age of sixteen, wrote in conventionally world-weary but honestly adolescent mood, one morning in 1670:

I rose at dawn to sit here in the thatched arbour.
A slender moon shows white through the window,

The Milky Way throws subtle shadows;
Now and then the cocks of the village crow.
I look around, but no one stirs —
Only a spider that clings to the wall.
White dew brought moisture in the night,
And the autumn hills look newly washed.
This life at home achieves nothing;
I just gaze the lonely days away,
Shuffling about in straw sandals,
Made more melancholy by my thoughts.

His elder brother Ch'anghyop was probably older when he visited a mountain hamlet:

As I get off my horse to ask who lives here,
Women come out to see who I am,
And soon I am sitting under their reed-thatch
While they start preparing a meal for me.
'Where is the master of the house?' I ask.
'He went up the mountain this morning to plough.
Tilling the fields is slow, hard work;
He does not come back till twilight time.'
Looking around, I find no other house in sight:
The barnyard is the mountainside.
Fierce tigers roam in these woods,
One dare not linger to pick a bowlful of beans.
'What a lonely place this is! What makes you stay
Up here in these rocky valleys?'
'Oh, it is pleasant lower down:
We'd live there, but for the grasping magistrates.'

Another of these distinguished brothers, Kim Ch'angop, wrote a racy diary of his journey to Peking with the embassy that went to congratulate the K'ang-hsi emperor in the winter of 1712. He delightedly recorded the praise that Chinese gentlemen gave to the verses he wrote for them. Chinese connoisseurs collected Korean printed books because of their superb production, but they also not infrequently lauded Korean writings and occasionally favoured Korean books with honorific prefaces. The Japanese, too, held Korean writings in great respect. Korean ambassadors to Japan were besieged with requests for verses and specimens of calligraphy. In 1377 the dynastic martyr Chong Mongju stayed several months in Japan and while he was there wrote a comment in regulated verse:

Towns have flourished for a thousand years in these sea-isles,
Where I arrived by boat and have stayed long, touring.
Mountain monks greet me and always ask for verses,
Local lords welcome me with gifts of wine —
How happy that relations should be so pleasant
As we rival each other in showing good will.
Who says there is no pleasure in foreign parts,
When daily I go by chair to see the early plum-blossom?

A later embassy to Japan, in 1719-20, took Sin Yuhan as secretary. He was fascinated by the sexual mores of the Japanese and included in his accounts of the journey a long series of verses about the courtesans, professing to despise and disapprove. His attitude to the catamites was even sterner, and he wrote scornful verses on the customs of the samurai, including:

Gilded bath-house, damask sedan chair —
The nobleman lives in imperial splendour;
He comes home at sunset, tipsy, ready for love,
And the snow-white boy has his hair freshly combed.

He preened himself on the way the boys were used as messengers:

The Korean envoy has come down from the skies,
Strangely robed and capped, like an immortal being.
Take the painted fan from your breast, my boy,
Kneel before his cushion and beg for a poem.

Sin Yuhan comments on his own verse that it 'illustrates how the Japanese regard our envoys as though they were immortal spirits, and the men tell their boys to ask for poems, which they then brag about.'

It would be easy to make a long catalogue of Japanese pestering Korean visitors for Chinese verses. It might be a little more difficult to establish to what degree the Japanese taste for Korean poetry depended on the Koreanness of the writing. Japanese taste has often built on Korean work—not least in the elaborate cult of the tea-bowl, which has its *fons et origo* in Korean folk pottery.

Two other aspects of Yi dynasty *hanmun* poetry have an interest of their own. One is that there was a constant tradition of women poets, a tiny elite of women who learned enough Chinese to write competent verse. In the sixteenth century, Yi Okpong wrote:

The night-light glows through its crimson silk shade;
I wake from a dream and find the bed half-empty.
The parrot complains, cold in his pretty cage;
Wu-t'ung leaves cover the steps, blown there by the autumn wind.

The nineteenth-century girl, Kumwon, wrote a travelogue studded with verses, one of which describes the moon rising over the East Sea.

The blue-black heavens lighten at the edge
And all creation wakes anew.
My boy has gone to make tea,
Drawing clear water where moonlight drips through the pines.

The other minor strain in Yi dynasty literature is the buddhist one. There is not much of it, but what there is is valuable. Perhaps the greatest of buddhist writers before this century was Sosan, who played a national role during the Japanese invasions in the last decade of the sixteenth century. He is now internationally regarded as a great exponent of the *dhyana* ('zen') school, and one of his best known poems describes the occasion of his enlightenment:

The hair turns white, but not the mind —
The ancients let that secret out.
Now I have heard that cock crow,
I have achieved all that man can do.

Hanmun literature was more than poetry: it covered the whole range that Chinese literature covered, including historiography and fiction. Little of it

has been studied by non-Koreans, except by a handful of Japanese scholars. Koreans themselves tend to regard *hanmun* as an adjunct of historical studies or of the study of the vernacular literature. Yet in view of the small size of the nation before recent times, its volume is remarkably large. It promises to be worth reading for its own sake, but also for the light it throws on the ability of the Chinese written language to express and to mould cultures that were essentially non-Chinese and were never absorbed by the Chinese. One of Korea's own nicknames for herself was Sohwa, 'the lesser flower', comparing her own culture with the brilliance of Chung-hua, 'the central flower' of China. A flower, however small, does not imitate another: they have a more complex and organic relationship. So it was with Korea and China.

[Richard Rutt, until recently Bishop of Taejon, Korea, has been appointed Bishop of St. Germans.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

The Hound of the Baskervilles: *The Sign of Four*: *A Study in Scarlet*: *The Valley of Fear*: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: John Murray & Jonathan Cape £1.95 each.

The Complete Short Stories of L. P. Hartley with an introduction by Lord David Cecil: Hamish Hamilton £3.50.

The Cashew-Nut Girl and other Stories of India: Bryn Gunnell: Paul Elek £2.50.

Wonderful Fool: Shusaku Endo: Peter Owen £3.25.

People Will Always Be Kind: Wilfred Sheed: Weidenfeld and Nicolson £2.75.

The Dice of War: Andrea Giovene: Collins £2.50.

The Darkness of the Body: David Plant: Jonathan Cape £2.25.

The Death of Attila: Cecelia Holland: Hodder and Stoughton £2.50.

The slip back into the fantasy world of Sherlock Holmes might seem a pleasant pastime for a rainy afternoon, until a nagging uncertainty disturbs the general euphoria. What actually is the basic quality of the four world-famous novels, *The Sign of Four, A Study in Scarlet, The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The Valley of Fear,* and would they achieve a similar popularity today? Possibly the seed of doubt is sown by the introduction of new prefaces by John Fowles, Len Deighton, Hugh Greene and Graham Greene; although with the exception of John Fowles these writers do not seriously attempt to reassess the stories as detection novels in their own right.

Preliminary research reveals that crime writing was only a part of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's diversified professional activity; which was divided between the practice of medicine, army service, psychic research and writing historical fiction. Thus, the first Holmes novel, *A Study in Scarlet* (1890), is seen to be little more than a casual enterprise and was sold outright to the proprietors of Beeton's Magazine for £25. Conan Doyle had based the personality of the detective on first-hand observation. His instructor in the medical school was the famous Dr. Joseph Bell, whose instant diagnosis of the ailments, occupations and disposition of his patients was a byword. He had an eagle nose, sharp, piercing eyes and striking features. Despite these similarities it must be acknowledged that the familiar and lasting image of Sherlock Holmes is mainly attributable to one of the illustrators, Sidney Paget.

In the first novel, Holmes emerges as an insufferable character. An avowed drug addict, he castigates the uncomplaining Dr. Watson, and his smug air of superiority when scoring points off the dunderheaded police officers is hardly offset by occasional bouts of good humour. Moreover, the narrative of the early novels often moves clumsily and in *The Sign of Four* and the *Valley of Fear* massive 'throw-backs' to other continents and periods destroy the continuity and tension. This constructional fault had largely been overcome in the *Hound of the Baskervilles* (published in 1902): although the absence of a now mellowed Holmes from so many of the main scenes and

situations—many of which seem curiously contrived and melodramatic—is a grave disadvantage and does little to explain the cult of the world's most famous fictional detective.

What emerges most importantly in a re-appraisal of these four novels is their unintentional significance as social documents. The gang of bare-foot urchins who undertake detective work for Holmes in riverside hide-outs, the worthy 'copper' who readily accepts a bribe, the unregistered immigrants who roam the streets conducting their own brand of internecine warfare—all this and more may cause the citizen of the Welfare State to rub his eyes in wonder.

The fact is that the early novels presented little more than a caricature of Holmes who really fulfilled his destiny in the hundreds of short stories which appeared in a steady stream over several decades. Conan Doyle's particular talent was best displayed in a short, concentrated form and a suggestion that many authors today, despite diminishing opportunities, excel within the discipline of the short story is borne out by two widely different Collections which appear in the early spring lists. Both include stories originally published in *Contemporary Review*. The Complete Short Stories of the late L. P. Hartley, with an introduction by Lord David Cecil, runs to nearly eight hundred pages and includes the celebrated early story, *Simonetta Perkins,* first published in 1925, in addition to the full contents of four previous 'Collections'. L. P. Hartley is regarded as being one of the century's leading novelists but if he had written only short stories his fame would have been equally assured. The stories—early and late—flow into one another with a curiously traumatic rhythm, displaying various aspects of his ability to probe, as Lord David puts it, 'with an insight into the process of the conscience so sharp as to be painful'. Whether it is an early story, such as the spine-chilling almost mystical *The Killing Bottle* or a humorous later vignette like *Mr. Blandfoot's Picture,* the same qualities of meticulous observation blended with perception in depth of human foibles and inconsistencies are apparent, while for wit and characterisation the title story of the latest Collection, *Mrs. Carteret Receives,* must rank as a masterpiece by any standards. Keeping himself well in the background like a more urbane and lovable Somerset Maugham, the narrator records his visits over the years to the formidable Carterets in their ostentatious Venice residence. In the end, World War II catches up with them. The couple move away, die, the house falls into other hands—and little tangible evidence is left of their anachronistic reign. One could wish there were more of it—yet everything necessary has been said about the Carterets and their entourage in the compass of twenty printed pages.

By contrast, Bryn Gunnell's vignettes are slight and categorical. All are about India. Sometimes they concern white people, as in *The Principal,* a study of a former Indian resident who lies dying, companioned only by his memories of India and an uncongenial landlady; but the heart of the Collection is undoubtedly the studies of Indians in their own land.

These stories owe much of their attraction to a background which is itself of special interest. A novel in this category is *Wonderful Fool* by Shusaku Endo, a successful Japanese Roman Catholic writer, whose novels are now being translated into English by Francis Mathy, S.J., and which have attracted the attention of such important English critics as Francis King and Graham Greene. *Wonderful Fool* fits readily into the pattern of humour, drama and a heavily underlined allegory which is characteristic of the other novels. The 'wonderful fool' of the title, Gaston Bonaparte, is at first view little more

than a well-intentioned oaf. On arriving unexpectedly in Japan, he is welcomed by a former penfriend, Takamori, and Tomoe, Takamori's sister, whom he embarrasses by publicly brandishing a Japanese loin-cloth in place of a table-napkin! Yet gradually Gaston's sheer warmth and tolerance impresses Takamori to the point of reverence although Tomoe is unable to accept the young visitor's apparent innocence. In a spirit rather reminiscent of the *Passing of the Third Floor Back*, Gaston rejects Takamori's modest home as being 'too comfortable' and sets forth to explore the Tokyo underworld on the assumption that no human being is too debased or corrupt to command his sympathy and trust. His 'progress' through Tokyo's notorious slum district reveals poverty and degradation to a degree rendered all the more shocking by its proximity to the glossy sheen of twentieth century prosperity. Prostitutes ply for custom outside their noisome 'inns', families, who pay their rent by the day, crowd into unsavoury hovels while beggars and vagrants search the dust-bins for food. Eventually, Gaston's policy of non-resistance lands him in the grip of a criminal planning a revenge killing. Regrettably, we lose touch, in the dark shadow of American-style gangsterism, with the more subtle message. Just in time, the purpose of the novel re-emerges. Gaston reaches the goal of his pilgrimage, the dreaded 'mud-swamps' on the outskirts of Tokyo. In these dangerous noisome ponds, the origin of many Japanese legends and fables, he dies, his mission unaccomplished, mourned by no one except Takamori and Tomoe, who, while examining his meagre belongings, come upon evidence that he had wished to become a priest in order to take up missionary work in Japan.

If a positive moral stand must be seen to be adopted by an individual, before any tangible benefit may be achieved for mankind, it would seem that politics provide the handiest opportunity. Such conviction, however, is unlikely to be found in the political jungle of the Western nations and in the U.S.A. in particular. Although the first half of Wilfred Sheed's new novel, *People Will Always be Kind* suggests that physical suffering is the germination ground for idealism, this turns out in Part II not to be the case. The central character, a Roman Catholic Irish-American named Brian Casey, is a Senator and in the running for the Presidency, and is portrayed as incorrigibly tough and phoney, knowing every trick in the electoral book. Wilfred Sheed is an English writer living and working permanently in the U.S.A. and he thoroughly understands the election circuses of his adopted country. If this were all, it would just be another rendering of a familiar theme. But it is in Part I that the reader must linger for some genuine evidence of involvement. The time is 1940. Young Brian Casey is struck down by polio at a time when few cures or vaccines had been discovered. Brian is not and never could have been a likeable youth, obsessed as he is by a grubby sexuality, swearing obscenely at the slightest provocation and chastising his distracted parents; yet he had a right to expect to grow up free of physical handicap. In a mood of desperation and disbelief any and every kind of treatment is tried—from physiotherapy to a quack who applies leeches; and when all have failed he determines to effect a recovery by sheer willpower. This he achieves sufficiently to get out of the wheelchair and through College on crutches.

Unfortunately, the severance of the novel into two virtually disconnected parts results in a rather broken-backed effect. The device of narrating the whole of Part II through the mouthpiece of a young P.R.O. who comes to know Brian only in his maturity, means that insufficient information is given about the Senator's transition from the indomitable cripple to the doughty

political campaigner and too many questions about his personal life remain unanswered. What remains long in the mind is the fearless, often unbearably realistic account of the first stages of the onset of poliomyelitis

If it could be argued that physical suffering exalts the human spirit, the little publicised Italian intervention in World War II should provide a good stamping ground. *In the Dice of War* (translated by Bernard Wall) that infinitely sensitive artist and man of letters, Guiliano Sansevero, central character of the *Book of Guiliano Sansevero* and the *Dilemma of Love,* is now seen serving with his country's ill-fated army. With the last vestiges of his ivory tower existence swept away, he sees service first in France, then Greece and after the debacle there is shifted to a prisoner of war camp in Poland, buoyed up throughout this gruelling experience by the German promise of eventual repatriation. Finally, with the Allied victory making nonsense of such undertakings, he takes to the road, and somehow, despite privation and hazard, makes his way across war-torn Europe to his native land; dazed yet toughened by his experience. What he makes of life in post-war Italy will no doubt be revealed in a fourth novel in the series.

But for the moment the reader, indoctrinated by countless war films and TV scripts, is left wondering how much it matters that Sansevero in particular is displayed as the victim of so much bestiality and persecution—in other words, too little of the individuality of the dedicated scholar and litterateur comes through in *The Dice of War.* Once again, it is the old problem of maintaining growth and establishment of character in a mainly documentary novel.

Inevitably, the writer who wishes to explore the subtleties of human relationships will eschew the plot or theme liable to overweight and obscure his objective. For his fourth novel David Plante has chosen a simple situation and developed it without an identifiable background—the casual meeting of a young man, Valerian, with a married couple, Marian and Jonathan, on a cruise. At first, the precise nature of the attraction between the three of them is hard to define. Valerian's feeling for Jonathan appears to be homosexual although he soon switches interest to Marion. She is frequently referred to as being 'ill' presumably mentally, though nonetheless attractive to Valerian, possibly because she so consistently rebuffs him. In the end Jonathan realises that Valerian loves his wife and unobtrusively takes off, apparently leaving behind him no unfulfilled commitments or responsibilities. Thus the way is clear for a complete surrender by Marion and Valerian to the claims of passion.

It would be too easy to dismiss this low-key approach to the eternal triangle on the grounds that much of the novel does not make for ordinary commonsense. Yet the overall effect of *The Darkness of the Body* is compulsive and the reader learns to relinquish the requirement of credibility in exchange for the interest of exploring the subtle implications of personal magnetism. David Plante has evolved a technique of ruthless economy coupled with a paucity of linking narrative which enables him to switch time and place often within a single paragraph. The stage is thus left uncluttered for his fresh interpretation of familiar events and states of mind.

> She saw, watching him eat, that he didn't know the forkful of food he was lifting to his mouth had anything to do with him, as if there were even a distance between himself and those functions that kept him alive, a great circular distance which nothing could penetrate. When he drank wine, some spilled over the rim and ran down from the side of his mouth.

When Valerian and Marion are stranded after a car breakdown and decide to spend the night together at an hotel Marion's reactions are as explicit as Thomas Hardy might have presented them.

> There were two beds in the hotel room. She kicked off her sandals and lay on one. In the middle of a ceiling was a dull light bulb that projected beedles of light; the rest of the room was in darkness. Valerian by his bed was undressing. She could not see him clearly, but his torso emerged, pale in the dimness, and she imagined that she could smell an odour from it that had become familiar to her; a muskiness, a smell as of some pungent crushed plant. She tried to breathe it in. He stepped around his bed, passed her, and swept to the window to open the shutters.

This cogent paragraph suggests that to claim for David Plante some kind of extrasensory perception about the emotions is not really helpful to his future as a writer. He has sufficient genuine talent to make these pretentions unnecessary.

And finally a historical novel, *The Death of Attilla.* The author, Cecelia Holland, is a young American writer who specialises in the tenth to the thirteenth centuries. In this, her seventh novel, she has turned to an earlier period, the progress across Europe of the Goths and Huns at the time of the collapse of the Roman Empire. Cecelia Holland possesses the rare gift of penetrating the mists of time and ensuring that her characters come alive. She does all that anyone could do for men and women whose monotonous lives make for gloom rather than intrigue and excitement. This is mainly a story of conflict between the indigenous tribes and the Romans who, despite depleted numbers and the brutishness of those around them, continue to live a formal, opulent life.

Unavoidably, the historical and geographical background remain tantalisingly vague and for this reason it must be admitted that *The Death of Attilla* does not afford quite the same satisfacion as Cecelia Holland's earlier novels.

Also Received

Tea at Gunter's, Pamela Haynes (Heinemann £2.25). A first novel, warmhearted and witty, describing the adolescence and young womanhood of a pleasantly extrovert girl brought up in a small North Yorkshire town. The progressive 'food-reform' mother is a genuine creation and the burden of an uncongenial family is described in cheerful, unassuming style. Unfortunately, despite a welcome freshness of approach, the basic matter is just too ordinary to maintain interest and the more cynical and savage finale seems out of key.
The Girl With Red Hair, Giles Gordon (Wildwood House paperback £1—Hutchinson hardback £2.50). Sheer brilliance of technique, in which unusual angles and bizarre thought-streams jostle with the paraphernalia of an ordinary crime story contrive to make this new-style thriller a test for the ordinary detection addict. Alas, for all its glossy trappings it is too obscure; who the people are, who was murdered and for what reason remains an unsolved mystery as profound as the crime itself.
The Head of Kay's, P. G. Wodehouse (Souvenir Press £1.80). One of the most successful of P. G. Wodehouse's school stories, written before such famous characters as Jeeves and Psmith became household words, makes a welcome reappearance. This is a straightforward and very entertaining story of a courageous attempt to rid a school 'house' of general disorder and corruption. There are many subtle and even profound truths well leavened with fun, as to

the difficulty of reforming a belligerent and obstructive member of the community.

Do With Me What You Will Joyce Carol Oates (Gollancz £2.90). A splendidly sprawling and comprehensive novel by a young American who has recently enjoyed a considerable success with her last novel, *Wonderland.* The stories, separately recounted, of Jack and Elena as children until their fortuitous meeting and love affair, are rich in incident and background. Joyce Carol Oates has the ability to convey even the smallest happening in terms of a compelling immediacy and to keep the emotional temperature well above average.

NON-FICTION

WHOSE RED HANDS?

The Hand is Red. John Biggs-Davison, M.P. Johnson £2.50.

Whether the Red Hand is merely the traditional symbol of Ulster or a more sinister one alleged to be behind the current troubles is not altogether clear from this latest addition to the proliferation of well intentioned literature on the newly discovered Irish problem. It would be uncharitable to ask where all these writers and politicians were in 1965 and 1967 when some of us repeatedly warned the nation of what has now by dint of inaction become a bloodier mess than even we envisaged.

But the author has his credentials as a likeable Romantic Imperialist who is one of the few links with an honourable conservative tradition. The cover describes him as 'The Catholic Conservative and Unionist grandson of a Protestant Liberal Home Ruler from County Down'. The psychological complexities of this genial man who is able to find pretext after pretext for those who oppressed his co-religionists for 50 years may be found in the demonology of what he calls 'the militant godless' among whom he seems to include the dissenter Tone and the Catholic Pearse because of their commitment to the separatist ideal of an Irish nation free from religious division.

'The manipulation of separatist myths are hardly perennial, and we are even more familiar today with the revolutionary gambit of standing Christianity on its head' he writes. This is a curious comment from one who would no doubt comprehend 'separatism' in Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Hungary of Czechoslovakia, but is blind to the force of national identity in Africa, the Basque country or Ireland. It is the right wing mirror image of the naive new left in America which looks at every struggle in the terms of U.S.A.'s interests and backs the opposite. Thus they oversimplify and stand on their heads, conflicts that pre-dated the very existence of the U.S.A., let alone the U.S.S.R.

For Mr. Biggs-Davison Northern Ireland is part of a 'third world war waged by indirect and subversive methods' and yet he admits that 'the statelet in the North was born in blood' and 'more Catholics than Protestants died in those birth pangs'.

The other more plausible thread in Mr. Davidson's summary of Ulster's past is the difference between Ulster on the one hand and Connaught, Munster and Leinster on the other. In recognising that the combination of Catholic peasantry with Scotch Irish gives Ulster an appearance that is neither English nor wholly Irish, he makes a point that many Irish Nationalists have failed to grasp.

Curiously, the tradition of almost anarchic violence typified by the 'peep-o'-day boys' and the 'defenders' as far back as 1780 has its counterpart in the U.D.A. and I.R.A. This gives the lie to any suggestion that the current struggle is anything more than the product of a complex historical tangle—of national identity and economic neglect.

His justification of Northern Ireland's virtual annexation of Fermanagh and Tyrone and his ignoring the fact that historic Ulster comprised nine counties of which only a minority were Unionists, is in keeping with the admission at the outset that his main sources were the Conservative Central Office and Unionist headquarters.

He cannot compete in scholarship or knowledge and the absence of a bibliography or references betrays the fact that this is a pamphlet—polemical but never strident—rather than a serious attempt at history. It dismisses in an odd page subjects which have produced books like Pakenham's 'Year of Liberty' or Stewart's 'Ulster Crisis' while devoting a tiny paragraph to the Fenians or that giant of 19th century Irish history Michael Davitt. It is a worm's eye view which may assist us in understanding the reflexes of the men on the Shankill Road. It also contains some remarkably irrelevant appendices covering a Private Member's Bill moved by the author and some excerpts from his latter day contribution to debates.

Nonetheless, the book is curiously readable and written without bitterness as if the author is naively groping for some roots on which to graft his own philosophy and identity. Miss Devlin, as she then was, in a characteristic hyperbole stated during her maiden speech that the Englishman has never yet been born who can understand Ireland. It is a pity that this book will add credence to that chauvinist myth. It will, however, help the reader to understand traditional Ulster Unionism and their love-hate relationship with their neighbours in Britain and Ireland.

PAUL ROSE, M.P.

BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS

Byron's Letters and Journals, Edited by Leslie A. Marchand

Vol. 1. In My Hot Youth 1798-1810

Vol. 2. Famous in My Time 1810-1812

£4.75 each. Murray.

The publication of two volumes of Mr. Marchand's edition of all Byron's known letters supersedes Prothero's incomplete edition at the turn of the century, more than 80% of which will have been transcribed from the original manuscripts. The Prothero collection includes a number of bowdlerised epistles. The two volumes show that Byron, as Mr. Marchand says, 'in the end must be his own Boswell (the Boswell of the journals) in exposing the many facets of an engaging egoist, a romantic with a balance of common sense which brings him back to earth and to an honest recognition of his own frailties and limitations'.

From the first he was a direct spontaneous writer. He is quoted as saying: 'I generally say what comes uppermost at the moment'. He writes to his cousin George from his preparatory school at Dulwich, 'I suppose you have heard that I am going to leave this damned place at Easter and am going to Harrow, a public school with 250 boys in it'. Within months he wrote his first juvenile poems, distinctive from but matching his fluency in the prose medium. Poetry he conceived to be self-expression, always with the spontaneous flow of thought and emotion, a liberation of the inner feeling. 'I can never recast

anything,' he said when Murray and others recommended revision of some of his offending lines. He said, 'I am like the tiger—if I miss the first spring—I go growling back to my jungle again. But if I *do* hit, it is crushing.' He knew how powerful the conviction grew as his poetic genius developed. When he first conceived *Don Juan* he thought of it as a 'giggle and make giggle' but later he changed his plan and tone and wrote to Murray, 'Don Juan will be known by and by for what it is intended—a satire on abuses of the present State of Society—and not an eulogy of vice. It may be now and then voluptuous—I can't help that—Ariosto—Smollett and Fielding are no better. The poem will please if it is lively—if it is stupid it will fail—but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing.'

Byron's epistolary prose sprung effortlessly from his eager pen. He was reasonably tolerant in the case of the writings of most of his contemporaries, but violent on occasion, as in his onslaught on the posthumous publication of the Letters of Anna Seward, the 'Swan of Lichfield': 'here is Miss Seward with six tomes of the most disgusting trash, sailing over Styx with a foolscap as a periwig as complacent as can be. Of all Bitches, dead or alive, a scribbling woman is the most canine. Scott is her editor, I suppose because she lauds him in every page.' In a letter of December 6th, 1811, to William Harness he gave one of his periodical swipes at Southey: 'you read, don't you? I should think X plus Y at least as amusing as the *Curse of Kehama* and much more intelligible and Master Southey's poems are in fact what parallel lines *might* be, viz, prolonged ad infinitum without ever meeting anything half so absurd as themselves.'—and he ended with a general reference to 'Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lloyd and Lamb, all damned though yet alive'.

Regarding the occasions when Byron addressed the House of Lords he was agreeably self satisfied: 'I have had many marvellous eulogies recited to me in person and since by proxy from diverse persons *ministerial, yea ministerial*! as well as oppositionists . . . as to my delivery, loud and fluent enough, perhaps a little theatrical'.

When he was asked by Lord Holland to write a prologue for the opening of the New Theatre he declined: 'but as all Grub Street seems engaged in the Contest I have no ambition to enter the lists and have thrown my few ideas into the fire. I never risk *rivalry* in anything, you see the very *lowest* as in this case discourages me from a sort of mixed feeling. I don't know if it be *pride*, but you will say it certainly is not modesty.'

Of his amours he was totally unashamed and unrepentant, regretting only his kindness to women who forced their attention on him. He once told Lady Melbourne he could love anything on earth that appeared to wish it. In one of his letters he said he had received a prescription not for any complaint, but for debility springing from too much love.

All in all, these first volumes of Byron's Letters and Journals supply a vivid portrait of one of the most complex and individual geniuses of the English literary pageant.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

MONSIEUR BUTTERFLY

Monsieur Butterfly. The Story of Puccini. Stanley Jackson. W. H. Allen. £3.50.

To mark the centenary of his birth Mosco Carner published a critical biography of Giacomo Puccini in 1958, and since then there has been remarkably little written about the composer who, in terms of box-office at any rate, probably ranks as the most successful writer of operas the world has known. Thus

it is useful to have this fresh appraisal by Stanley Jackson, though the music specialist should be warned that the book is aimed far more at the general reader than was Dr. Carner's scholarly and exhaustive study, intensely readable though that was.

Puccini the man presents an interesting picture. He only really wrote operas —virtually no 'straight' music—and when compared to his illustrious predecessor Giuseppe Verdi, remarkably few operas at that. Twelve operas in all, if one counts *Il Trittico* as three separate works, and of those 12 one can confidently assert that were it not for three of them, Puccini today would stand in no higher regard than Leoncavallo, Mascagni and several other Italian composers. Even in his own lifetime it was the success of *La Bohème, Tosca* and *Madam Butterfly* that really guaranteed Puccini's wealth and fame, though it is fair to say that *Manon Lescaut* was a more popular work then than it has remained—opera is less 'Italian' now, and it has Massenet's *Manon* to compete with. Of the rest of his works *Le Villi* and *Edgar* are virtually never given, *La Fanciulla del West, La Rondine* and *Il Trittico* rarely—though of the last *Gianni Schicchi* has retained a devoted following—and *Turandot* at the peril of any opera house which lacks a soprano of sufficient strength to portray the 'ice-cold princess'.

Nevertheless with those three, and the help of his publishers, Giulio and his son Tito Ricordi, Puccini's material success was assured. Once the bandwaggon had started to roll there was no end to the number of Lancias and speedboats the composer could afford, the number of times he could move house, the number of sopranos and other ladies whom he could pursue. It is indeed this side of Puccini rather than his musical qualities which come through most clearly in Mr. Jackson's book. He has written, he says, for 'an audience who, sharing my own middle-brow enjoyment of Puccinis operas, may be more fascinated by his life and times than contrapuntal subtleties or the technicalities of musico-dramatic structure'.

That is all very well, but the art of opera rests in the mastery of those technicalities of musico-dramatic structure, as Mozart and Verdi both well knew. Indeed the author to some extent does himself an injustice, for his survey of Puccini's eternal search for good libretti, his remorseless alterations and amendments to libretti supplied to him, and his relations with those librettists who were writing them, principally Giacosa and Illica, makes rewarding reading. From that side of this study one can see Puccini for the meticulous craftsman he was and appreciate the care with which every opera was prepared as a piece of music-theatre.

Sadly however, no such equal attention is given to the influences and motives which sparked off Puccini's gift as a composer. One is little wiser at the end as to what precisely was his approach to music, and as to who, aside from Verdi, were his influences. What one does receive in the author's somewhat gossip-column, discursive style is an entertainingly informative picture of European and American musical life early this century, and a startlingly vivid picture of the arrogant, mean, egotistical, hypochondriac philanderer Puccini appears to have been. Mr. Jackson claims to have thrown new light on Puccini's relationship with Sybil Seligman, his rich English admirer. So far as it reflects on the composer the light is pretty murky. But by the time one reaches that section of the book one is no longer surprised. One has seen Puccini's attitude to his own family, to the poor of his hometown of Lucca, to his eventual wife Elvira, to the effect of the First World War upon his untiring pursuit of all the material manifestations of success.

The curious thing is that a man of the sensitivity to compose Acts 3 and 4 of *La Bohème,* the letter scene in *Madam Butterfly,* the second act of *Tosca* could in his personal life be so philistine and so insensitive. A psychological study of Puccini the man as seen through the music he wrote would indeed be fascinating. That we still await, and meanwhile can enjoy on its own level this somewhat highly-coloured book which nevertheless brings to life some facets of this remarkably interesting figure in European music and the canon of opera.

DAVID FINGLETON

HANGING IN RETROSPECT

A Handbook on Hanging. Charles Duff. EP Publishing Ltd. £2.50.

In the year of grace—or disgrace, according to your point of view—1928, there were 13 judicial hangings in Britain, including, notably, those of Browne and Kennedy, the killers of P.C. Gutteridge. And in the September of that same year there appeared the first edition of Charles Duff's satirical treatise on the mechanics of judicial 'suspended' sentences, *A Handbook on Hanging.*

Since August 13, 1964, when Gwynne Owen Evans and Peter Anthony Allen, the last two murderers to go to the English gallows, were despatched in the manner prescribed by law, the death sentence has not been carried out in Britain. In a sense, then, this practical manual may seem to be 10 years out of date. However, as a sociological document, a penological set piece, it continues to be of considerable interest. The more so since the late Mr. Duff's anti-capital punishment thesis has prevailed—although there are still many who, observing the mounting homicide figures, nurture misgivings.

That the calculated breaking of a man's neck was of essence barbaric, is indisputable. But so was—and is—the deliberate act of murder. The fulcrum of the seesaw of long-waged argument in respect of capital punishment was the deterrent effectiveness of the sanction. Mr. Duff weighs in emotively. His weapons are heavy irony and ponderous scorn. He is not always innocent of distortion.

This seventh and 'Finally Definitive Edition' of what became a classic handbook of Abolitionist propaganda, takes cognisance of the controversial hangings of Walter Graham Rowland (1947), Timothy John Evans (1950) and Derek Bentley (1953), linking them with the disputed case of Norman Thorne, hanged in 1925 for the murder of Elsie Cameron. Mr. Duff's arguments are skilful, as becomes a barrister of Gray's Inn, but, although they are patently derived from the heart, seem to be addressed to the stomach rather than to the head. The horrendous fate of the convicted murderer is expatiated upon in excrutiating detail, but the ordeal of the victim, the painful reconstruction of *his* suffering, is neither described nor even mentioned.

Still, humanitarian progress is, I suppose, humanitarian progress, and as one looks at the empty condemned cell, the crumbling gallows, and thinks of the gangsters and the child killers one must think, too, there but for the grace of God. . . .

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

PRE-RAPHAELITES REVIVED

Pre-Raphaelite Writing: Edited, with an Introduction by Derek Stanford. Everyman's University Library. £2.95 net.

The recent marked revival of interest in the Pre-Raphaelites, reflected in the upsurge of prices in the sales of long neglected paintings by leaders of the Movement, makes especially welcome a new volume in the Everyman's series.

Mr. Derek Stanford's anthology of *Pre-Raphaelite Writing* provides a most useful account of this mainstream period of development in the arts of painting and poetry which began inauspiciously in 1848 with a group of four students in the Art School of the Royal Academy—all under 21—who resolved to introduce a revolution into the arts of painting and sculpture as then practised. They were William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Thomas Woolner. They were joined by William Michael Rossetti, the Editor of their little magazine 'The Germ', G. F. Stevens and D. J. Collinson. The founding group never numbered more than seven. Their declared objects were: (1) To have genuine ideas to express; (2) to study Nature attentively; (3) to sympathise with what is direct and serious and heartfelt in previous art to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; (4) to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues. Much has been written of how the first offerings were received, and Mr. Stanford makes a good selection of critical opinions. The Four were not always consistent in their aims; but as the years went by the Movement prospered, until at its zenith thousands of pounds were paid for works by Millais, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and other P.R.B.s.

In considering this anthology we recognise its main purpose is to draw attention to the remarkable influence exerted by the dominant twin-folded genius of Gabriel Rossetti, Painter and Poet, so that one cannot think of 'Beata Beatrix' without thinking of 'The Blessed Damozel', so closely-woven are the strands in the products of his genius. Pre-Raphaelitism has been described as a postscript to the Romantic Movement. And certainly one can regard Rossetti as the source of the poetic side of Pre-Raphaelite Painting, and Holman Hunt with his 'Scape-goat' as its prose exponent.

Many readers will be grateful to Mr. Stanford for the section devoted to 'Controversy and Ideology' which includes Robert Buchanan's deplorable attack on Rossetti in his review of 'The Fleshly School of Poetry'. This is well-matched by Rossetti's dignified reply under the caption of 'The Stealthy School of Criticism'. Yet another gem of misdirected criticism is honest John Morley's virulent denunciation of Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads', followed by Swinburne's eloquent and contemptuous reply.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS

Victorian Ladies At Work (David and Charles. £4.95). 'Middle Class Working Women in England and Wales, 1850-1914' is the subtitle of this well researched and penetrating study by Lee Holcombe. It is a remarkable story, both of achievement and frustration. In the 1850s, the young feminist Langham Place group with their influential **English Woman's Journal** and the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women started a movement which made respectable the employment of middle class women. The stigma of work and the plight of the distressed gentlewoman were relieved to a growing extent by social tolerance of employment in particular fields. Mr. Lee deals in detail with each of these, teaching, nursing, shop assistants, clerical workers and the civil service. As he points out, the enormous industrial and commercial developments during the period provided an opening for jobs which women could satisfy. In each field of employment, there were intense organisational efforts to improve conditions and pay. Yet male prejudice in many ways prevailed; they were kept to low

grades and were then denied access to many of the professions. Mr. Lee concludes: 'the picture of the employment' of middle-class women in 1914 is, in its broad outline, little changed today'. They are still concentrated in traditionally feminine occupations and in subordinate positions or in the lower grades of these occupations'. Nonetheless, progress has been made. Almost all professions have long been open to them, they are full citizens and equal pay is due at the end of 1975. Still male prejudice remains, as Mr. Lee points out.

Swaff: The Life and Times of Hannen Swaffer. (Macdonald & Jane. £3.95). Anyone whose memories of journalism and the theatre extend back into the Thirties will be interested in this notably frank and comprehensive account by Tom Driberg of 'Swaff'—a name to be coupled with that of James Agate and Arnold Bennett. At the same time, Hannen Swaffer almost certainly displayed more originality in his approach to national journalism. There were years when the newspaper reading public eagerly awaited his latest 'scoop' and in particular his dramatic criticism. It is perhaps significant to note that in common with many highly volatile and imaginative people, Hannen Swaffer was by no means a happy man. His eventual interest in spiritualism and participation in seances seems curiously out of touch with his flamboyant, if cynical personality. Belonging as he did to an era totally separated from our own it was unfortunate for him that he lived on into the Sixties, only to realise that as an outstanding figure in journalism his day had long since passed. As is to be expected, the biography reveals that Swaff had a disturbing 'private' life—a brief, unhappy marriage and an illegitimate son never acknowledged. All this and so much more of lasting importance is sympathetically conveyed by a fellow journalist, Tom Driberg.

Keats Prize Poems. (London Literary Editions Ltd. £3.00). At the time of the 150th anniversary of Keats' death Geraldine Calca Cash laid the foundations for the Keats Poetry Prize, a selected number of the entries to be published in book form. The prize, rightly claimed to be the most substantial offered to poets writing in English, stands at £2,000. In 1973 a very large number of entries were received from countries as far apart as Australia, Zambia, Lesotho, Israel and Iceland. The Competition was adjudicated by Howard Sergant, Editor of *Outposts*, and the present volume includes the prizewinners as well as a selection of 'runners-up' chosen by Geraldine Calca Cash. Such well known names as D. H. W. Grubb, David Holbrook and Edward Storey have contributed to an interesting selection.

Look Behind You: An Alphabetical Guide to Executive Survival. (Associated Business Programmes, London £1.95.) At a time when the 'unacceptable face of capitalism' is constantly brought to our attention it is refreshing to dip into this witty but extremely cogent guide to the best way of keeping afloat in the board-room 'jungle'. Survival would seem to be a full time job among business executives; yet many of the soundly rational directives on getting along with other people could with benefit be noted by many of us! The author, David Moreau, has served as junior executive and chairman; he has published three novels and been a successful journalist. His revolutionary views on business management first attracted attention in *The Director* with an article called *Company Assassins*. The present volume, with its amusing illustrations and sub-headings, is a light-hearted development of the theme.

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.68; U.S.A. and Canada $15.00. Rates for all other countries on application.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

May 1974 Vol. 224 No. 1300

CRISIS ELECTION

by Enid Lakeman

THE February 28th, 1974, general election arose out of an economic crisis and gave rise to a constitutional one. For the first time since 1929, it was not obvious who the next occupant of Downing Street would be, and delicate negotiations were involved. The electoral system which is so often defended on the ground that it gives government by one party with a clear majority had on this occasion signally failed to do anything of the kind.

This failure is in fact not so rare. While we have just ended a long period without it, there were four such cases in the seven general elections from 1910 to 1929. Their lessons for the present situation will be considered later.

This election result might almost have been designed to illustrate all the anomalies of our electoral system. First its uncertainty. The variations in the public opinion polls (most of them well within the admitted margin of error) gave rise to predictions which ranged from deadlock to a large majority for one of the two largest parties, from hugely increased Liberal representation to almost no increase. The likely effects of boundary revision were much disputed, and computer predictions as the results came in fluctuated widely because the movement of opinion was different in different parts of the country.

As in 1951, the party with the most votes lost. The Conservatives have five seats fewer than Labour for 1 per cent more of the total poll—a vote which must somewhat underestimate Conservative support, since the twelve Northern Ireland constituencies, which neither party contested, must be reckoned to be more Conservative than Labour.

The anomaly which strikes everyone is the gross under-representation of the six million people who voted Liberal—one fifth of the voters represented by only one forty-fifth of the MPs. The Liberals have half as many votes as the party now forming the government, but less than one twentieth of the seats. It took on an average 39,000 votes to elect a Labour MP, but 433,000 to elect a Liberal.

Moreover, the votes themselves are an unreliable indication of the voters' wishes. It has long been notorious that many people who really prefer a Liberal candidate (or perhaps one of a smaller party or an Independent) are deterred from voting for him for fear of splitting the vote and letting in the

candidate they most dislike. With strong indications that Liberal candidates could win (they turned out to be first or second in about one quarter of the constituencies), this effect has decreased, but it is operating against the two largest parties in those places where one of them appears to be in a hopeless position.

The 'squeeze' has operated against the smaller parties much less than in recent elections, and the system has greatly disappointed those who justify it on the ground that it leads to a two-party parliament. Our new MPs were elected under no less than ten different party labels, and many more contested the election unsuccessfully. None of us is in any position to make fun of Continental parliaments!

The basic reason for our anomalous election results is less obvious: it is the enormous number of votes cast which contribute nothing to the result. In each constituency, only one candidate can win, so all votes cast for any others are 'wasted' so far as affecting the composition of the House of Commons is concerned. Even in a straight fight, those ineffective votes may be only just short of half the total, and with more than two candidates they may be much more; for instance, the people of Ilford North are 'represented' by an MP who got the votes of only 19,843 people against 31,621 who voted for his two opponents. And of course the votes give no indication of how many of those 31,621 strongly oppose their MP and how many of them are content to accept him as a good second best. In a typical British general election, these ineffective votes amount to about 45 per cent of the total; in this election, owing to the very large number of constituencies with three or more candidates, they are much higher, 51.3 per cent.

Votes are ineffective also for the opposite reason—that they are given to a candidate who is sure of election without them. A party secures one seat if its candidate has one vote more than his nearest rival; it would still get only the one seat if he had every vote in the constituency. Hence the possibility of the party with the most votes losing, even if there were a straight fight everywhere.

By contrast, in the Northern Ireland elections last year, well over 80 per cent of those who voted contributed to the election of an Assembly member or a district councillor whom they wanted, and consequently the composition of those elected bodies reflected very closely the opinions of the voters about the political parties, about other divisions (especially pro- and anti-White Paper) and about personalities. This was because the elections took place by the single transferable vote in multi-member constituencies (5 to 8 members in the case of the Assembly). Under that system, a candidate needs to be elected only a quota of the votes instead of a majority, and the voter numbers candidates in the order of his preference, thus directing the returning officer to give his vote to the candidate he has marked 1, but, if it cannot help to elect him (because he has enough votes without it or because he has no hope of election), not to waste that vote but to give it instead to the candidate he has marked 2—and if it cannot help him either, to the one he has marked 3, and so on.

What would have happened if our election had been held under this single transferable vote system? No exact prediction is possible, for people would to some unknown extent have voted differently. It being no longer possible to 'split the vote', there would be no reason for a voter to give his first preference to any candidate other than the one he really considered the best. However, we can take it as reasonably certain that the two largest parties would still have come out nearly equal and that the Liberals would have got something over 100 seats instead of only 14. There would certainly not have been a clear majority for any one party.

But that situation could have been resolved much more easily than has actually been the case, and the likelihood of a stable government would have been much greater.

As Mr. Whitelaw said in an interview soon after the election, the politicians must learn to respect the wishes of the voters. A party that has secured the support of not much over one-third of the voters (Conservative 38 per cent, Labour 37 per cent) cannot reasonably claim a 'mandate' to carry out its whole programme. Neither is it democratic to tell the electors: 'You have not given us the large majority for which we asked; we will make you vote again until you do give it to us.' Respect for the electors requires the parties to agree on measures which the majority will be prepared to accept, and to leave aside those to which the majority are opposed. But this would be easier if there were clearer evidence of what the majority of the voters do want. There has clearly been a rejection of Mr. Heath's demand for an increased parliamentary majority for his party, and a refusal to put any other party in that position. But what the electors wish to substitute is largely a matter of guesswork and reliance on public opinion polls—which, as always, show majority support for some kind of coalition. But what kind?

Contrast the election exactly a year earlier in the Republic of Ireland. The governing party, Fianna Fail, was ousted by the two smaller ones, Fine Gael and Labour, which had said that they were willing to work together as a coalition. A small majority of the voters signified their approval of this coalition by giving their preferences first to Fine Gael candidates and then to Labour ones or vice versa, this gave the coalition a corresponding small majority of the seats, and it shows every sign of continuing as a stable government.

Had the same opportunities been given to the British voters, they would have been able to show which parties they considered to have the most in common; they would have been able to give preference to those candidates of Party A who had expressed a willingness to work with Party B or to those who wanted nothing to do with it as the case might be. They would have been able to show to which policies they wished the government to give most attention, and to elect those individuals in whom they had the greatest confidence. A coalition formed in such circumstances would have greater moral authority, and probably greater durability, than one formed by behind-the-scenes negotiations without certain knowledge of the voters' wishes. And, when the time came for another election, there would be no

occasion for pacts in the constituencies, because any number of coalition candidates could appeal to the voters without risk of splitting the coalition vote.

Alternatively, one party could take office alone, as a minority government, with much better prospects than at present of lasting its full term. It could carry any measure for which there was majority support in the country, and when it had to drop, for the time being, a cherished project, must accept this majority decision and not threaten resignation. This is a course often adopted in some other countries, notably Denmark.

At the time of writing, Mr. Wilson has formed a minority government. Will it fall in a short time, as did its predecessors of 1923 and 1929, or will it run its full term and enact historic measures, as did that of 1910? This depends on the willingness of the government and of the other parties to adapt themselves to the will of the electors. If they accept that they have a right and a duty to carry out those measures for which there is widespread support, but none to force upon the country things supported only by a minority, we could have the strongest and most stable government for a long time. And nothing would assist such a development more than changing our electoral system so as to give a really clear expression of the voters' wishes and ensure a true reflection of them in the House of Commons.

[Enid Lakeman, Director of the Electoral Reform Society since 1960, played a large part in the restoration of PR/STV in Northern Ireland. Publications include *How Democracies Vote* (new edition pending) and *Nine Democracies*, describing the electoral systems of the EEC countries.]

RECEIVING THE MESSAGE

by Paul Rose, M.P.

IT has always been conventional wisdom that Proportional Representation was the root cause of the fragmentation of political parties in countries with an inferior system. It was rarely if ever argued, although I have long suspected it, that the system of election is frequently a reflection of the divisions in society rather than its cause.

The other pillar of conventional wisdom in the major political parties was the need for firm government or, in the Labour context, the need for a clear majority to carry out fundamental changes in our economic structure. However, it is increasingly apparent that, in almost every democratic country where parties are based on interest groups and ideology, it has become progressively more difficult to form single party majority governments. Recent examples in the Scandinavian countries and the Benelux, the German Experience of the Centre left coalition and the mirror image of Golda Meir with her own internal difficulties after receiving about the same proportion of seats as Harold Wilson but under the P.R. Party slate system, may pose a fundamental question about the nature of the more advanced industrial nation in relation to its political structure.

Firstly, in bye elections starting with Hamilton and gaining momentum in the last Parliament, we saw 'third' parties gaining a remarkable proportion of the votes and seats while official spokesmen of the major parties dismissed this as a protest vote that would return to its natural loyalties at a General Election. That it contained a strong element of protest there can be no doubt. The fact that it could manifest itself in places as different as Glasgow and Surbiton should have given a clue to the fact that there was an underlying change in the climate of British politics.

It is not without significance that in an election where I personally experienced the most remarkable loyalty and unparalleled enthusiasm of the Party and Trade Union rank and file, Labour did no more than strengthen its grip on existing urban bastions and capture a few, — some with the unsolicited help of Mr. Enoch Powell, — that it had no right to lose in 1970. Its share of the vote is considerably lower than at any election in my lifetime. When the kissing has to stop and post-election euphoria wears off it will have to consider how it can become the natural party of power that it promised to be in 1966 — or alternatively whether there is an argument for a change in our electoral system to give expression to a new political phenomenon in complex industrial societies which had no commitment in one of the most divisive and polarised elections on record.

The dilemma of the Labour Party is that it has at one and the same time to sustain the enthusiasm of those whose support is essential to its existence — and who were less than enthusiastic in 1970 — and to reach out beyond to an increasingly large segment of society which does not share the collective loyalties of the Labour base in the Trade Unions or the natural

allegiance to Toryism born of privilege, snobbery and deference or jingoism. Only the philosophy of P.E.S.T. or the Bow Group may appeal to a few of them.

In an article in the *Contemporary Review* in June 1973 I sought to pose the problem of the credibility gap which divides a significant progressive section of the electorate from commitment to the Labour Party and, not without justification in the light of subsequent events, wrote as follows:

> Labour, on the current showing of Mr. Heath, could well win by default . . . to pose the malaise of the Party as a left right contest of the old kind is to misunderstand the new forces emerging in all advanced and some less advanced societies in the West. Since his speech at Scarborough on the technological revolution, Harold Wilson has drifted away from those to whom he owed victory in 1964 and more significantly in 1966. If that segment of the electorate, now more vital than ever, is not to be pushed into the blind alley of a centre party or third force, devoid of Socialist content, then the Party leadership will have to rebuild the bridges across the current divide.

In this the Labour Party failed and only the electoral system, which punished the Conservative Party more heavily, permitted it to win by default. The segment that voted Liberal or nationalist contained some very diverse elements but it attracted many thoughtful and radical electors not least among the younger age group in precisely the marginal Constituencies Labour must win to form a majority Government to allow us to advance from our solid industrial base that in cities like Manchester, Liverpool and Sheffield has become even more entrenched.

There is a regional variation that reflects the neglect of the North but which has been translated into Nationalist support in Scotland and to a much lesser degree in Wales. There is a suburban commuter belt phenomenon first manifested at Orpington but reflected at Hazel Grove. But in the smaller towns based largely on light industry and offices like Ipswich or Oxford there was a reluctance to move back to 1966 positions while even in Lancashire Labour's gain was patchy and its potential not realised.

There is a new complexity in our geographical and class structure; there is a less stark confrontation in that vast area where the Liberals took second place; there is a greater sophistication in an electorate subjected to the media and more individualistic in its comparative affluence; there is above all a large segment of society whose roots have withered as the proportion of basic manual workers in society has declined. They are attracted by efficiency, consistency and logic rather than the gut policies upon which the recent election was fought. Whether the Labour Party can reach out to them with a fresh and radical approach to the problems that afflict our society without hitting them too hard financially is a challenge in respect of which we are not entirely in control.

If we cannot, then this vocal and articulate segment will become increasingly alienated from a system which denies it a voice and denies those in the major Parties who have some understanding of their attitudes — while not necessarily sharing them — the opportunity to create the dialogue by

rendering them politically impotent. The casualties on both sides are legion.

In those circumstances the call for a different electoral system will grow as a reflection, not as a cause, of the divisions in society. Whether one likes it or not, Jimmy Reid or Dick Taverne do represent something that needs expression if it cannot be contained in a single left party. The alternative vote proposed in a recent *Guardian* feature provides no serious answer to this need although the Parties themselves could by adaptability and sensitivity forestall the need itself.

Increasingly there will be a tendency to wonder whether what we gave to the Ulster Assembly might not be adapted to British needs, although the size of the Constituencies may well rule this out as a practical proposition. But a combination of Regional Party lists and Constituencies akin to the German model, ruling out the miniscule groups, may gain in its appeal, as may the desire for national and regional devolution. The argument about firm Government and the need for majority rule could well be destroyed should another election produce a strengthened Nationalist block, the same crop of unwanted and unloved Unionists, and a significant vote detached from the major Parties. The argument, for Labour Members of Parliament, is not so much about the legendary middle ground as about a new segment in society which has a potential for radical action and socialist ideas relevant to the mid-seventies. These have as much validity as the ideas on which we who were schooled in the Labour Movement and enjoyed the educational opportunities of a post-war Labour Britain, were raised. Unless the gap can be bridged, and I see few signs of it in the type of administration which we now have—then it may be that the major parties will remain minorities in or out of office. The argument for a new electoral system in the interests of elementary fairness and giving voice to those stifled by machine politics which they find it difficult or impossible to accept, will in those circumstances grow.

It is arguable that the Labour Party should at least remain open minded on electoral reform while carrying through a radical reform of Parliamentary procedure to strengthen what has been recently described as the studio audience in the television show. The Committee system is the obvious direction. It must equally tune in to the new wavelengths transmitting from the Highlands to the Home Counties. They are admittedly wave bands which are not peak listening in the sorts of average northern urban area which I have known all my life and have represented for ten years. But even there, one's political *antennae* detect new frequencies which may be classed as pirate radio but which will want their place in the political wave band in the next decade. I wonder if our receiver is sensitive enough or whether our listening is too selective and conditioned by habit?

[Paul Rose is Labour Member of Parliament for Manchester Blackley. His majority in a three-cornered fight was 5,506.]

THE BRAZILIAN ROAD TO ETHNICIDE

by Edwin Brooks

WITH its scattered population bordering an almost empty interior, South America is not unlike the Iberia which supplied most of its European immigrants. But travellers to the Amazon basin would surely insist that the sheer size of its forbidding environment makes it far more than a simple macrocosm of any European landscape. Even the desolate Spanish Meseta has Madrid as a focus of political unity and a hub of communications by road and rail. In sharp contrast, the peripheral states of tropical South America never succeeded in opening up their vast hinterlands by such means. To this day, there are hundreds of thousands of square miles in the depths of the Amazon rain forest which have never been explored and mapped — at least on foot — and it is hardly surprising that information about the aboriginal inhabitants of these distant recesses is hard to obtain and verify.

Indeed, the very survival of aboriginal and literally palaeolithic cultures in a country such as Brazil, where the skyscrapers of Sao Paulo point to the spectacular industrial progress of recent years, demonstrates the intractability and sheer hostility of the interior. Despite the relative ease of navigating the Amazon-Solimoes itself, which had been travelled from the Andes within half a century of the discovery of the New World, the dream of finding El Dorado in the continental interior persistently turned into nightmare. Part of the explanation lies in the very character of the forest eco-system, which endlessly soaks up the high rainfall and transpires it back into a saturated atmosphere. The combination of enervating climate and an insect population hardly less voracious and disease-laden than any *conquistador* was to defeat a long succession of attempts to penetrate and exploit the region. Even the huge tributaries of the Amazon, such as the Xingu, were to belie the promise of their size by presenting formidable obstacles to navigation upstream. Beyond their cataracts, and protected by equally impenetrable jungle flanks, survived Indian tribes who had managed to adjust to the harsh world of their sanctuaries.

We know little of their origins and migrations. The rain forest is no preserver of feathered or wooden artifacts, and although recently discovered tribes such as the Kreen-Akarore (south of Caximbo) were using stone tools at the time of contact, the problems of archaeological reconstruction are clearly daunting in such dense and luxuriant vegetation. Perhaps, as evidence from Guyana and Venezuela suggests, the majority of the Indians of the interior, including those of the savannas as well as the rain forest, originally fled there after the European arrived on the coast. Hounded, enslaved and treated with obscene brutality, the Indians who encountered Christian civilization must have regarded even the Amazon forest as kindly by comparison.

Yet even there they were to find themselves periodically assailed by an alien and ruthless commercial world. At the beginning of this century rubber

tappers swarmed into the upper Amazon, to the valleys of the Juruá, the Purus, and — most notoriously of all — the Putumayo on the border between Peru and Colombia. What happened will never be known in full, but its horrors can be hinted at from the devastating exposure of the Anglo-Peruvian Amazon Co. which brought Roger Casement a knighthood in 1911. It is certain however that many Indian tribes were decimated, and some exterminated altogether, for the sake of an infant automobile industry in far away countries of which they knew nothing. They died too, as did many of the *caboclos* who worked for the rubber barons, to furnish the excessive profits whose memorial is the bizarre opera house in Manaus. Such a catalogue of inhumanity towards the American aborigine is by no means peculiar to the Amazon basin, nor to South America alone. But if we focus our attention upon Brazil as distinct from Hispanic America, there is another side to the balance sheet which does credit to the Lusitanian tradition. Without wishing to minimise the continuing correlation between class and colour gradients in Brazil, there is some basis in reality for the proudly held 'myth' of colour blindness — at least in comparison to those countries where Anglo-Saxon and Hispanic traditions were implanted. Moreover, however much the truth conflicts with the propaganda, there is a sense in which the very persistence of the myth has helped to promote public declarations of a progressive and tolerant nature.

This may partly explain why Brazil founded an Indian Protection Service (the S.P.I.) at the very time the Putumayo atrocities came to light. Enlightened and compassionate in its approach to the Indian, the S.P.I. was a uniquely Brazilian concept, never copied or emulated in any other South American state. Inspired by General Rondon, a notable explorer who was himself half Indian, it based itself upon the self-sacrificing precept 'die if necessary, but never kill.'

However much its actual achievement may have fallen somewhat short of the ideal, Brazilians were entitled to feel pride in the distant and dangerous work of the S.P.I. But as the years went by, and particularly as the aircraft and the radio permitted a fresh surge of *civilizados* into the Amazon, rumours grew of widespread corruption of the Service, and sordid complicity in savage treatment of the Indians entrusted to its care. These rumours were amply confirmed in a voluminous Government report of 1967. The S.P.I. was wound up in disgrace, and replaced by a new organisation, the *Fundacao Nacional do Indio* (FUNAI), set up under the Ministry of the Interior.

Shocked by the exposures in the official report, critics of the Brazilian Government were quick to link the admitted ill-treatment of the Indian with the continuing if controversial evidence of torture of political prisoners. Meanwhile, the close of the sixties saw a wave of urban guerilla violence in Brazil, and in such embattled circumstances the military regime understandably wished to rebut any unjustified accusations by its domestic and foreign critics. Among the accusations was the charge that the genocide of Indians was continuing, and that FUNAI, if not conniving actively in such slaughter, was nothing more than an institutional fig-leaf worn by a

Ministry thrusting violently into the Indian homelands.

The accusation had more than a superficial plausibility. By the close of the sixties a road-building programme of unparallelled magnitude was under way throughout Amazonia, foreshadowing equally grandiose plans for agricultural colonization and mineral extraction. In the face of such an impending onslaught, a mere hundred thousand aboriginal Indians could well find FUNAI a frail bulwark against the army engineers and the multi-national prospectors.

In short, the Government recognised that it had a potentially damaging case to answer, and in the early seventies it helped several outside observers to travel widely throughout the interior. The most ambitious of these missions occurred in August and September 1972, when a four man delegation from the Aborigines Protection Society travelled some ten thousand miles to visit twenty-seven distinct tribes of both the rain forest and the savannas. The Report of this mission was published in 1973*, covering a wide field of enquiry from matters of health and education to those of land tenure and the long-term prospect of so-called 'integration.' Such themes are often difficult to separate from one another, and the members of the mission soon recognised that judgements are conditional upon agreed criteria of what is 'good' for the Indian. But at the risk of over-simplifying a complex mix of problems and philosophical assumptions, let me quote a key conclusion of the Report which may serve as prelude to the remainder of this article.

> We are . . . convinced that the very real and pressing dangers facing the Indians of Brazil stem neither from malevolence nor from deliberate cruelty. They are due to ignorance and prejudice which readily ally themselves with the ruthlessness of interests whose cupidity is content to see pledges broken and even the small Indian Reserves violated rather than lose a chance of gain. This ruthlessness cannot be contained without a matching determination on the part of government . . . The small size of their surviving communities, still so tiny despite a recent recovery in numbers, itself makes the Indians vulnerable in a country likely to grow by another hundred million people by the end of this century. With poverty and land hunger likely to intensify on the crowded coasts, the task of protecting the territory of the Indians of the interior from infiltration is made more urgent and more difficult.
>
> We therefore see the land question as deserving the highest priority and as the crucial test of intentions towards the Indians. Unless the law safeguarding their homelands is enforced the Indians will be swept away by the advancing frontier of colonisation and economic exploitation . . .

The emphasis upon the protection of Indian lands from infiltration and grabbing may well be criticised as merely a stop-gap measure, begging all manner of pejorative phrase from 'human zoo' to 'permanent ghetto of primitive man.' But however short-term the priority is deemed to be, we were in no doubt that it is the urgent pre-condition of any acceptable strategy for 'integrating' the Indian with late twentieth century Brazil.

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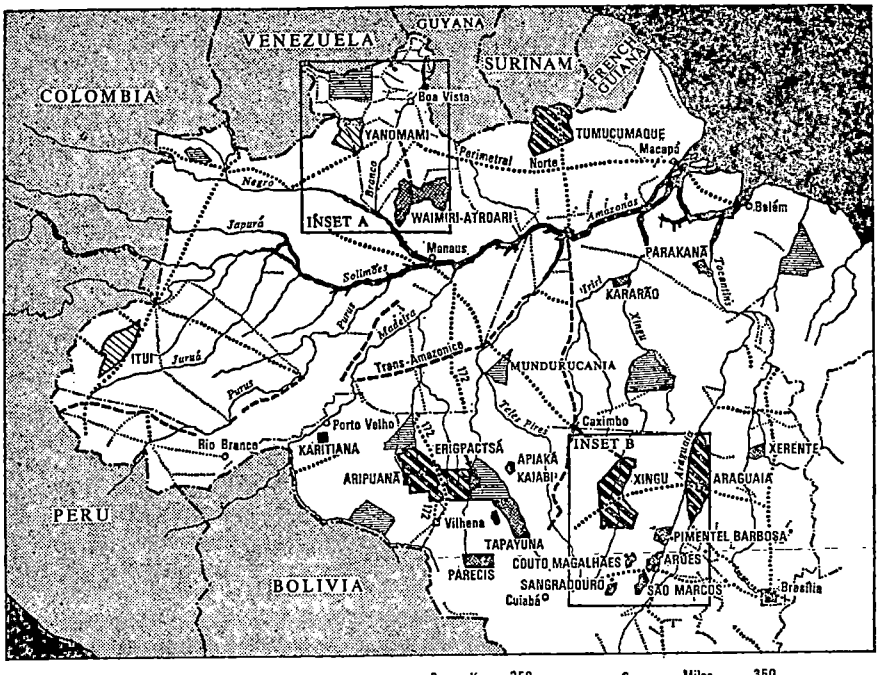
* 'Tribes of the Amazon Basin in Brazil, 1972' by Edwin Brooks, Rene Fuerst, John Hemming and Francis Huxley. Charles Knight, 1973. £3.50.



International boundaries

Brazilian State boundaries

Existing Indian National Park

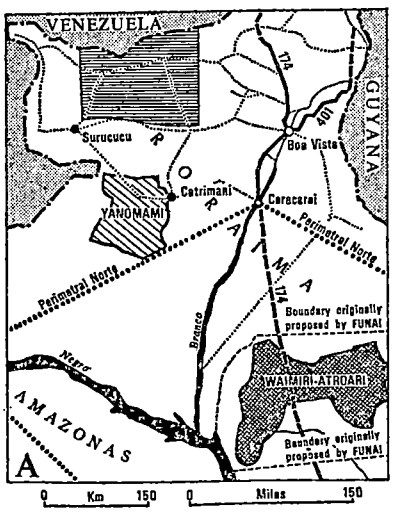
Proposed Indian National Park

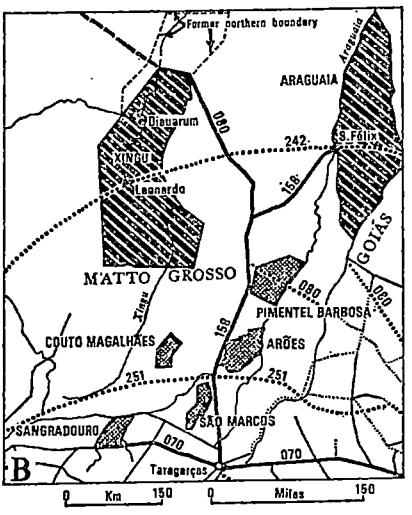
Indian Reserve (*designated in 1972 for Xavante Indians)

Forest and/or Botanic Reserve

ROADS

	FEDERAL	STATE
Existing (shown only on Insets A and B)		
Under construction		
Planned		





The roads now forging across Amazonia are the axes of a potential culture clash in which the contending forces are hopelessly unequal. Wherever they run, the Indians in close proximity are likely to be overwhelmed ethnically in a matter of weeks and months rather than years. Unless someone — and this must presumably mean FUNAI — is there to protect them from commercial and sexual exploitation, or from alcohol, the newly contacted tribes such as the Kreen-Akarore, the Parakana, the Asurini and the Yanomami (all three of whom we visited) will rapidly founder in helpless demoralisation.

As for the savanna tribes of the Amazon periphery, such as the Xavante in Mato Grosso or the Karajá on the 'island' of Araguaia in Goiás, they are so hemmed in by cattle ranchers that they have been unable to assert legal control over the Parks and Reserves ostensibly provided for them. Inset B of the accompanying map shows the five Xavante Reserves defined by FUNAI as our mission was drawing towards its close, but any satisfaction at this official response to the tribe's pleas (put forcibly to us at Sao Marcos) is muted by a continuing failure at the time of writing to evict the *fazendeiros* who have illegally occupied much of the Reserve. In fairness, an investigation was commenced by the Ministry of the Interior in autumn 1973 into this particularly difficult and tense problem, and in early February 1974 the Brazilian press reported that two Presidential decrees had just been signed which enlarged the Sao Marcos Reserve and 'declared as a public utility, for expropriation purposes, the areas which were indispensable to the Xavante community.' Although the language is not entirely clear, it seems that a major principle has been established whereby the Brazilian Government is envisaging expropriating, and duly compensating, *fazendeiros* who illegally occupy Indian lands.

The Indian National Parks, of which four now exist (see main map), are designed — unlike the Reserves — to accommodate the members of more than one tribal group. The great majority of the Araguaia Park however, is leased out by FUNAI to ranchers, and the grazing fees for some 200,000 head of cattle go straight to FUNAI's central budget. The main group of the Karajá is largely concentrated in a small settlement just over the river from the town of Sao Felix, and further outside pressures seem likely when the projected road 242 cuts clean through the middle of the Park.

But this is only one example of a host of disturbing road plans, the full details of which have become available in recent months. The maps which accompany this article show the extent of these plans for the first time, and there are some important additions to the details given in the A.P.S. Report. The fresh evidence has come from a complete series of individual State and Territory road maps published at the end of 1972 in Brazil, but not available at the time of the misssion's investigations. Some of the additions have been widely publicised — notably the massive *Perimetral Norte* which will run from Macapá to the Colombian border (and eventually link with Bogota) and thence south-west to link with the *Trans-amazonica* on the Peruvian border. But also shown were a large number of roads to

be constructed by the States (i.e. Amazonas, Pará, Mato Grosso, Goiás and Acre) or the Territories (Rondônia, Roraima and Amapá). Lastly, a number of extremely important new Federal highways were shown, such as the one heading north from the Amazon through the Park of Tumucumaque. This project had in fact been discovered quite accidentally when our mission stopped overnight near the Surinam border, but the knowledge had still not reached the HQ of the Unevangelised Fields Mission in Belém as late as July 1973, when I myself informed them. Since this Mission serves a wide band of territory in northern Brazil, we can conclude that no undue prominence had been given to the new road, despite its implications for the Tirios and other Indians of Tumucumaque.

The Tumucumaque example however is far from unique. Only two years ago the 080, which had originally been planned to pass north of the Xingu Park, was suddenly re-routed further south and cut the Park just north of Diauarum (see Inset B). In that case the effect of the intersection was assumed to be so damaging to the severed northern region that it was permanently amputated from the Park, which received in compensation a far from satisfactory tract of land to the south (already occupied by *fazendeiros*).

The Xingu experience was deeply ominous, in that it suggested no Park is sacrosanct to the road engineers. But the equally disquieting inference is that the Brazilian authorities themselves recognise that an Indian Park (and presumably a Reserve) can hardly straddle a major highway. What then are we to conclude from the numerous proposals to intersect Indian lands all over Amazonia? The 242 for example, heading west from Sao Felix, proceeds to bisect the refashioned Xingu, going straight through the HQ of the Park at Leonardo (named after one of the Villas Boas brothers, now dead). South-east of Xingu, a section of the 080 is shown going through the middle of the recently designated Pimentel Barbosa Xavante Reserve — although to add to our confusion the State map for Goiás shows the 080 running to a completely different crossing point of the River Araguaia.

This lack of cartographical precision was commented upon in our main Report, as an inevitable source of weakness in the defence of Indian lands. The sort of difficulty is shown clearly on the main map, where it will be seen that the 172 running south of Manaus across Amazonas State fails completely to link up with the same road as shown on the State map for Mato Grosso to the south. Yet further ambiguity exists just north of Vilhena, where the Rondônia Territory map shows the same highway running distinctly to the west of the route as shown on the Mato Grosso map. Since this major highway promises to intersect (somewhere!) the Aripuana Park, and play havoc with the recently resettled Nambikuara Indians in the vicinity of Vilhena, such cartographical errors are of more than academic concern.

However, the central issue is the effect which such roads are likely to have upon the Parks and Reserves which they cut in two. In the far west of Amazonas State, the Itui Park, whose proposed boundaries we obtained in Manaus, and have yet to be confirmed, seems to be threatened with at

least one intersection by a Federal Highway, while the *Perimetral Norte* runs right alongside it for something approaching a hundred miles. Again, as Inset A shows, the Yanomami Park near the Venezuelan border will be bordered by this major highway, while its northern region will be crossed by a Territorial road joining the present Mission stations of Catrimani and Surucucu.

The Yanomami example was one of the most disquieting we came upon in 1972, and this latest evidence reinforces the anxiety we expressed then. Briefly, this is one of the largest 'unacculturated' tribal groups left in South America, and the boundaries of the Park (again copied in Manaus at FUNAI's regional HQ) were manifestly inadequate to contain their numbers (we estimated no more than 300 of the total of about 5,000 lived in the designated area). We were therefore heartened when FUNAI, in its official response to the A.P.S. Report, stressed that the boundaries we had seen 'came from an old and out-of-date study, which has no validity today.' But if, as we advocated, the boundaries of the Park were to be extended in due course to include the Yanomami areas around Surucucu, the road plans — of which the missionaries we met at both Catrimani and Surucucu had no inkling — must surely jeopardise the integrity of such a Park, no less than did the 080 destroy the former Xingu.

There are many other examples which could be quoted — notably the way in which an already shrunken Reserve for the Waimiri-Atroari Indians north of Manaus has now been crossed by the 174 highway to Boa Vista. Again, the main map minimises the impact of the roads, since not only are the existing roads left off, but there are many Indian tribes which have not so far had Reserves designated at all for them — yet whose territories are being penetrated by roads. A conspicuous example of this could be demonstrated along the upper Negro, where the *Perimetral Norte* appears to go clean through the Tukano, Tariano and other Indian groups near the Colombian border.

This brief review of the latest road developments can only reinforce the conclusion of our Report, that 'once development interests are involved, Indian Reserves are hardly worth the maps they are drawn on.' Whether the forces involved are now too powerful to resist, only time and the Brazilians will show. But unless there is that 'matching determination on the part of the government' which we sought, ethnicide, or what we might term cultural castration, is the imminent fate of aboriginal man in the Amazon. It would be sad if the Brazilian racial melting pot should, through carelessness and undue haste rather than malevolence, find no place for the oldest human ingredient in South America.

[Dr. Edwin Brooks, Senior Lecturer in Geography at the University of Liverpool, was the Member of Parliament for Bebington 1966-70 and first President of the Conservation Society.]

THE UNITED NATIONS AND INTERNATIONAL LAW: THE RHODESIA CASE

by Michael Stephen

THERE have been but few questions at the United Nations in recent years which have raised so many important questions for the student of international law and institutions as the case of Rhodesia. The United Nations is the best institution that man has so far been able to devise for the promotion of world order and progress under the rule of law, and in many respects it works quite well, but in the field of highly political issues it has serious defects at the present time. Perhaps in this short article attention can be drawn to some of them.

On 18 May 1966, the Secretary-General of the United Nations announced to the Security Council that he had received a request from the Government of Rhodesia for an invitation to participate in the Council's debate on Rhodesia. The telegram had cited Article 32 of the Charter which requires the Council to invite any state party to a dispute, but the Secretary-General took the view that Rhodesia was not a state, and that Article 32 did not therefore apply. He further observed that the Council had 'labelled the regime in Southern Rhodesia as illegal', and 'in accordance with the policy of the Secretariat not to correspond with illegal regimes' he had decided to ignore the request. This statement was accepted without comment, and a debate on Rhodesia ensued.

On 15 June 1966, the Rhodesian regime submitted a written legal argument challenging this decision, but it was never published as a United Nations document and was ignored by the Security Council. The Rhodesians made a further request for a hearing in December 1966, but on this occasion the British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs informed the House of Commons that no such request had been made, even though it had been reported by the *New York Times* a few days earlier.

The white Rhodesian point of view has never in fact been heard by the Security Council. Nor has it been heard by the General Assembly, despite several requests, but the African case was, and has continued to be, argued at length by the African and Eastern European members of those bodies.

Now, it may or may not be true that the white Rhodesian point of view is entirely without merit or that they themselves have little regard for freedom of speech or the principles of justice, but if the United Nations is to provide the leadership and command the respect without which its resolutions can never be more than scraps of paper, it must not act or give occasion to be suspected of acting in an unfair or arbitrary manner.

The Security Council and General Assembly are of course political bodies and are not obliged to follow judicial procedure, but it is well established by the practice of both organs that, if one side of what is in substance a dispute is heard, then the other must also be permitted a fair hearing. It is further established, in particular by the cases of Indonesia, Palestine, Hyderabad

and Rhodesia itself, that the possession of less than the full attributes of statehood is no bar to a fair hearing, and that such a hearing implies no position on the question of statehood or the legitimacy of a government.

Moreover, freedom of speech is essential to the proper functioning of the rule of law, and it is to be regretted that the United Nations should not only exclude the white Rhodesian point of view from its own debates, but should also exhort its members to exclude it from their own countries. A few members have, however, refused to comply, preferring the free exchange of ideas to policies of isolation and suppression, but it is a matter of great regret that the American House Subcommittee on Africa is now seeking to close down the Rhodesian information centre in Washington, for it is in cases such as this, where emotion is strongest and political forces are unbalanced, that a free exchange of ideas is most needed.

It is submitted that the Security Council and General Assembly were wrong in refusing to hear representatives of the white Rhodesians and that the integrity of both organs has in consequence been damaged. It is a further principle of natural justice (which principles are really no more than rules of fair play), that no one should be a judge in his own cause. In the Rhodesia case the conduct of Rhodesians has consistently been judged, and United Nations policy formulated, by states which are expressly committed to the African cause. This is no doubt permissible within the Charter but in a situation of this kind, where the trust of all parties to the dispute is essential to progress towards a just solution, such biased procedure can have only retrogressive results.

Rhodesia is not of course the only case where the value of United Nations' participation has been impaired in this way, and the representative of Uruguay drew attention to it at the 26th General Assembly in the debate on the Committee to Investigate Israeli Practices. He said:

> Israel attacks the Committee because it comprises representatives of three states which have no relations with Israel, but do have relations with the Arab states at war with Israel, and one of the members of the Committee is the representative of a state which is actually at war with Israel.
>
> That being the case, can anyone hope that the Committee will successfully perform its tasks of investigation and pacification, which have thus far failed?

In almost any work written by a supporter of the Smith regime will be found a reference to double standards. It is argued that whatever infringements of human rights take place in Rhodesia they are minor when compared with the gross and brutal violations which take place elsewhere in Africa and in other parts of the world, which attract little condemnation and still less result in what are in effect penal sanctions.

This cannot be denied, but low standards of conduct cannot be morally justified by reference to even lower standards on the part of others. If, however, international affairs are to be conducted in accordance with the rule of law, and not by reference only to the dictates of power politics, then the same standards must be applied to all alike. A despot may for a time be able to impose one law upon some and a different law upon others, but the essence of an effective institution is the obedience which flows from the

respect of its members, and there can be no such respect in the absence of equality before the law.

This is especially true of the system of international organisation, and in 1968 the British Foreign Secretary spoke as follows:

> I sometimes think that some of our discussions on human rights are spoilt by the vice of partiality.
>
> Another condition therefore for the success of our work is that fairness of judgement which causes a man or a nation to apply the same standards to himself as he requires of other people.

The Security Council and General Assembly have from time to time in the Rhodesia case and in other cases, purported to make findings of law. The Security Council has for example declared the Smith regime to be illegal and has found Rhodesia to be a colony in rebellion, and the General Assembly has also declared the country a non self-governing territory within the meaning of Chapter XI of the Charter.

There will of course be urgent occasions when the Security Council and much more rarely the General Assembly must expressly or implicitly form a view on a question of law, but they are nevertheless political bodies, unqualified to decide difficult points of law, and such a view cannot properly be regarded as any more than provisional. In the Rhodesia case the Security Council merely accepted at face value the British assertion of illegality and rebellion in British constitutional law without enquiring whether that system of law was even relevant to the question at the international level. There is no space here to examine the claim that Rhodesia can become independent only by Act of the British Parliament, but it may be seen to be wrong in international law even by the layman, for if it were correct no colony could become independent without the consent of the colonial power.

These are questions which are fundamental to the legal case against Rhodesia and yet they have at no time been submitted to the only body competent to adjudicate upon them, namely the International Court of Justice. In any society the only remedy of the politically weak against majority oppression is resort to the courts, but at the international level this right, far from being recognised and developed, is being denied.

Some questions arising between states are not capable of judicial settlement at all, but there are many which are so capable and yet are never submitted for adjudication. One reason for this is that the law itself is at variance with the political objectives of a party to the dispute either because the law is wrong when viewed objectively or because the political objective is wrong, or because both are right in principle but for technical reasons the law does not provide the appropriate relief. Another reason may be lack of confidence in the freedom of the tribunal from political restraint.

In an international system the law will inevitably be wrong more often than in a developed system of national law for there is no legislature which can respond quickly to political change, and consensus is harder to obtain in an heterogeneous society. The process of lawmaking by international conference is therefore to be encouraged and developed. What must, however, be discouraged is the *ad hoc* process of moulding law to fit the facts accord-

ing to the relative popularity of the parties, which is sometimes adopted by the Security Council and General Assembly, for it results in arbitrary rule.

It is for example a pre-condition to sanctions under Chapter VII of the Charter that the Security Council determines the existence of at least a threat to the peace. This condition was included in the Charter for the protection of minority states possessing no veto, who were willing to give the Security Council peacekeeping powers but feared that the Council would be used by the politically strong, notwithstanding the safeguard contained in its voting structure, to give legal authority to intervention against them where no real threat to the peace existed.

The Members of the United Nations today would not agree to amend the Charter to remove this condition, but the Security Council has in effect done this itself in relation to Rhodesia by making the determination in wholly inappropriate circumstances. It may be thought that the Security Council should have power to take enforcement action not only to deal with true threats to the peace, but also to remedy violations of human rights and to punish or remove the governments responsible, but the organs of the United Nations and the international community which they serve are not yet so mature that any state would be willing to see them act free from the restrictions of the Charter, or to confer additional powers of this kind upon them. Until states are willing to accept that such powers may be exercised against themselves, and thus to amend the law, they cannot lawfully be exercised against others.

It seems that there are certain issues at the United Nations from time to time on which passions are so inflamed and self-interest so strong that the formulation of conclusions by the ordinary processes of objective investigation, analysis, and deduction is excluded. Positions, having been adopted on the basis of pure emotion or self-interest, are sought to be justified by a process of rationalising back from the conclusion to the reason, which in its extreme form may rely on false or distorted evidence, unsubstantiated conclusions from evidence, or pure assertions.

International affairs in general, and the United Nations in particular, provide an environment in which rationalising back is not difficult, where accurate and timely information is hard to obtain and where skilful diplomacy or sheer voting power can secure the exclusion of inconvenient arguments, the conversion of a doubtful assertion into a resolution possessing legal force, or the incorporation of misleading evidence into the report of a body entitled to respect and enjoying wide publicity.

The following criticism has in particular been made of the General Assembly's Committee of 24, upon the reports of which resolutions have often been based, and from which several members have resigned.

> The United Kingdom, the United States and other western members of the Committee of 24 have strongly objected to the conclusions reached in its various studies, which were described as dogmatic, tendentious and superficial, and not supported by any of the factual material contained in the reports (*A Principle in Torment—I The U.N. and Southern Rhodesia 67, 68*—U.N. Publications 1969).

A much more thorough and objective system of fact finding and evaluation must therefore be devised.

The aspects of the Rhodesia case noted above are significant and damaging for the United Nations and the concept of world peace under law. So far as Rhodesia itself is concerned, the better view of the legal position, whether it is politically acceptable or not, is that the country is an independent state, that the Smith regime is its lawful government, and that the United Nations' sanctions are illegal.

Whilst these questions are capable of judicial determination, the real dispute in the Rhodesia case is not—it is a purely political dispute between an undetermined number of black and of white Rhodesians as to how their country shall be governed, and it is no more likely at the present stage in the development of international law that a solution will be found by insistence on the correct legal position than by the abuse of international law thus far made by Britain and the United Nations.

Their reliance upon the law in this case has served only to polarise attitudes and to divert attention from the search for a genuine political solution. Such a solution can be found in Rhodesia, for it is a country, unlike South Africa, where peaceful change can take place, but the effect of United Nations' involvement has been to obstruct agreement between the parties concerned. As long ago as 1962 the British representative gave the following warning to the General Assembly:

> It is not difficult to discern two extreme tendencies in the local situation. Both of these will react to what is being done here, and their reaction is likely to be to pursue more extreme courses and to adopt harder attitudes than they would otherwise have done. Both may in this way be forced into positions from which they may find it hard to retreat.
>
> We believe that the United Nations would do all the peoples of Southern Rhodesia better service by refraining from further debate and resolutions and by encouraging the parties concerned to work together.

If the United Nations is to secure the respect without which it can never deal effectively with highly political issues, its Members must cease to use the Organisation as just another medium for the promotion of their self interest by political or legal sharp practice, and endeavour when sitting as members of a United Nations body to develop a spirit if not of judicial detachment at least of fairness and integrity in which all nations whether weak or strong, popular or unpopular, may place their trust. Such a development will be difficult under present conditions and will not be quickly achieved, but until it is achieved the Organisation cannot be considered ready to be entrusted with the powers of world government.

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THE COLOSSUS

by Thomas J. Clogger

ON the Matopo Hills, Rhodesia, every evening the last rays of the setting sun illuminate a granite memorial where the remains of Cecil John Rhodes are buried. He died on March 26, 1902, near Cape Town. A confidant of the great, yet friend of the simple man, he was truly one of England's greatest sons.

In the archives of De Beers, an economic giant which straddles Africa, there is a simple inscription:

> **Rhodes, The Rt. Hon. C. J., P.C.**
>
> Signed original Articles of Association. Created P.C. January 3, 1895. Was a Life Governor of the Company. Chairman from inception of the Company 1888, to date of death, March 26, 1902. Prime Minister of Cape House of Assembly from 1890 to 1896. Buried at Matopos, Rhodesia. Northern and Southern Rhodesia were called after him. By his historic will his great fortune was largely devoted to the foundation of scholarships at Oxford, each of the value of £300 a year to be held by students from every important British Colony and from every State and Territory of the United States of America. Under a codicil certain scholarships were to be granted to German students.

For health reasons he sailed for South Africa in 1870 and joined his brother Herbert who had a cotton plantation in Natal. With a perception far beyond his years, Cecil Rhodes saw power in diamonds and bought claim after claim. He also added gold mining to his interests.

But it was to the future of England in Africa to which he gave much thought, for Cecil John Rhodes believed in Empire and the imperial destiny of the Englishman to rule the 'lesser breeds without the law'. He often spoke of 'British dominion from the Cape to Cairo', 'painting the map red' and the 'Imperial factor'. He envisaged a Union of Central Africa with a railway and telegraph line connecting the Cape to Cairo, and he was determined to do this by the power of his wealth gained through diamonds and gold.

'The Colossus', as he became known to his associates, had a wider concept. A concept staggering in its scope, and one in which the tremendous slaughter and destruction wrought by two world wars makes his suggestion a sensible one.

In his second will (he made seven in all), drawn up in September, 1877, at the age of 24, he wrote:

> '. . . to and for the establishment, promotions and development of a Secret Society, the true aim and object whereof shall be the extension of British rule throughout the world, the perfection of a system of emigration from the United Kingdom and of colonisation by British subjects of all lands wherein the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labour and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the valley of the Euphrates, the Islands of Cyprus and Canada, the whole of South America, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the whole of the Malay Archipelago, the seaboard of China and Japan,

> the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire for the consolidation of the whole Empire. The inauguration of a system of Colonial Representation in the Imperial Parliament which may tend to weld together the disjointed members of the Empire, and finally the foundations of so great a power as to hereafter render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity.'

Rhodes lived with history and poetry. He made history and his dreams of a new English nation were similar to those of another Oxford man, Sir Walter Raleigh, who also thought of a new English nation across the Atlantic and of an Eldorado in Guiana.

It was W. T. Stead, the brilliant journalist of liberal imperialism, who, immediately after Rhodes's death in 1902, wrote:

> 'The few who knew him loved him. The majority to whom he was unknown, paid their homage to him, some of their admiration, and others of their hate. And it must be admitted that the dread he inspired among those who disliked him was more widespread than the affection he commanded from those who came within the magic of his presence.'

The June issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Genocide in the Puppet 'State' of Croatia* by Bernard Lavergne, *H. G. Wells: An Episode* by H. E. L. Mellersh, *A European Education Policy* by Carol Farne and the first of an occasional series about the Thirties, *Henri Rolin's Place in History* by the Rt. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker.

THE YOUTH OF AN HISTORIAN: GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

by Mary Moorman

Part I Welcombe and Wallington

GEORGE Macaulay Trevelyan was the best-known and the best-loved historian of England in the first half of the 20th century. He could scarcely have been born into a family more capable of nourishing him for such a calling, or provided with homes and home-landscapes more rich in the beauty, the associations, the romance and the delight fitted to inspire it. He was born on February 16th 1876 in the heart of rural Warwickshire, within two miles of Stratford-on-Avon, at the home of his mother's father, Robert Needham Philips, a wealthy Lancashire merchant and Liberal M.P. for Bury. George was the youngest of the three sons of George Otto Trevelyan. Mr. Philips had inherited an immense new house and a good deal of land in Warwickshire from his much older brother Mark. Earlier in life Mark had travelled on business in Russia, and was one of the first two M.P.s for the newly-enfranchised Manchester after the Reform Bill of 1832. The brothers retained their Lancashire property, The Park, just north of Manchester, and Robert Needham migrated between the two, addressing his Warwickshire tenants in terms of bluff north-country equality without a trace of feudal superiority. Mark had desired to entertain his friends in style, and so in the 1860s he built Welcombe (now a hotel belonging to British Rail), in a fold of the rising ground just east of Stratford, first pulling down a curious house in the 'gothic' style of the late 18th century. The new house was Elizabethan in design, as befitted the neighbourhood of Stratford, and was built of substantial red brick with mullioned plate-glass windows; Dutch gables and a forest of tall chimneys. Mark Philips had many of the details copied from the prints of Elizabethan houses in Nash's *Mansions of England in the Olden Time*. Two relics of the earlier property remained—a pond in the garden with an island in the middle, and on the top of a hill on the south side a small eight-sided and crenellated 'temple', commanding a most lovely view of the Avon valley as far as Bredon Hill and the Cotswolds. Inside it was a bust of Shakespeare.

The house was built on a slope, facing south-east towards the Avon and Edge Hill. The church-tower of Hampton Lucy on the edge of Charlcote Park, where the young Shakespeare is said to have poached deer, could be seen from the windows, so that little George as he grew older could feel himself a sharer in the legendary adventures of Shakespeare's boyhood as well as in the tremendous realities of England's Civil War, of which in later years he was to write with eloquence and power. There were other houses in the neighbourhood whose stories made them part of the fabric of English history for ever—Clopton, where some of the Gunpowder Plotters had

resorted; and Compton Wynyates, the lovely mansion under Edge Hill, the home of the royalist Earl of Northampton, killed at Hopton Heath.

The Trevelyans spent many holidays with 'Pater' Philips at Welcombe, but George's real home was not destined to be there. Far to the north, where the wild moorlands of central Northumberland slope gradually down towards the farmlands and woods of the Wansbeck valley, stood another and much older mansion, Wallington, soon to come by inheritance to George's father. It was built in the reign of William III, of the lovely grey-gold local stone, by Sir William Blackett of Newcastle, who bought the estates of the bankrupt baronet Sir John Fenwick, soon afterwards executed for his part in Jacobite plots. Its cellars were the basement of the 14th century castle, the scene of the grim ballad, *Fair Mary of Wallington*. The wealth and enterprise of the mid-18th century owner, Sir Walter Calverley Blackett, gave it the shelter of beech woods to north, east and west—they had just come to their glorious maturity in George's boyhood—and a kitchen garden east of the house with a long terrace walk adorned with lifelike lead figures. Inside, the house was made beautiful with the best Italian plaster-work, with portraits of the owner and of his niece, Susan Trevelyan, by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, and with embroidered panels and screens wrought by his mother, a daughter of the first builder.

A century later it received further adornment. By this time it had come by inheritance into the hands of the Trevelyans, a Somersetshire family who, for three generations, managed two estates three hundred miles apart, Wallington in Northumberland, and Nettlecombe in Somerset. Sir Walter Trevelyan, the third Trevelyan baronet of Wallington, married Pauline Jermyn, an artist and a friend of artists, especially of that group who called themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Some of these came on long visits to Wallington and they left outstanding memorials behind them. Wallington had been built as a hollow square, with the corridor windows looking into a gloomy court. The Trevelyans made the court into a magnificent great hall, carried up to the full height of the house, lit by round skylights. The upper corridors now looked over Venetian balustrades designed by Ruskin, between arches in whose spandrels William Bell Scott painted the whole story of 'Chevy Chase'—the great encounter between Percy and Douglas—from the gay morning hunt to the evening tragedy when the slain were borne from the field on biers 'of birch and hazel grey'.

> Over the Ottercaps Hills they came,
> And down by Rodeley Crag:
> At Greenleighton they lighted down,
> Stirring many a stag.'

says the ballad of the Douglas and his men.

It was all familiar country to the dwellers at Wallington, Rodeley (now Rothley) being only three miles away. Below, at floor level, the spaces between the pillars on the north and south sides were filled by Scott with eight large canvasses illustrating Northumbrian history, from the Romans

building the Wall to the sturdy Tynesiders showing the world 'what can be done with iron and steel'. The hall thus became a remarkable 'pleasure-dome', colourful and gay and, as the Victorians loved to have things, instructive as well.

Sir Walter had no children, and he left Wallington in 1879 to his cousin, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, the Indian administrator and, (as Head of the Treasury) reformer of the Civil Service. Sir Charles died in 1886, and thus his son, George's father, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, became the owner of the wonderful place. George Otto's mother had been Hannah More Macaulay, the sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay. Perhaps by that inheritance, even more by the close association between the uncle and nephew in George Otto's boyhood and youth, the passion for history and literature entered the family. George Otto remembered as a little boy his uncle telling him that he was 'collecting materials' for writing his History of England, and how he thought he meant he was laying in vast stores of paper, pens and ink. George Otto's devotion to Macaulay was unbounded, and he celebrated it by writing a glowing and very popular biography.

Sir George was a busy Liberal Member of Parliament, and in fact had first met his wife, Caroline Philips, when he was assisting her father in Lancashire at the election of 1865. The story of their engagement and its difficulties is told in *Sir George Otto Trevelyan, A Memoir* (1932.) They were married in September 1869, and set up house in London at 40 Ennismore Gardens. Their eldest son Charles was born in 1870—the year of the first postcards. His mother's delightful sister, Anna Maria Philips, who became the beloved and ever-welcome aunt and great-aunt of the next two generations of Trevelyans, sent him a postcard—'Glad to hear of your safe arrival.' Charles, the Liberal politician and eventually Labour Minister of Education, became, although six years older, the confidant and spiritual companion of George, from George's Harrow days onwards, even more than the middle brother, Robert, the classical scholar and poet. But there was a strong comradeship between all three. Their favourite indoor pastime at Wallington was an extraordinarily elaborate war-game, played with armies of small lead soldiers representing many nationalities. It is thus described by Robert:

> A large space of bare floor boards in my bedroom and afterwards in the museum (a spacious attic in which many early natural history collections were housed), was kept for military purposes, and there many hours would be spent in arranging the English and French armies (each nearly 2,000 men strong), and manipulating their conflicts. The battles were Napoleonic in character. . . . As there were three of us, two could command the armies of Wellington or Napoleon, while the third could act the part of impartial Destiny, receiving from time to time secret instructions from the opposing generals . . . and deciding how many and which soldiers should be killed and wounded, and knocking them over one by one with his finger. . . . A battle would often take weeks of hard work and had sometimes to be left unfinished at the end of the holidays. But it was a wonderful game, and we continued playing it right down to our undergraduate days and even for some years later.[1]

George had in fact been earlier taught the elements of this game by his

father, when, as a little boy of six, too young as yet to go to school, he was living with his parents in the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Sir George had been appointed Chief Secretary in succession to the murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish in 1882. When he could spare an hour from the cares of office, he sometimes came up to George's nursery, and together they played with the little lead soldiers. Sir George wrote to his sister:

> I have just contrived to set George playing at a 'City' instead of those eternal battles. . . . His games are one continual revolution, in which the roughs, the police, the students of the University, the tradesmen and the 'gents' form different combinations, and always end by killing the whole of each other. He has no idea of the quiet flow of civil life.[2]

Perhaps George unconsciously sensed the disturbed state of nearby Dublin, where even the Royal Irish Constabulary had mutinied. Certainly the Phoenix Park presented almost daily before his delighted young eyes the spectacle of frequent reviews and 'sham fights' by real soldiers, 'who fired at each other and advanced and retreated with entrancing jangle and rattle across the open Phoenix'. And so, as he wrote long afterwards 'unconsciously a sense of the drama of English and Irish history was purveyed' to him, with his father acting as 'commentator and bard'.[3] His own special detective, Mr. Dunne, with whom he walked and played, was a real friend, though it was startling to discover, as George did one day, that 'he took the opposite side about the Battle of the Boyne'.

Perhaps out of this rather exciting episode in his young life arose, a year or two later, George's first book. *Brave Men of Britain*, by G. M. Trevelyan, was written in an exercise book, and described, in quite competent military language, various battles in the Napoleonic wars—the defence of Acre, the battle of Alexandria and finally Maida. He cannot have been more than eight when he wrote it and there are not many spelling mistakes, though the hand-writing leaves much to be desired.

When she married, Caroline Philips brought with her to her new home, as her personal maid, a Lancashire woman, Mary Prestwich. Very soon she changed her position in the household to become nurse to the boys. She stayed on in the family as housekeeper until her death in 1923. Tall, and with a wonderful and tender dignity, she was the embodiment of all that was best in the Victorian ideal of service to a family. She was a devout churchwoman of the Evangelical school, but her strongly-held creed did not in the least disturb her relationship with her employers. Lady Trevelyan had been brought up a Unitarian and Sir George had not continued in the evangelical religion of his parents. Booa, as the boys called her always, imparted something of her gospel of salvation to George, who quietly deduced from it that his parents must be destined to a very uncomfortable future in the life to come. This, however, did not seriously worry him, and when at the age of about twelve he mentally rejected the doctrine of eternal punishment, he sought no other approach to Christianity but thenceforward contented himself with a non-theistic 'religion', strongly influenced of course by Christian

ethics, while the Bible as a whole, particularly the Psalms and the historical books of the Old Testament, became the groundwork of his love both of poetry and history. To Booa he always remained devoted, regarding her character with a reverence he felt for no other person. He often said that she taught him what the Christian religion could mean and do in a personality. She in her turn loved all her three boys, but perhaps her strongest bond was with George.

She cared for the comfort of the body as well as the welfare of the soul. Her especial genius was the making of 'parkin'—a Lancashire gingerbread made with oatmeal and black treacle. Many a tin of this delectable and yet sustaining cake was despatched by her to her boys in their school-days, at college and right on into their married lives, when it became equally acceptable to their children.

George's early education was undertaken by Miss Martin, a lady whom he certainly liked (in spite of the rather puzzling fact that she was a Tory!), and who equipped him well in such studies as were necessary before he began, at the age of nine, the days of exile, required then of almost all little boys of the upper and upper middle classes, to the establishment known as a private or preparatory school. The school was Wixenford, on the northern borders of Hampshire; both his brothers had been there before him, and Bobbie was still there when George arrived at the beginning of the summer term of 1885. He was a not unwilling pupil: the only subject that bothered him much was mathematics, and even that was not disastrous, for at the end of his second year he was given as a prize a richly bound copy of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (which contained *Chevy Chase* and other ballads of his own Northumberland), inscribed as being awarded for 'Industry' in 'Greek, History, French and Mathematics'.

Notes

[1] From *Windfalls*, by R. C. Trevelyan (1944). Quoted by permission of Julian Trevelyan.

[2] Quoted from the *Memoir*.

[3] *An Autobiography and Other Essays*, 1949.

[*The Youth of an Historian* is based chiefly on the letters of G. M. Trevelyan to his brother Charles Philips Trevelyan, who was six years his senior. From Harrow days onwards they kept up a close and intimate correspondence, of which only one side survives. The years at Harrow and Cambridge have been briefly but vividly described by G. M. Trevelyan in *An Autobiography and Other Essays*, (1952). Dr. Mary Moorman, a daughter of George Macaulay Trevelyan, will contribute three further articles dealing with the Wixenford, Harrow and Cambridge years.]

SCOTT AND WORDSWORTH: A COMPARISON

by Alice V. Stuart

HERE are two great names, linked by their nearly coincidental dates of birth, Wordsworth's in 1770, Scott's in 1771, linked too by a friendship over the years, beginning in September 1803, when William and Dorothy, in the course of their Scottish tour, visited the Scotts at their Lasswade cottage.

In August 1805 Scott was in the Lake District. In the company of Wordsworth and Humphry Davy he climbed Helvellyn. Davy, however, did not linger on the summit, but made his way down again to distant Grasmere. Scott remained, to hear Wordsworth recount the sad fate of Charles Gough. This young man, who belonged to Kendal, had come to Patterdale that spring to fish. He was last seen alive on April 18th, and three months later his skeleton was found under the precipices of Striden Edge near to Red Tarn. All that time his remains had been guarded by his faithful terrier bitch. As Wordsworth recounts: 'Walter Scott heard of the accident, and both he and I, without either of us knowing that the other had taken up the subject, each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity.' A comparison of Wordsworth's *Fidelity* with Scott's *Helvellyn* will serve to throw into clear relief the difference in temperament and technique between the two poets.

In *Fidelity* we find the deliberate plainness of utterance characteristic of the Lakeland poet, enhanced in this instance because, as Crabbe Robinson records, 'he purposely made the narrative as plain as possible in order that no discredit might be thrown on the truth of the incident'. The vocabulary is predominantly monosyllabic from the opening lines —

> A barking sound the Shepherd hears
> A cry as of a dog or fox;
> He halts — and searches with his eyes
> Among the scattered rocks . . .

to the conclusion of this 'lasting monument of words' to the dog's devotion. The most striking stanza is the fifth, showing Wordsworth's deep feeling for the beautiful austerities of mountain scenery.

> There sometimes doth a leaping fish
> Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
> The crags repeat the raven's croak,
> In symphony austere;
> Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
> And mists that spread the flying shroud;
> And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
> That, if it could, would hurry past;
> But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Note how the occasional sound serves only to emphasise the prevailing silence of that remote spot; note, too, how the eight-line stanza of the poem

here overflows into a ninth, an Alexandrine, as if only with this slightly larger canvas could Wordsworth do full justice to the Lakeland scene.

Wordsworth grouped his poems later under various general headings, and this is one of the *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*, qualifying as such by the reflection which concludes the straightforward account of how the shepherd came across the remains.

> The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
> Repeating the same timid cry,
> This Dog had been through three months' space
> A dweller in that savage place.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> How nourished there through such long time
> He knows, who gave that love sublime;
> And gave that strength of feeling, great
> Above all human estimate!

Thus the poem is lifted to fine conclusion, redeeming its occasional banalities of diction, and the tautology of the first half of the last stanza, here omitted.

That Wordsworth has indeed achieved his declared ambition of giving voice to the simple emotions of simple people is proved anew in this instance. For he tells us that a traveller heard a shepherd utter the same sentiment as in the poem's concluding lines 'with such exactness that [he] . . . was induced to question the man whether he had read them, which he had not'.

Scott's *Helvellyn* shows a very different approach. Were this poem to be examined in ignorance of its authorship, with the same critical acumen displayed by some of Scott's contemporaries in attempting to solve the riddle of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, certain pieces of internal evidence would at once be remarked. Here, for one thing, is an author who uses boldly and beautifully the local place-names.

> On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
> And Catchedicam its left verge was defending . . .

He possesses considerable metrical skill, for his eight-line stanza, with its rolling anapaests and preponderance of feminine rhymes, has a resounding beauty, and the pattern is observed faithfully throughout. His personality is clearly that of a dog-lover. For one thing, he retains the convincing truth to fact that the devoted animal was a terrier-bitch. This is stated in the brief prefatory note, and made clear in the lines —

> For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
> The much-loved remains of her master defended,
> And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, possibly for reasons of prudery, calls it 'the Dog' throughout. And again, how feelingly this author enters into the probable reactions of the little guardian animal, in the stanza which Wordsworth much admired.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start . . .

It is, however, the penultimate stanza which reveals most unmistakably the hand of Scott. Each author had to amplify the bare outlines of the story, in order to make a poem of reasonable length. This was not a problem for Wordsworth, since he was better acquainted, not only with the local scenery, but also with the facts of the finding. Accordingly, he gives us in dramatic detail the various stages of the shepherd's gradual realisation of what he has come across, as thus —

The Dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry . . .

Scott, lacking this particular knowledge, sets his rich imagination to work, and in the penultimate stanza makes an extended comparison with the pomp of a funeral 'When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded'. With its details of tapestry, torch-light, scutcheons and banners in 'the proudly arch'd chapel', the stanza shows plainly the predilection for the age of chivalry of the Great Romantic. Devoted readers of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* might well recall similar passages therein, particularly perhaps in the fine ballad of *Rosabelle*. The elaborate comparison undoubtedly enriches *Helvellyn*, and gives more point and poignancy to the simplicity of the final stanza, with the place-names recurring in the last line like the tolling of a knell.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

The warmth of approach of direct address is here, as it was in the earlier lines, where the watching creature is directly apostrophized. Wordsworth's narrative is third-person throughout, and is therefore more detached and objective. Opinions differ as to which is the more successful method for narration.

Wordsworth remained faithful to poetry all his life, with only the rare excursion into prose. Scott, as is well known, deserted poetry for prose when, as he himself said, 'Byron bet me'. However, the beautiful lyrics such as *Proud Maisie* scattered through his novels show that the skill remained, and indeed they are among the best and most memorable of his poetic work, perhaps serving in part to rebut Wordsworth's penetrating criticism, 'As a poet Scott cannot live, for he has never in verse written anything addressed to the immortal part of man'. Wordsworth unfortunately wrote somewhat pedestrian verse in his latter years, with a fatal facility in sonnets

(a form which Scott seems never to have attempted). Occasionally, however, the great voice is heard again, as in a few of the later sonnets, notably the one inspired by the thought of his dead child Catherine 'Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind', and the moving stanzas on the friends he had survived, with its typically Wordsworthian title *Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg*, which begins thus—

> When first, descending from the moorlands,
> I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
> Along a bare and open valley,
> The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.
> When last along its banks I wandered,
> Through groves that had begun to shed
> Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
> My steps the Border-minstrel led.

In the second verse Wordsworth is recalling the last day of his visit to Abbotsford in the autumn of 1831 (also described in the discursive stanzas of his *Yarrow Revisited*). On their return at close of day from Yarrow and Newark the eerie purple light over the Eildons seemed a strange presage, and this, coupled with his anxiety over his old friend's failing health, inspired another of the great sonnets, written that same evening. The fact that the good wishes of the sestet were doomed to unfulfilment, since Scott returned from his European tour a dying man, lends an additional note of pathos to the poem, and the use of the musical polysyllabic old name for Naples, Parthenope, shows Wordsworth here modifying the stark simplicity of his earlier diction with an acceptable touch of the grand manner. On several counts, therefore, the beautiful valedictory sonnet makes a fitting finale to this brief study of the two contrasted poets.

> A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
> Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
> Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
> Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
> For kindred Power departing from their sight;
> While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
> Saddens his voice again and yet again.
> Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
> Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
> Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
> Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
> Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
> Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

WOMEN AND ALCOHOLISM

by Barry Richards

AQUA Vitae, water of life, was given this name by the alchemists who first distilled it in potable quantity in Europe.

Its 'hott waters' were thought to be good for most things and it was said that,

> ' . . . it sloweth age; it strengtheneth youth; it helpeth digestion; it cutteth flegme; it abandoneth melancholie; it relisheth the heart; it lighteneth the mind; it quickeneth the spirits; it strengtheneth the hydropsie; it healeth the strangurie; it pounceth the stone; it expelleth the gravel; it puffeth away ventositie; it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eyes from dazzling, the tong from lisping, the mouth from snaffling, the teeth from chattering, and the throat from rattling; it keepeth the weason from stiffling, the stomach from wambling, and the heart from swelling; it keepeth the hands from shivering, the sinews from shrinking, the veins from crumbling, the bones from aching, and the marrow from soaking.'

I think it safe to add that in the light of present day experience, alcohol performs not only these benevolent functions, but a lot of other less virtuous things as well.

According to the World Health Organisation, chronic alcoholism is one of the four major killing diseases, and even if in excess it does not kill, it probably shortens the expectations of life by ten to fifteen years, and increases the industrial and road accident rate.

The results of excessive drinking are many, variable and serious, not only because it brings about a general deterioration in health, but also because, in a modern society, it produces domestic and/or business problems leading to the inability to carry out a job and to manage personal and family financial issues. At the moment, until there is less distinction between the work done by the sexes, obviously the main problem rests with the man in holding down his job and covering up his fallibility. For the woman, the mainspring in bringing up the young, the difficulty lies in keeping the knowledge of her drinking problem from her husband and family.

When excessive drinking merges into actual chronic alcoholism is a moot point, but for the purposes of this article might be defined as; '. . . a chronic disease manifested by implicative (suspicion arousing) drinking so as to cause injury to the drinker's health or to his or her social or economic functioning.' My first experience of a woman alcoholic had its humorous aspects, or so I thought in my innocence.

I was in my late teens, and a friend of mine used to give an occasional party to which he always invited his charming old grandmother. She invariably but graciously declined, saying that she did not like alcohol, and disapproved of people drinking it. It was unnecessary, and therefore she would not enjoy herself and would we please excuse her. One day, and for no particular reason we visited her in mid-afternoon and found her in her

bedroom. There was the old lady completely 'stoned', passed out and unconscious on the bed, one hand still grasping a bottle and, in various nooks and crannies, scores of empty bottles and half-bottles of gin. Yet I never saw her take an alcoholic drink in her life.

Women are inclined to be more secretive about their drinking. Traditionally it has always been acceptable for men to make drinking a part of their social activity, and a drunken man probably excites little comment, but a habitually drunken woman would quickly be rejected by her community.

Women in the nineteenth century and subsequently have played a leading part in the Temperance Movement, and their activities undoubtedly stimulated the introduction of prohibition in America. The various women's temperance organisations still have a strong influence today in both the USA and the United Kingdom on problems related to the consumption of alcohol.

Statistics are often unreliable, particularly when they apply to any group which is biased and is therefore prepared to pervert the facts in the interests of fanaticism. But almost incredible figures are still often claimed regarding the number of women who support temperance movements.

Today, however, there would seem to be a direct relationship between emancipation of women and their consequently increased earning capacity, and the increasing incidence of female alcoholism. Statistically speaking, it would appear that women alcoholics are in the proportion of about one to four men. I do not think anyone would suggest that this is more accurate than a broad generalisation as figures vary, depending on location and the working facilities available to women.

However, among the male prison population, broadly speaking 50% are there because of some crime associated with alcohol. Commonly violence is involved but, equally commonly, theft, to provide the necessary cash to buy drink.

The proportion of women prisoners to men is remarkably low, and this suggests that many men protect their women by paying up and sheltering them from serious trouble. Of course, by nature and accepted social behaviour, women are less likely to become aggressive or cause noticeable public disturbances; even if they do they will, in all probability, be let off with a caution by the courts.

There is another factor about which one can only hazard a guess, and that is, if a woman desperately needs money for drink, she can obtain it by amateur or professional prostitution, and so does not need to steal.

With women, as with men, alcoholism is no respecter of social status or wealth and, as Hogarth noticed, female alcoholics are just as likely to be found in high society as in the slums. Indeed, the causes of alcoholism are many and varied, and no expert on the subject can afford to be dogmatic. All have their pet theories, genetic or biochemical and medical. Most probably the answer contains elements of all these factors, and is far more sophisticated than we yet realise. In fact it is often said that

alcohol is not the cause of alcoholism, it is a manifestation of an addictive personality.

It is unfortunate that the word alcoholic conjures in the public mind the picture of someone who is hopelessly at Skid Row or meths level. The Skid Row problem is minimal and virtually insignificant, yet that is the one image that is presented constantly in the public media. It is in fact probably the least important.

Recently there was a television documentary which portrayed the 'hopeless case of the woman alcoholic.' Although it was not the producer's intention, the programme left an impression of hopeless despair, causing despondency among the many women who were undergoing treatment, or who felt that they were well on the way to recovery.

I am not attempting to say that there are no hopeless women alcoholics, but I am sure it is truer to say that, given proper advice and treatment, a majority can and do recover from this condition. There are not many organisations specialising in the treatment solely of the woman addict, but two instantly come to mind; Spelthorne St. Mary, Surrey and, more latterly, Iden Manor, Kent, and of course at a slightly different social level, St. Marys, London, a centre for the rehabilitation of those who have been in serious trouble.

Recently, an experienced market research worker independently commented that during her interviews she had been amazed at the number of women who were obviously inebriated, often as early as eleven o'clock in the morning. Furthermore, that the majority of these women were the middle-aged wives of prosperous business and professional men. Seemingly, they had nothing to do other than find solace in the bottle, and were either maudlin or aggressive, usually the former.

Probably the most effective step any woman or man can take if he is not receiving much help from his G.P. is to go to his local *Alcoholics Anonymous* group. Help should be sought as soon as possible, as an alcoholic is more likely to suffer from depression and serious emotional disturbance and eventual suicide than any other category of ill people.

Contrary to common opinion, alcohol is a depressant and not a stimulant and any 'lift' which a drinker gets from indulgence is transient and leads to an ever increasing probability of remorse and acute or eventually chronic depression.

It is disturbing in modern times to read of an important and well documented report from America which warns doctors to watch for a distinctive combination of physical and mental disorders in the offspring of alcoholic mothers, and this report actually indicates that the syndrome is the probably toxic effect of alcohol in the mother's bloodstream as it passes into the foetus.

Obviously, as one gets older, one develops habits and different social circumstances. But I have seen a chronic girl alcoholic aged 15. I have also seen a number of cases of young women in their early twenties who

have taken to drinking *eau de cologne* when alcohol, although readily available in other forms, was not actually to hand. Alcoholism again, to many men, is a stress disease and there seems to be little or no doubt that many who suffer from undue stress, or work under continuous strain, are exposing themselves to this hazard.

Since young women are presumably getting to be on equal terms with men in this respect, I think it not unlikely that a young man hoping to find peace and quiet in the arms of his young wife might well reflect on the following:

Her skin is of the fairest hue,
Her eyes a tender limpid blue.
She is above all carnal lust
And wishes her body held in trust.
His is a perfect love, a love so blind
That in her arms he seeks to find
The joy of Heaven.
But finds he only the scented air
No unclaimed passion lies hidden there,
Only solace, solace of a kind
A breath, a perfume rare
A scent divine
That trace of Roses—Gin and Lime.

The fact that a man has married an alcoholic woman may not readily occur to him, and I have heard of cases where a husband has not really discovered the reason for the marriage breakdown until after the event.

There is extraordinarily little literature on alcoholism as it applies to women in particular, and my own observations have been much in the form of generalisation. I think it is relevant to reproduce part of a report issued by the Helping Hand Organisation in London within the last few months, which describes the problem as it was seen to affect women who came within the orbit of their investigation:

As with men, the same gradual tolerance to the stage of heavy drinking and alcoholism applies but the social factors vary considerably. Even in the well-known definitions of alcoholism, the alcoholic is always referred to as 'him', never her. This could be because the effects of a man's drinking, in the role of bread-winner, may be considered to have wider community implications in things like family break-up, poverty, loss of revenue to the commercial world, and so on.

Yet, given thought, the community implications of alcoholism in women can be just as serious. It can cause family break-up, although this may take a longer time than it does for men, depending upon the tolerance of the husband. However, one of the most serious effects may be on the children who must suffer the emotional problems of relating to a mother whose behaviour is, to say the least, erratic at times. The effect on the family budget could also be disastrous. But the most disastrous effect of all is on the personality of the woman herself.

There are estimated to be at least 400,000 alcoholics in Britain. There is sufficient evidence to suggest that 1 in 5, or perhaps even 1 in 4 are females. This means that there are at least 80,000 women alcoholics in Britain, and more and more of them are becoming apparent at places like alcoholism information centres, treatment centres, and meetings of *Alcoholics Anonymous*. At these contact points more women are becoming apparent than there were even ten years ago.

Alcoholics Anonymous estimate that 25% of its membership in this country is female: that is some 2,000 women.

Alcoholic Information Centres are centres initiated by the National Council on Alcoholism, where those with a drinking problem can go for help. They are well used and are increasingly being seen as a way of making contact with alcoholics.

This table shows the number of people who came to them for help last year, broken down into sexes:

	Total	Women
Bristol	387	78
Coventry	159	23
Exeter	483	122
Southampton	157	25
Edinburgh	352	117 (estimated)
Glasgow	248	62 (estimated)
	1786	417

The Merseyside Council on Alcoholism has reported the trend of an increasing number of women presenting for help (*About the Illness Alcoholism*, 1972):

Ten years ago the incidence of males to females was between 7 and 8 to 1. Today, in our experience, the figures are between 4 and 5 to 1, with much indication that the incidence is increasing.

This table shows the number of people who received in-patient hospital treatment in 1970 for alcoholism and alcoholic psychosis:

Category	Male	Female	Total	First admissions
Alcoholism	4982	1472	6326	1894 T
				1485 M
				409 F
Alcoholic psychosis	686	231	917	301 T
				229 M
				72 F

These figures not only bear out the 1 in 4 or 5 figures for the ratio of female to male alcoholics, but bring to light the startling number of re-admissions, among both male and female.

Another set of figures which underlines the different patterns of drinking previously discussed are those for drunkenness offences in England and Wales. This is the only set which does not continue the 1 in 4 or 5 ratio for men and women. It would seem to indicate, again, that women tend to be more modest, almost secretive, in their drinking habits, and are seldom drunk in public.

Persons proceeded against at Magistrates' Courts in England and Wales (1971)

Category	Male	Female	Found Guilty
Simple drunkenness	44711	3777	40296 M 3385 F
Drunkenness with aggravation	39722	2456	37079 M 2201 F

In general, the available evidence suggests that a composite female alcoholic is about 45 years old, started drinking at the age of about 30, has a 50% chance of having another psychiatric illness, stands a 1-in-3 chance of attempting suicide.

However, a Glasgow survey of 50 female alcoholics produced a picture of a 35 year old spirit drinker whose domestic life is likely to be seriously disrupted by her drinking over a period of five years. She has a 1-in-5 chance of having a basic depressive illness and having had an unhappy childhood; and a 1-in-4 chance of having iron deficiency anaemia.

A comparison between 50 male and 50 female alcoholics at the Glasgow Hospital showed that:

(a) Females came to medical attention more often than males as a result of domestic stress, while males arrived more frequently as a result of employment difficulties.

(b) Female alcoholics sought treatment after a shorter period of addiction, and they require a much shorter time to reach the same desperate stage as the male alcoholics.

(c) The presence of an alcoholic husband is a contributory factor in female alcoholism. The women alcoholics who had alcoholic husbands tended to have a retaliatory attitude towards their mates.

(d) 20% of the women had a history of primary depression before the onset of alcoholism.

(e) There was a significant occurrence of a disturbed childhood in a number of the female alcoholics. Kinsey had previously found that many women alcoholics had a background of a cold, rejecting mother, an indulgent father, and a general lack of preparation for adult roles.

Alcoholism in women is a submerged problem. The Glasgow survey showed that most women seek help after the problem has caused domestic stress. This may be because it is easier for a woman to be an alcoholic in the secrecy of her own home. A man has to earn a living, and it soon becomes apparent in a working environment that a man has reached the

compulsive alcoholism stage. On the other hand it may be that husbands are helping to conceal their spouse's problem by undertaking some of the woman's usual role in the home. This is doubtful loyalty. Concealment can only lead to a progression of the alcoholism. The really loyal husband should help his wife towards treatment, not concealment.

The drunkenness figures would indicate that women do conceal their alcoholism more effectively. The number of women charged with drunkenness offences is many times smaller than the number of men.

One other anomaly remains from the figures available. From alcoholism information centres and treatment centres it would seem that some women do seek help, but in the experience of the Helping Hand Organisation they rarely seek rehabilitation help after receiving treatment. This may be, again, because husbands are willing to take them back into the home, or that the need to have them home is so great. However, there are few houses of rehabilitation intended solely for women, and it may be that the scarcity of this facility itself leads to their not seeking it.

At the same time, the high readmission figures for those who have had treatment, would indicate that many women lapse into alcoholism again. This would indicate a tremendous need for more long term support after treatment. For this reason, it is recommended that there should be more rehabilitation facilities for women.

Much more research into the subject of women and alcoholism is urged, and in conclusion it must be remembered that every alcoholic involves other members of the family and those close to her or him, and it is possible that two out of five of these will sooner or later need some treatment for mental disturbance owing to the difficulties created by their close association with the alcoholic.

[Barry Richards is Founder and sometime Chairman of the Helping Hand Organisation.]

Note: Copies of the Report and information regarding Day and Resident centres run for the rehabilitation of alcoholics may be obtained from the Helping Hand Organisation, 8 Strutton Ground, London SW1. *Editor.*

THE DREAM FACTORY

by Douglas Curtis

FREDDIE Pentney's recent article (*Contemporary Review*, July 1973, 1290, Vol. 223) on the employment problems of 'white-collar' former offenders was a timely and well-argued plea for a better understanding. Unfortunately, like so many others of its ilk, it made too many unproved and unfounded assumptions, left too many important things unsaid, and proposed an insufficiently radical means of correcting the present situation.

It was in one of Freddie's 'dream factories', a prison cell in Dartmoor, that I first formulated my proposals for the appointment of a specialist Careers and Training Officer to every major reception and training prison. Those proposals, submitted to the Home Office some months in advance of the Apex Trust report, suggested that the appointees' functions should be to assess the potential abilities of every prisoner received and to devise, in consultation with *the prisoner* and the relevant education and training departments, a plan to meet his needs and ambitions. After assessing the requirements, and providing the necessary liaison between resources to meet them, the specialist officer and his staff would be responsible for placing the discharged prisoner in suitable employment. So far the proposals are virtually identical to those subsequently put forward by the Apex Trust, and it matters little who claims the credit for them, but Freddie makes the mistake of assuming that only the middle-class careerists who have turned penal reform into a near growth-industry are capable of original thought.

During the twelve years that I was a member of the so-called 'criminal fraternity', and a frequent inmate of our prisons, I grew tired of the 'dream factory' concept and the constant exhortations to limit my ambitions to what was 'realistically achievable'. My education had been terminated somewhat prematurely, due to my refusal to accept that Establishment figures are automatically deserving of respect and obedience, and it was therefore 'unrealistic' of me to want a degree from Cambridge University. I had never had an article accepted, even by the prison magazine. I had been taught how to paint by a fellow prisoner, but I had no knowledge of photography. It was therefore unrealistic of me to demand a career in journalism, just as it was unrealistic of me to expect to make a contribution through social work without a specialist qualification in the subject.

In June, 1973, I graduated from Cambridge with a Second Class Honours degree in Economics and Sociology. My first book, *Dartmoor to Cambridge*, was published in October, with one of my photographs on the jacket, and my journalistic work has now been published in a number of national newspapers and magazines including, of course, *Contemporary Review*. I am unable to meet the many requests for my paintings because I am kept busy lecturing to a series of conferences and social work courses, augmenting and correcting the necessarily speculative theories of academic lecturers with the observations and conclusions drawn from true-life experience. I

only wish that more ex-prisoners would pursue their dreams in spite of the cautionary attitudes of social agency workers and those in authority.

It is the belief that such ambitions are only dreams, and that prisoners are capable only of performing the most menial work, that accounts for the almost exclusive concentration of educational and training resources upon such subjects as decorating, bricklaying, and welding. It also accounts for the low degree of skill required, even in the most modern industrial prisons, by prison labour. Freddie rightly says that there is no good reason why that should be, but he ignores one of the most promising means of changing the situation available to us.

We have heard a great deal recently about the growth and profitability of prison industry, but it is still the case that prisoners perform the most basic and repetitive tasks whilst outsiders are brought in to carry out the administrative and supervisory functions. Would it not make good economic and social rehabilitative sense to employ the wealth of talent that Freddie writes of, solicitors, accountants, executive and managerial grades, in carrying out those functions and in training others to perform them? Criminal deviance is not peculiar to any occupational group, and I can think of no industrial prison task which could not be performed by the captive work-force. The only possible exception is that of travelling sales representative, and even that could be done by offenders subject to non-custodial sentences. Continuing use and development would avoid mental atrophy and the loss of former skills, and the position of instructor or trainee would add to the prisoners' sense of responsibility and status.

The proliferation of talent in our prisons extends beyond industrial and commercial skills and into the field of creative arts. One has only to visit an exhibition of prisoners' work, or glance through Giles Brandeth's book, *Created in Captivity*, to realise that it was a Prison Visitor who encouraged Jim Gilbert to paint, and his work is now being widely exhibited. His paintings are in great demand and the £5,000 he has earned so far will make a strong material contribution to Jim's rehabilitation. It also enables him to feel that he is productively employed and capable of supporting his family.

Many prisoners have artistic or literary abilities—often the sensitivity which accompanies such talent is at the root of their problems—and yet there is a strange reluctance on the part of prison authorities to recognise artistic expression as being socially or occupationally useful. In our increasingly complex and automated society, where the need for primary producers is decreasing and the demand for tertiary workers is increasing, we are failing to exploit a potential source of talent which could be employed in improving the quality of our lives. The list of correspondence course subjects for which approval will not normally be given in prison includes Art, Journalism, Photography, Play-writing, Press or Commercial Art, Radio and Television Script-writing, Short-story writing, Cookery, Catering, and Hotel Management. One can readily understand official reluctance to sanction training in journalism—after all, intelligent and articulate ex-prisoners tend to write critically about the treatment they have experienced or

observed—but even a politically paranoiac Prison Department would have difficulty in justifying the exclusion of Cookery. Perhaps they are afraid of improving the quality of prison food?

Even if the authorities were prepared to encourage the employment of existing skills and the acquisition of new ones through education and training that would be only one stage, albeit an important one, in the process of rehabilitation. In our work-oriented society useful employment has the power to confer a sense of dignity and status upon a man, but only if he feels free of alienation from the product of his labour. Specialisation and division of labour in complex industrial processes make it impossible to give every man control over the end product and so we have substituted instrumental objectives for job-satisfaction. For most of us that means supporting ourselves and our families, paying our debts and building for a better future. But even that incentive is denied to men and women in prison.

The average working week in British prisons is twenty-seven hours, and the average rate of pay is between one and two new pence per hour. One quarter of all prisoners sew unwanted mailbags or perform menial cleaning tasks while one half of the remainder are employed on metal recovery, either stripping copper wire by hand from lead-covered cable or smashing up old gas meters. Even the fortunate few who are incarcerated in the industrial prisons are given little incentive or responsibility: a contract laundry worker recently discharged from one of our most modern prisons earned £1.04p for seventy hours' work! He was discharged with a £4 grant and an unstamped National Insurance card. Any private employer paying those kinds of wages and failing to stamp its workers' cards would soon end up in court. Prindus, the Home Office body responsible for industrial prisons, charges full market prices for its products and proudly claims in its latest brochure that it is not, therefore, exploiting prison labour. No doubt the same justification could have been offered by the plantation owners of previous centuries.

The product of prison industry is capable of enormous expansion, and the income derived from it could be used to pay prisoners a proper wage from which to meet the costs of their own upkeep, support their families, recompense their victims, and put something by for when they are discharged. Apart from the obvious advantages to be derived from the conferment of dignity and the inculcation of a sense of individual and social responsibility, such an expansion would significantly reduce the burden presently borne by the taxpayer. According to the Home Secretary, Robert Carr, it now costs £32 a week to keep a man in prison, and that figure takes no account of the cost of maintaining dependants from public funds.

Public and trade union opposition are often given as the reasons for failing to reform our penal system at the same rate as other, particularly Scandinavian countries. The second of these excuses, trade union opposition, should be roundly condemned as a myth perpetuated by successive governments to justify their own inactivity. I have it on the authority of the General Secretary of the T.U.C. that the unions have never been opposed to an

expansion of prison industry, provided always that its products are marketed at current prices and that prisoners receive wages comparable with those in outside employment.

Of course, expansion on any worthwhile scale raises the spectre of unionisation to ensure that wages and conditions remain comparable and acceptable. It is a practice which has been adopted with some success in other countries but which has so far attracted few supporters in Britain. When we formed PROP last year, we were criticised for being irresponsible in demanding for prisoners the human rights which are basic to every individual in society. Yet surely it is inconsistent to advocate that men should be confined in conditions which are as close as possible to the outside world and then to deny them the right to participate in and exercise some control over the decision-making processes which affect their daily lives?

Experience in other countries, notably Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Holland, has shown that prisoners respond quite readily to measures designed to improve their own conditions and prospects. At Tillberga in Sweden, where full union rates are paid for productive work, industrial sabotage is virtually unknown. In all the other countries experiments in participatory decision-making have been tried, and prisoners have acted responsibly. Why should we assume that British prisoners, so similar in every other respect, would respond differently? The answer is that we should make no such assumptions until we have evidence on which to base our conclusions. Commonsense, and what little experience we do have, suggests that giving men a sense of purpose, some responsibility, and a measure of control over their own actions, encourages a wider sense of responsibility. If we remove the root causes of discontent and frustration we may expect to reduce tension and hostility. The Quakers have a saying which sums up the philosophy I am attempting to expound: 'We believe that if you speak to the good in a man you'll get an answer.'

Public acceptance of such wide-ranging and radical reforms might be achieved by giving a frank and open explanation of the reasoning behind the new policy. The Government might start, with the same enthusiasm that they brought to the Common Market controversy, by publicising the fact that less than 4% of all reported crime is violent, and that 70% of all prisoners are officially classified as not constituting any sort of security risk or serious threat to the safety of the public. They might explain that maintaining our present penal system has given us one of the highest rates of recidivism in Europe, 70%, and that by pursuing more humane and enlightened policies Holland has reduced recidivism from the same rate to a more acceptable and manageable 18%. Of course, some people might then ask why we had continued to maintain such an expensively wasteful, inefficient and inhumane system for so long, but our collective memory is short and public opposition to new proposals has a tendency to melt away when the taxpayer is no longer being asked to foot the bill.

The Government might also help to alleviate the post-discharge difficulties of ex-prisoners by practising what it preaches. Freddie Pentney has joined

the chorus of successive official spokesmen who continually exhort private industrial and commercial concerns to offer employment to former offenders. I have no argument with his cause or with his sentiments, but I do think he should have mentioned that it is virtually impossible for any ex-prisoner, whatever his offence may have been, to secure employment of any kind with a Government Department or in a nationalised industry. In both cases it really is the community who are the employers, and until the Government puts its own house in order it can hardly expect large numbers of naturally cautious and profit-conscious businessmen to wear their social consciences on their sleeve.

The same arguments apply to Fidelity Bonding. Freddie makes the point that they are often asked for quite unnecessarily, and the point is well taken, but the problem could quite easily be resolved by establishing a system of Government bonding. In that way, private employers might become convinced of the sincerity of official spokesmen who, at present, can offer only vague assurances.

Some changes are also long overdue in the attitudes and methods adopted by the Department of Employment. It is good news that field trials have commenced to explore ways of providing a specialist service for the socially handicapped but, in the light of an experience which Freddie has never had, perhaps I may be forgiven for remaining sceptical about the outcome. Some weeks before I was released on parole from Dartmoor I was interviewed by a D of E official from Plymouth. In true bureaucratic fashion he took careful note of my qualifications and skills before assuring me that the forms would be passed to my native city where a well-informed specialist officer would be awaiting my arrival. When I got to Bristol the D of E had never heard of me; they treated my job application with contempt and offered me just over £4 a week in Social Security payments. Another more recently discharged prisoner was asked to sign a form authorising the employment officer to advise prospective employers of his record when applying for interviews. Not unreasonably, he asked that they should also be advised of his qualifications but this request was refused. He would, he was told, be given an opportunity of disclosing his qualifications at any interview he managed to obtain. Needless to say, he never reached that stage.

The policy of official discouragement, though not an absolute bar, also extends to Government Training Centres. These establishments, designed to encourage re-training and occupational mobility and with widely advertised vacancies, almost invariably seem able to find a reason why the ex-offender is unsuitable, even when he is clearly better qualified than some of the applicants they accept.

The rejection of the former offender has its roots in the inherent tendency of all 'straight' people to dissociate themselves from deviant behaviour. It is an attitude based on ignorance, prejudice and fear, and people like Freddie Pentney can go a long way towards breaking down the barriers which those emotions erect. His ideas can be made to work, but only if they are implemented in conjunction with a number of other measures. I have tried to

outline some of those measures, the most important of which is that the former offender should be accepted back into society not as 'a suitable case for treatment' but as a human being with rights as well as responsibilities.

Commentators may pour cold water on the idea of ex-prisoners making a significant contribution to the formulation of social policies but it has been tried with great success in America, where over 500,000 people are involved in the New Careers project. Yet, in this country, prisoners and ex-prisoners are the only social group who have been consistently refused an effective part in the formulation of the policies which govern their lives. Advisory appointments and the top posts in penal reform organisations and social work agencies have become the career sinecure of lawyers, 'trained' social workers and professional 'bleeding-heart' liberals who often have little or no understanding of the problems involved. They pay lip-service to phrases and concepts like 'rehabilitation' and 'New Careers' but take steps to ensure that able and intelligent former offenders are not allowed to threaten their career prospects.

The end result, irrespective of the merits of proposed changes, is that the 'clients' feel the system is being imposed upon them without adequate consultation: they are exchanging one kind of prison for another. In that sort of climate all policies are doomed to failure.

The majority of former offenders are not seeking a takeover because they are aware that those others, whatever their motives, have much to contribute. But they do want a seat on the Board and an opportunity to employ their hard-earned and unique specialist knowledge. It is the absence of that special knowledge in the deliberations that makes so many of our penal and social policies irrelevant to the real needs of the recipients. We could make a start towards correcting that deficiency by appointing one of them to the Home Secretary's Advisory Council on Penal Affairs, and then extend it to other advisory and administrative bodies. I have a vision of a more humane and effective penal policy being formulated in consultation with former offenders.

If that vision is to become a reality the process must start by making it possible for prisoners to escape from the 'dream factories' of their own or others' making, into an outside world which recognises them as fellow human beings.

AUSTRALIA'S STONE AGE PEOPLE

by William Olson

IN the vast north-west of Australia are people who live today as they did 10,000 years ago. When the Golden Age of Man was breaking in Greece in 500 B.C., the Australian aboriginal ate snakes, goannas, lizards and grubs. Greece, Rome, the Arabian cultures have flourished and gone. But the wild aboriginal still eats snakes, goannas, lizards and grubs.

Except where white man's contact has corrupted his way of life, the aboriginal's culture is the same today as it was 10,000 years ago. He is a nomad, a wanderer of the deserts and plains, living where no other human can live off the land.

His weird manhood initiation ceremonies, his magic, his hunting techniques live today as they did when he migrated from south-east Asia to the great Australian continent. Like the American Indian he fought with the European invaders as they pushed into his hunting lands. Like the American Indian he lost to the white man.

The early settlers in Australia misjudged the aboriginal; overlooked his culture and his skill in adapting himself to the harsh Australian continent.

It wasn't until a new breed of native-born white Australians adopted the bush techniques of the aborigines that the vast Australian continent was conquered. Earlier expeditions organised along traditional British military lines perished miserably in grey and trackless wastes of the Australian outback.

Where did the Australian aboriginal come from?

Experts think that he crossed to Australia from south-east Asia from anything between 10,000 to 125,000 years ago. They cannot fix an exact time despite monumental research into the subject.

But they do know that he crossed by two main routes. The first was across Indonesia, down through New Guinea, across the narrow Torres Straits and into Cape York, the northern tip of Australia. The other route was through Indonesia to Timor and across to north-west Australia.

The first white men to sight them were the Dutch mariners who found the West Australia coast as they groped their way to the rich Dutch East Indies in the 17th century. The tall, skinny, dust-covered aborigines with their leather-like skins and matted beards repelled the Dutchmen.

'Utter barbarians', they wrote of them and sailed away from this arid coast and its primitive people for the lushness of Java. Dampier, the English privateer who landed in West Australia in 1688, confirmed the earlier Dutch judgment.

'The miserablest people in the whole world', he recorded after meeting them among the sand dunes and hot scrub of the west coast.

None of these early white explorers found any written records of aboriginal culture to take back to European civilisation. There were none. The aboriginal carries the knowledge of tribal rituals, legends, songs and arts and crafts in his head, passing it from generation to generation.

From the earliest times, aboriginal life developed about geographical environment, food-gathering and hunting and biological increase and relationships.

Tribes claimed for themselves great tracts of hunting land. Those in the dry interior adapted to life in some of the world's harshest country, living on desert reptiles, insects and the few hardy animals. On the coasts of the eastern side of the continent, and especially in the north where game and water were more plentiful, the tribes were better in physical appearance and fiercer in their resistance to the white man.

Today the Arunta tribe in Central Australia still has hunting grounds covering more than 25,000 square miles. In the north-west the largest reservation covers 34,000 square miles. In Arnhem Land in the Northern Territory the aboriginal reserve is 31,000 square miles and in South Australia there is one of 28,000 square miles. In all these reserves the aboriginal largely still lives and hunts as he did in the days he calls the 'dream time'—the time beyond memory.

Kangaroos still fall to his deadly spears and he still gets his water in time of drought by finding and digging up giant desert frogs that have bloated themselves with water in the wet season in order to survive the coming 'dry'.

When the whites settled in Australia in 1788 there were about 300,000 aborigines of 680 tribes speaking 500 different languages. Today the aboriginal population is about 40,000 full-bloods and 31,000 castes. After years of decline the aboriginal birth rate is now increasing.

In his rites, cults and ceremonies the Australian aboriginal always clings closely to the land and the bush, the silent, far-reaching bush which gives him his food and shelter.

The smallest unit of an aboriginal tribe is the family with tribal authority resting in the eldest man who decides the matters of trade, marriage, the conduct of ceremonies and death and revenge.

The women are the toilers of the tribes, the men the hunters and fighters. Girls are betrothed when they are only two or three years old, sometimes even before birth on the assumption that the baby will be a girl.

Some of the tribes of North Queensland, the northern state of Australia, breed smooth-skinned, full bodied girls with firm breasts and shapely limbs. Shipwrecked sailors and marauding blackbirders in search of slave labour found these women easy targets for their lust in the mid-19th century. Even as late as the 1930s Japanese pearlers operating illegally in Australian waters raided the tribes of north-west Australia and either bought or stole their women for sexual pleasure.

The revenge of the tribal males was often swift and terrible. Whole crews of wrecked sailing ships were speared and cut to pieces. Japanese pearlers were slaughtered in their sampans and luggers as they slept off the results of their sexual excesses with the aboriginal women.

Masters of stealth and camouflage, the warriors swam silently to the moored craft, slipped on board, then hacked off the heads of the women-stealers with stone axes and bone knives. Eventually Australian mounted police had to step in and a number of aborigines were arrested and convicted of murder.

Ironically, a few years later, when the Japanese swept across the Pacific to the brink of Australia, special army commando units were formed and sent into the tribal grounds of the north-west to teach the tribesmen to kill Japanese raiders on sight.

When the time comes for an aboriginal girl to marry, she may be only ten years old. The ceremony is often restricted to the groom hitting his bride with a firestick to symbolise married unity. The couple are then led to a quiet spot in the bush and the bride is swept straight into her honeymoon by her new husband.

The tribe is ruthless when a child is born while the woman still has an unweaned baby. The newcomer is killed within two days of birth. Life is realistic in the desert country where a single lizard may constitute a day's rations for a family, and where a city-bred white man will shrivel up and die in twelve hours under the merciless, dehydrating sun.

But the aboriginal is surprisingly gentle with young children and the elders of the tribe. Children are rarely beaten and lead a carefree life playing games and learning to hunt. The elders of a tribe are also respected and well-treated, the young hunters and wives having to provide food and to cook for them.

Up to the age of nine the boys and girls of a tribe play together, the girls preparing meals for the boys and the boys hunting small animals with tiny spears and boomerangs. But at childhood's end the boys symbolically die, to be born again as great hunters, the re-birth coming at a strange and frightening initiation ceremony which no woman may see under pain of instant death.

Stoical and stiff with courage, he is led off by the ochre-daubed hunters and elders for a week of rites and physical torture which he must bear without a whimper if he is to take his spears and join in the great kangaroo hunts and war parties.

In the dancing shadows cast by a tribal fire, the youth watches while an elder deliberately gashes his own arm and draws warm blood from it. The boy is then anointed with the blood and drinks some of it. This, says the legend of 10,000 years, will give him strength and wisdom.

Quietly, stony-faced, the youngster lies down and opens his mouth. An elder with a stone peg and hammer hits once, twice and the young one's two front teeth are knocked bloodily from his mouth. He lies still and unflinch-

ing, the warm, salty blood flowing into his mouth. The elders nod in approval and one of them produces the sacred bull-roarer, an object made of wood or stone which is fashioned so that it produces a roaring noise when swung around at the end of a piece of twine.

The bull-roarer twirls, the weird sound is caught and flung back by the brooding bush and the youth submits to circumcision, again unflinching as the razor-sharp flint knife slices the skin.

Then the fire is stoked until it blazes fiercely. The elders chant and the young man stares until he sways with dizziness. Hot coals are flung at him, his back is gashed and ashes rubbed into the cuts so that he is marked for life with ugly weals.

It is over.

The blood and paint are washed from his body and he walks proudly back into camp to be welcomed as the child who died and was re-born a man.

Now he hunts with the champions, swimming out underwater to pull fat ducks and geese under by the legs, running down the swift kangaroo with his dingo hunting-dogs.

His spear thrower may be made from human bone to give more power to his shaft or his spear point may be rubbed in human fat. This is part of the hunting 'magic'.

He can throw his wickedly barbed hardwood spear for fifty yards with deadly accuracy. In the days when war parties ranged the great plains he fitted his spear head with pieces of shell and stone in such a fashion that they would stay in the wound and poison it. But the days of war parties are past.

When the game is plentiful the wild aborigine eats big. Nine or ten pounds of kangaroo meat a day are nothing to him. When the wild turkey is plentiful he relishes its outsize eggs, about three times the sizes of an ordinary hen's egg. A dozen or so of these make a well rounded meal.

Snakes are prized, being baked in the ashes of the camp fire. The flesh is white and tastes like fish. To catch and kill a snake the aboriginal swoops on its tail, swings it quickly around his head and breaks its neck by cracking it like a whip. The snakes he kills in this manner are among the deadliest in the world. For the bite of one of them, the powerful and vicious taipan, there is no known antidote.

As the settlements were pushed back from the coast it was inevitable that clashes would develop between white man and the aboriginal.

The first whites were killed shortly after the first settlement was set-up in Sydney in 1788. Two convicts, Okey and Davis, were killed and mutilated while cutting rushes at a spot not far from Sydney's now cosmopolitan Kings Cross—a place well-known to American servicemen during the Pacific war.

Punitive expeditions were sent out and later native heads were taken, one being sent to that restless botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, in London. Later, as free settlers pushed out into the outback, fresh trouble brewed. The whites

cleared the land for their cattle and sheep and as a result the kangaroos, koala bears and possums were driven from the aboriginal hunting grounds.

In retaliation the blacks attacked drovers and homesteads and in desperation speared the white man's cattle for food. Station homesteads were built with loopholes for rifles and muskets to ward off the attacks of the blacks and of the desperate gangs of bushrangers who roamed the bush, robbing and killing the inhabitants of lonely outposts.

Masters at bushcraft, the aborigines matched the white man's guns by creeping close to catch him unawares. The whites mixed arsenic with flour, gave it to the blacks, thus wiping out whole tribes.

In 1837, fourteen white men droving sheep to Victoria from New South Wales were attacked by painted, howling blacks. Spears thudded into men and horses and within minutes every man in the party was dead.

The worst massacre of whites occurred at Cullin-la-ringo cattle station at Springsure, Queensland, in 1861. A party of overlanders had trekked nearly 2,000 miles from Victoria to pioneer this district. There were twenty-two of them, men, women and children and they took care to make friends with the aboriginal tribes in the area. Resentful at the intrusion of their hunting grounds, the natives bided their time and then struck. Swiftly, silently, they moved on the station. Within minutes it was over, and nineteen men, women and children lay dead.

But nothing could beat the guns of the white man, not even when Pigeon and Captain—two aborigines—adopted the white man's repeating rifles and tried to drive him into the sea in West Australia.

For months the two rampaged through the bush, killing stockmen and terrorising lonely homesteads. Cornered by mounted police in the wild Leopold range, Pigeon fought to the bitter end, finally falling dead with twenty of his gang. Captain was captured and died in prison.

Today the aboriginal is gradually being absorbed into the life of the larger country towns and the cities, his old tribes broken up, his hunting grounds under the plough. The change is gradual, sometimes painful, but it is sure, moving towards integration with the white community.

But in the wild bush and the searing deserts some of the tribes still live as they have lived for 10,000 years, roaming nomads who have an affinity with the land off which they live.

It was men like these who helped open up Australia, whose bushcraft was learnt by the great explorers who conquered the Australian wilderness by wooing it instead of charging it like a troop of heavy cavalry.

In exploration, war, sport and art, the aboriginal race has made notable contributions to Australia.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BREZHNEV

Brezhnev: The Masks of Power. John Dornberg, Andre Deutsch, £3.95.

It is a daunting challenge to attempt the biography of any Soviet leader, particularly when one's subject is still very much in power. There can be no access to archives, private diaries or tape recordings. Personal interviews with non-communist foreign journalists tend to be extremely rare and singularly uninformative. Top echelon colleagues are prudently reticent. One is left to make the best of the only other techniques available—scouring Pravda references and Party reports, reading between the lines of speeches, and such well-used Kremlinological methods as watching the pecking order in state function appearances and observing changes in the composition of top Party organs. Mr. Dornberg has utilised all the available techniques with great skill to give us the most useful account of Leonid Brezhnev's career that we are likely to get for some time to come. There are some bonuses. In common with other top newspaper men-Sovietologists, such as Harrison Salisbury and Edward Crankshaw, Mr. Dornberg has an excellent sense of place. Moreover the book is extremely readable despite occasional lapses of style—the chapter on his period as Party boss in Moldavia in the early '50s is headed 'A New Boyar on the Dniester'.

John Dornberg brings out in the early chapters the striking similarities between Khrushchev's and Brezhnev's apprenticeships as apparatchiki. Both acquired a reputation as tough, hard-driving provincial autocrats capable of mobilising personnel and resources for large-scale industrial construction projects. Similarly Brezhnev made shrewd use of his background of technical training (in his case metallurgy) and his war-time experiences as a political commissar with the army, where he appears to have been even more successful than Khrushchev in building up a network of contacts among the regular officers which was later to be enormously valuable for both Khrushchev and himself. Both had an undoubted talent for building up provincial power-bases of client Party men to whom they had given preferment. The crucial difference between them was that Brezhnev was himself a Khrushchev man, dependent on his mentor for preferment at every crucial stage of his career.

Khrushchev's patronage was decisive in rescuing Brezhnev from possible oblivion in the leadership crisis following Stalin's death. Possibly because his colleagues suspected him of having been privy to the fabrications of Stalin's projected 'Doctors' Plot' purge, Brezhnev was dropped both from the Party Presidium and the Central Committee Secretariat. He was then made Chief of Political Administration to the Navy Ministry only to find that this Ministry was to be abolished, and finished up as 'First Deputy' to the Head of Political Administration in the newly established Ministry of Defence. Neither Kozlov nor Ignatiev suffered so great a fall. Khrushchev alone had the power to pick him up and place him in a key post in Kazakhstan. Later he was to pay the penalty for his mentor's growing unpopularity when he was 'kicked upstairs' to the Chairmanship of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet in May 1960. Again it was Khrushchev's high esteem for his protégé that led him to promote Brezhnev by having him re-elected to the Central Committee Secretariat in June 1963. It is therefore richly ironic that Brezhnev should have been the main beneficiary of his mentor's overthrow.

It would really be expecting too much to gain any fresh information or insight into Brezhnev's precise role in Khrushchev's overthrow. Nor do we get any inkling of the substantive policy differences, if any, between Brezhnev and his colleagues either before or after 1964. Mr. Dornberg does succeed in conveying the considerable difference in political style between Brezhnev and the ebullient Khrushchev. Nevertheless, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the relationship between the two Soviet leaders was more than an alliance of convenience. In terms of major policy positions Brezhnev and his colleagues have not radically shifted from the political course set by Khrushchev; the pursuit of détente with the U.S. and the western powers abroad combined with the controlled use of Stalinist terror to suppress dissent at home.

PAUL WILKINSON

VICTORIAN EDUCATION

Gillian Sutherland, *Policy Making in Elementary Education 1870-1895*. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £6.50.

The field of Victorian education is now being studied in greater detail by historians and is proving to be one of the most fascinating, complex and important aspects of Victorian England. The result of this study will be of great importance to anyone interested in the unique phenomenon that passes for state education in England and Wales. Dr. Sutherland's book, which, as a thesis, earned for her the Oxford degree of Doctor of Philosophy, is a valuable beginning. Likewise, the 'inside' view it provides of a major government department at work (a view based on a study of relevant manuscripts and Parliamentary Papers) will prove of value not only to the student but to the general reader as well.

As the title indicates, the book is neither a history of education from 1870 to 1895, nor a history of the Education Department in that period. Rather, it is the examination of an hypothesis in the form of a question: Who or what formed education policy at the national level after the state, in 1870, took upon itself to supplement private efforts in providing elementary education for the working population? To answer this question, Dr. Sutherland examines the working of the Department and its officials, the Department's relations with the governments of the day and the major questions which arose such as compulsory attendance or 'free education'. Of sizeable importance is her discussion of the movements for the abolition of grants based on 'payment by result' and for the ending of school fees.

There are certain criticisms which might be made however. The style often is turgid and whilst the book is, on the whole, well written, it sometimes contains surprising phrases which border on slang. The index is misleading in parts and as a result can be a hindrance, not an aid. Also, when she talks of the disadvantages which voluntary schools (mainly Church of England, Roman Catholic and Wesleyan) suffered, she overlooks the fact that those schools in urban areas tended to be in city centres. This meant that they suffered from the migration into the suburbs of the more affluent classes: they suffered not because they were 'Church' schools but because they were schools in inner urban areas; likewise in the country they suffered not because of their 'Church' connexion but because of rural prejudices and agricultural depression.

More importantly, Dr. Sutherland seems to have, throughout the book, a bias against Church schools, their leaders, defenders and apologists. She claims that they 'deliberately set their fees high to exclude those children who

were likely to be poor payers'. To a degree this was true; but one must also note that without any rate aid (not granted until 1902) voluntary schools *had* to have higher fees simply to stay alive and to say that they 'deliberately' had 'high' fees is misleading when they had no choice.

A second criticism of major importance is that by ending her survey in 1895, Dr. Sutherland can be said to give a distorted view. She hails A. H. D. Acland (Liberal Vice-President of the Department from 1892-1895) as 'exceptional in the range and coherence of his commitment to social reconstruction' and indeed, in comparison to others in the same post after 1870, he was. But does this not beg certain questions? How 'unique' was Acland? Did not others share the same views and would not some pressures have been brought to bear upon the Education Department regardless of who was in power? It was, after all, a Tory government which brought about the Radicals' demand for 'free education' in 1891. Finally, by stopping in 1895 (when the Liberals fell from power), the author fails to consider the Tory government's efforts in 1896, 1897, 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1902 to legislate with regard to education and to meet the problems illustrated by the Bryce Commission on Secondary Education. Many doubted both then and now whether the Liberal party, tied as it was to nonconformists, could solve the education muddle, with or without Acland. Also, the Tory Democrat Sir John Gorst was in many ways as radical as Acland (whom he succeeded) but he took office after the survey ended.

A third major criticism is that after 347 pages of detailed study, the author concludes by answering her initial question of who and what influenced and formed educational policy by saying that teachers' unions, local authorities and politicians were more important than civil servants. Indeed, in education, 'policy-making . . . was essentially a political activity'. But why should it be otherwise? Is the game, in other words, really worth the candle?

Like all criticisms the above may be debated and possibly refuted. What does stand is that Dr. Sutherland's book is a responsible beginning and one which hopefully will set the standard for future writing on Victorian education.

J. E. B. MUNSON

A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY

Great and Familiar; The Heritage of English Poetry compiled by Leonard Clark, Fenrose. £2.50.

Certainly almost any kind of anthology is to be received with pleasure these days, but since most of the poems here selected can be found in other standard collections, one turns with interest to the Introduction for an elucidation of Mr. Leonard Clark's criteria and purpose of selection. It appears that the book has a 'popular' purpose; it is not intended for the literary specialist but rather for those to whom the poems, though 'great and familiar' are not, paradoxically, so familiar, but stimulate distant chords of recollection. Thus the aim is not, as might perhaps have been thought, a pedagogic one — a kind of British Council handbook — but rather to provide a private pleasure and shock of recognition.

The poems are chosen so as to be both great *and* familiar — i.e. disjunctively. As Mr. Clark allows, greatness is an elusive concept; not everyone would include Betjeman's 'It's awf'lly bad luck on Diana/Her ponies have swallowed their bits.' This of course is where the personal viewpoint of the

anthologist intrudes or assists. Mr. Clark faces up to the fact that not all will agree with his choice, and that such agreement is hardly to be expected. Indeed, the anthologist may say, 'Look at this' but where he has space and opportunity he should surely say why. Mr. Clark's over-all criterion is that 'Whatever blemishes some of them may have — and it is recognised that not all of them have equal significant content or faultless diction — they have all passed into the language, or are about to do so, and have become part of the corpus of its literature.'

The schema of the book is uncompromisingly alphabetical, which may be stark and simple, and provide for handy reference (perhaps for quotation) but in its totality presents a puddingy mass like the contents of a muddled mind. An obvious disadvantage is that our hypothetical uncommitted reader is likely to be a non-starter, having been repulsed by a formidable dragon at the gate — six and a half pages of *The Scholar Gypsy*. Presumably the poems are to be typical of the poet at his best and at his most seminal. The subjective element rears its vulnerable head again. *The Waste Land* is totally absent. Shakespeare is represented only by his songs; Mr. Clark explains that the inclusion of poetic drama is beyond the scope of the book, but could not one of seven songs have been sacrificed for even just one sonnet? Naturally enough, to avoid unwieldiness, the bias is lyrical. Such a collection should have balance and symmetry, but this is sometimes destroyed by tiny minor slices trapped between large major slabs of narrative verse.

There remains the concept of 'heritage', where Mr. Clark's moral aim is clearly educational. He regrets the omission of Chaucer, Spenser, or MacNeice because they are 'Alas, not so familiar as they should be to those for whom this book is intended.' It is difficult to digest the logic of this statement.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE PATTERN OF MAUGHAM

The Pattern of Maugham. Anthony Curtis. Hamish Hamilton. £3.50.

1974 marks the first centenary of a great modern man of letters. I had only a nodding acquaintance with the literary scene when Somerset Maugham's first novel, *Liza of Lambeth*, appeared in 1897, when he was twenty-three. I bought the 2-columned paperback for, I think, a shilling, ten years later. The circumstances of his life and education had made him familiar with foreign travel, especially in France and Germany, and these formed invaluable literary associations and models, among them the work of de Maupassant and Zola. Nearer home he was powerfully influenced by the small band of English realists, and it is clear that Arthur Morrison's 'Tales of Mean Streets' strongly exercised his mind. But Lambeth was in a sense his parish; he was a trainee doctor at St. Thomas's hospital and so familiar with the squalid scenes he depicted. His *Liza* equalled Kipling's 'Badalia Herodsfoot' for grim realism. He qualified in medicine but never in fact practised it; but years later he said 'I do not know a better training for a writer than to spend some years in the medical profession;' and one needs only to weigh the clinical exactness of so many of his judgments of character and situation to appreciate the truth of that.

In *The Pattern of Maugham* Mr. Anthony Curtis reveals the critical enthusiasm he has always felt for his subject. He says many acute things, *e.g.* 'I have ascended the North Face of Henry James, and the Annapurna of Proust . . . the views from these are among my most cherished memories. But I cannot live there permanently . . . Maugham is where I live.' In this

comment he gives critical expression to the discontent Maugham himself felt for his limitations: he was aware that he fell short of genius, at all times he had a desperate sense of being cut off from the highest achievement. For compensation he had the assurance of reliable and often marvellous literary technique; heaven-sent moments of rare insight and revelation; and the conviction of an ever increasing felicity of style.

Maugham was a tireless worker, a craftsman with words. At one time he had three plays running in London theatres, with a fourth waiting production. He was a scholar. If he reads Goethe, or Archbishop Tillotson, or Hazlitt — especially Hazlitt — he does so with a sedulous energy and eagerness to profit in his own prose. This is clear from stray hints and disclosures in his stories and essays. He had a metaphysical mind, probing and analysing each deepening mystery after another, but always retreating into scepticism. Fascinated by metaphysics he always, like Omar Khayyam, came out by the same door as in he went: there was no end to the bafflement. 'You can never come to the end of it,' Larry says in *The Razor's Edge,* 'It is as various as the soul of man . . . and if it cannot answer the questions that assail him on his journey through this dark and mysterious world it persuades him to support his ignorance with good humour.'

Perhaps this is why this diligent seeker after truth never progressed from the basic position of doubt and cynicism which he held at the outset of his career. Loneliness and desolation of the spirit suffuse Maugham's two major novels, *Of Human Bondage* and *The Moon and Sixpence,* and many of his plays and stories. When he came to write *The Razor's Edge* he seemed to be striving for religious certainty, using his chief character Larry as a test of spiritual responses, but without touching the inner reality of religious faith. The word-pictures he gives of Larry's profound response to the spectacle of thousands of devotees praying in the Ganges, and of other Indian experiences, are examples of Maugham's picturesque investigations of Eastern faith and religious observance which, as one reviewer said, made a persuasive as well as an entertaining book, by a man of 70 who is still of the earth earthy, about a young man who has found a faith. Mr. Curtis gives searching attention to *The Razor's Edge* and concludes: 'It is not that Maugham himself has actually been wholly converted to the faith his hero describes, as Isherwood was; Maugham remained, as he said at the end of his life, "a rationalist", but he felt that no picture of contemporary life such as he aimed to present in *The Razor's Edge* could be complete without including religion among the possibilities.' In writing the novel, as Mr. Curtis says, Maugham as a professional writer no doubt cashed in to some extent on the prevailing literary climate, the Huxley-Heard-Isherwood perennial philosophy of the thirties, the Vedantist teachings that had become the new faith.

All his novels and the brilliant collection of thirty plays are humanist and sophisticated. As Mr. R. C. Churchill has pointed out, Maugham — like Larry in *The Razor's Edge* — found three oases in what he calls the vast desert of existence — Truth, Beauty and Goodness — 'which in his creed were not three oases but one oasis. He had no patience with the Art for Art's sake of the aesthetes, so potent an intellectual fashion while he was growing up in the 1890's. The value of culture is its effect on character . . . It's use is for life.'

Taking Maugham in the round, with all his numerous writings flanking him, novels, plays, short stories and essays, many readers may find here and there materialistic attitudes, intellectual arrogance and social snobbery marring the picture of his wide pattern of achievement, but if in some of his lighter

works we find things which are merely dexterous and money-spinning, this is simply the reflection of one aspect of his tremendous versatility and industry. Some of his brief tales of travel and unrest, his Riviera scenes, are journeyman exercises, in which he seems to gather energy and inspiration for longer more sustained flights. When I think of *Cakes and Ale, Of Human Bondage, The Moon and Sixpence, The Razor's Edge,* and of that supremely artistic novel of old Spain of the Inquisition, *Catalina,* I realise what a very remarkable man of letters Somerset Maugham was. I think he knew that himself. In his book *The Summing Up,* he says, with a somewhat defiant touch of self-assurance, 'I have no illusions about my literary position. I know just where I stand; in the very front row of the second-rate ones.' But he was careful to explain that these included Stendhal, Herrick and Housman. And he reflects that genius arises once or twice in a century.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

BACKGROUND TO SEXUAL OFFENCES

Sex Killers. Norman Lucas. W. H. Allen, £3.25.

During the past twenty years, writes Mr. Lucas, the annual number of sex offences in Britain has steadily increased. There were 13,000 in 1950, and 23,500 in 1972. This is a puzzle, for it might have been expected that the current permissive climate would have exerted a reverse influence. Or can it perhaps be that, as some religious and social workers long ago forecast, this open and seemingly universal pre-occupation with sex in fact exacerbates the difficulties of the perversely obsessed?

Medical opinion is divided. Some psychiatrists see the increasing incidence of sexual crimes as a short-term legacy from the preceding period of inhibition. They consider that a further six years of permissiveness must elapse before adults repressed in childhood come to realise and accept that what they have been led to regard as reprehensible deviations are no longer cause for shameful alarm. Other psychiatrists identify childhood patterns — frequently involving lack of parental love — as the fertile soil out of which the sex-offender springs, and this purely familial circumstance clearly bears little direct relation to the prevalence or otherwise of societal permissiveness. The cruelly created child is father to the cruel parent. It follows that the study of the formative background of the known sex killer is of prime importance, and it is in this context that Mr. Lucas' book is of considerable, although undeniably morbid, interest.

Important, too, is the note of warning which the book sounds. It is a lamentable fact that 70 per cent. of minor sex offenders eventually graduate to serious sex crimes, and it is therefore vital that *all* offences should be reported, the culprits discovered and given appropriate psychiatric treatment in the early stages, so as to prevent the deviation from developing to uncontainable proportions. Detection relies heavily upon the willingness, the courage, of relatives to confide their suspicions to the police.

'Those wives, mothers and fathers who unwittingly give protection by confirming fake alibis do so because of misplaced loyalty and because of ignorance of the possible dangers and tragic circumstances that could arise in the future. Far better that they accept the problems that must arise from the conviction of a husband or son for a minor offence, and hope that psychiatric treatment will cure whatever peculiar sexual deviation possesses the mind of the subject.'

Mr. Lucas adds: 'So often a "family face" bears little resemblance to the face contorted with brutal sexual desire that is seen by the unfortunate victim of an attack . . . will be happy if the women who read this book think more than once or twice about the habits, characteristics and temperaments of husbands, sons and brothers when a policeman knocks at the door during a local sex offence enquiry with a questionaire about the movements of male members of the household, or when a description or Photofit appears in the Press.' Strong stuff — but the case histories which make up the remainder of his book are its patent justification.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

In Darkest England Now (Hodder & Stoughton, £2.95). This is a survey of religious and social conditions in Britain some eighty years after William Booth's first 'blueprint for salvation'. It was in 1890 that he wrote and published *In Darkest England and the Way Out,* a book which at the time provoked considerable controversy for its uncompromising revelation that in prosperous England one tenth of the population lived below the poverty line. Recently, Messrs Hodder and Stoughton commissioned an up to date reappraisal of that unacceptable situation. The present book is the result, issued with a Preface by Erik Wickberg, the 9th General of the Salvation Army since 1869. Swedish by birth, he is the first non-British member to be elected to the post of General. In his Preface General Wickberg makes plain his belief that salvation of the soul and spirit is more important than bread and shelter — vital as these may be. He is all set to 'go for souls' as William Booth commanded his workers, 'and go for the worst'. And this still stands as the basic aim of the Salvation Army. In *Darkest England Now* comprises a number of sections and chapters under various headings: i.e. *The Soldier, Corps Life* and the *Ministry for Women and Girls*. Such matters are dealt with by means of a brisk question and answer technique, which although it makes for immediacy and interest, often lacks coherence and leaves the reader wishing for a more statistical approach. Yet clearly this is not the objective and the major effect of the book is to bring home how much the original Salvationists did for British families and how much remains still to be done.

Modern Australia in Documents Vol. 1. 1901-1939: Vol. 2 1939-1970. (Wren, Melbourne. £5.25 each volume.) In his latest work, Professor F. K. Crowley, Professor of History in the University of New South Wales, has brought together within some 1,200 pages 'over 1,000 documents covering almost 800 subjects'. His aim, with considerable success, has been 'to illustrate by the use of the written and spoken words of contemporaries the major events, developments and controversies in the history of Australia since the establishment of federal government in 1901'. The volumes are very enjoyable to read and explore; there is hardly a subject not touched upon. The passing comments are mainly drawn from the press, published papers and books, parliamentary debates and other official sources. Each document is preceded by a short background introduction. Perhaps the criticism of this work is that it attempts too much in the restricted space. There is insufficient to do justice fully to the contemporary viewpoints. On the monarchy, for example, he is quite one sided

in his selection. On the other hand, as another example, he does give differing views on coloured immigration, albeit very briefly. It would have been more satisfying to have had fewer subjects, all dealt with in greater depth. Nonetheless there is a great deal of material in this work which will appeal to the historian.

Beyond the Information Given (Allen and Unwin, £3.85). Professor Jerome S. Bruner is one of our most eminent living psychologists: previously Professor of Psychology at Harvard, where he was a founder and director of the Centre for Cognitive Studies, he is now Watts Professor of Experimental Psychology at Oxford. His major papers have here been selected and placed in a meaningful order, together with an excellent commentary by the editor, Jeremy Anglin. The first section is grouped under the heading of Perception: Bruner was one of the chief architects of a tradition in the study of perceptual identification that came to be called the 'New Look' in perception. A basic tenet is that perception is not only a product of autochthonous or stimulus determinants, but also of experiential, motivational, personal and social factors as well. The second section deals with Thought: in opposition to the theories of behaviourism, which, he feels, provide neither the malleability nor the explanatory power to account for the complex behaviour of individuals engaged in the higher mental processes, and in contrast to the psychoanalytical view of unconscious drives which damage man's capacity deliberately and intelligently to cope with his environment, Bruner stresses both the rationality and the complexity of the thought processes which underlie concept attainment, problem solving or language production. The last three sections concern Skill in Infancy, Representation in Childhood, and Education. The learner is encouraged actively to participate in the process of acquiring knowledge, and the instructor should, as it were, emulate Socrates by employing the 'hypothetical mode' in such a way that the student may organise evidence so as to go beyond it to novel conjectures and insights. It will readily be seen that Bruner's view of childhood and intellectual discovery is particularly palatable to modern educational theory.

A Dictionary of Impressionism (Eyre Methuen, £1.50). This is a very useful and informative book, in pocket size, with numerous colour reproductions. Jean Selz has written a brief Introduction; and the biographies are by Raymond Cogniat, Frank Elgar and Jean Selz. A companion volume in similar format is **A Dictionary of Expressionism,** written by Joseph-Emile Muller and translated from the French by Jean Stewart. Selection is more difficult, modern expressionism being concerned, as the author remarks, not with a single movement but 'with isolated personalities or groups emerging at different moments and in different environments'. There is some overlapping in the two volumes. For instance van Goch appears in both.

Dolls and Dolls Houses (New English Library, £1.50). This 'Collector's Introduction' by Roger Baker, in the Orbis Leisure Library, is a brief, delightful and informative study about the history and characteristics of dolls and their houses. Although with long ancestry, the general popularity of dolls dates from the eighteenth century; while the dolls house developed from the seventeenth century Nuremburg kitchens and the later fashionable display cabinets. Many of the 104 coloured plates are photographs of exhibits in the Edinburgh Museum of Childhood. The Curator Patrick Murray writes a short Foreword.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

109th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JUNE 1974

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The Rt. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker

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Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1974 Vol. 224 No. 1301 Founded 1866

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.68; U.S.A. and Canada $15.00. Rates for all other countries on application.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1974 Vol. 224 No. 1301

HENRI ROLIN'S PLACE IN HISTORY

by The Rt. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker

YOUNG, handsome, brilliant, gay—who could resist the charm of Henri Rolin in the Peace Conference in 1919? Within a week or two, he had a host of friends—Ministers, officials, members of the Press—who listened to him gladly when he spoke.

They listened to him with respect. It was a Peace Conference, a Conference to repair the ravages of the greatest war which there had ever been. Henri Rolin had come straight to the Conference from the War. A volunteer in the Belgian Army; four years at the front; three times wounded; in October 1914, both legs broken, he had lain for thirty-six hours between the lines before he could be rescued; in November 1918, at the age of 27, commander of a battery of guns, having taken over from his brother, the third of his brothers to be killed—certainly they listened to him, the Ministers, officials, Press-men, with respect.

In November 1918, he was on the Flanders Front. In January 1919 he was in Paris; Personal Assistant and Legal Adviser to the Belgian Foreign Minister, Paul Hymans. Not less important, he was one of the five Secretaries of the Conference Commission which drew up the Covenant of the League of Nations. It was the task of all others that he would have chosen. He had come to hate the bloodshed, the folly and the waste of war; for many months he had been dreaming about Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. From a dream, the League became a hope, and from a hope a passion. By a kind of miracle, it seemed, he was transported almost overnight, from his gun-site to the Commission where the law and institutions of the League were being devised—and devised, by the great men of the world, Woodrow Wilson, Robert Cecil, Smuts, Paul Hymans, Venizelos and other Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers who took part. There was a kind of magic in those Paris meetings in the Hotel Crillon which stayed with Henri Rolin all his life.

Paul Hymans, with Henri Rolin's legal counsel, was among the most effective delegates in the Paris debates. He fought successfully against the 'Great powers' who proposed to keep the League Council to themselves; Hymans won four places out of nine for the 'middle' and smaller nations. (Later, they had ten seats out of fifteen.)

Two years after Paris, Hymans was elected as the first President of the

League Assembly. Himself a brilliant parliamentarian, he worked with the Assembly rapporteurs to draw up the Rules of Procedure—rules which are still in force, substantially unchanged, in the General Assembly of the U.N. The two rapporteurs were Viviani, one of the great orators, Prime Minister of France in 1914 when the First World War began; and Newton Rowell, Deputy Prime Minister of Canada. These three men, with Robert Cecil, Balfour, Henderson and Austen Chamberlain of Britain; Briand and Paul-Boncour of France; Henri Rolin and de Brouckere of Belgium; Nansen of Norway; Benes of Czechoslovakia; Politis of Greece, worked together to make the Assembly a true Parliament of Man; a forum where the leading statesmen of all nations should debate in public all the issues of international affairs, including what would, before 1914, have been regarded as the most 'sensitive' with which diplomats could deal. This open diplomacy, public debate in the Assembly and the Council, was the essential factor in the new system of the League. It was the application of democratic principles to the conduct of international affairs; the recognition that in matters of peace and war, and other questions of national and international importance, the peoples had the *right* to know what their Ministers were saying in their name. 'Publicity', said Cecil, meaning debate by leading statesmen, 'publicity is the lifeblood of the League'.

This, like the effective participation of the smaller nations in the conduct of world politics, was something new and revolutionary. Cecil, Nansen, Hymans, Rolin, often in close collaboration with each other, did much to show that this new system of international parliamentary debate could be made to work, and that in practice is was more likely to produce just and lasting settlements than the secret manoeuvring of the old diplomacy.

The first great challenge to this League democracy, and to the rule of law, which it was the purpose of the Covenant to establish, came in 1923. In one of his last articles, Henri Rolin wrote the following account of what occurred:

> *L'Histoire avait prouvé que l'autorité morale de certains petits Etats était suffisante pour qu'ils puissent barrer la route aux abandons si les gouvernements des principales puissances vacillaient dans leur résolution.*
>
> *Ainsi, lorsqu'en septembre, 1923, à un moment où l'Italie fasciste—déja elle —avait débarqué des troupes à Corfou et menacé de prolonger l'occupation de l'île, c'était le délégué belge, le ministre Paul Hymans, qui avait rompu le silence embarrassé régnant au Conseil de las* S.D.N., *et proclamé: L'intérêt des petits Etats, autant que le souci des principes sur lesquels repose la* S.D.N., *commande une vigilante application des règles qui forment la base d'un ordre international nouveau dans lequel nous avons placé de grandes espérances.*

'A new international order'—it was the voice of Paul Hymans, advised by Henri Rolin, who knew that hope for the rule of law might be destroyed, if Mussolini were allowed to triumph.

This speech was, perhaps, the greatest of the many services which Paul Hymans rendered to the League. In the tense excitement of that crucial Council meeting, his bold words brought forth bold support. Branting, Prime Minister of Sweden, urged vigorously that the Covenant must be upheld; so did Guani of Uruguay; so did Robert Cecil, uncertain of Foreign Office support, but certain that, whatever might happen to his personal

career, Britain must speak for the League. The struggle passed from the Council to the Assembly, where it was long and bitter.

Nansen of Norway gave powerful support to Hymans; his country had less than three million inhabitants, but his influence in the world was literally immense. Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, made it known that, if force were needed, the Little Entente — Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Roumania — would support the League. The French, silenced by Poincare's disloyal understanding with Mussolini, said nothing; likewise the Japanese. But the Assembly held firm; before it agreed to separate, the last fascist soldier had left Corfu, and the legal principles of the Covenant were intact. Venizelos thought it the greatest achievement of the League. I remember well Henri Rolin's work in Committees and in private conversations; his speeches urging the vast importance of the League to the smaller nations, and their responsibility as its guardians; his visits to delegates who were under special pressure from the fascists; his supreme confidence in the moral power of the League. It played no small part in building up the consensus of opinion by which the triumph was won.

But Corfu had been a shock. In the following years there was a general resolve that the League system must be strengthened.

In 1924, under the leadership of the French and British Prime Ministers, the Fifth Assembly drew up the Geneva Protocol—Arbitration, Disarmament, Security. Henri Rolin was splendidly equipped for the debates and drafting; he revelled in the work, and believed, like the rest of the Assembly, that the Protocol might be the instrument by which militarism and armaments were finally done away. But, disastrously, a few weeks after the Assembly ended, a new British Government came to power, which lost no time in killing the Protocol stone dead. The reasons given for this terrible deed looked tragically absurd, when World War came again in 1939.

After the Protocol, Locarno; again Henri Rolin was there, as a draftsman of the Pacts by which it was hoped that Franco-German reconciliation was achieved. His perfect knowledge of the English language, his experience in the League and in the Courts, made his help invaluable to Emile Vandervelde, and the other Foreign Ministers who were there.

In 1928, the Ninth Assembly drew up the General Act, by which it was hoped that some of the purposes of the Protocol of 1924 could be achieved. In 1929, the Tenth Assembly took further steps to strengthen the League system; in that year, the Assembly, perhaps, reached the highest point of its authority and prestige.

Throughout these years of progress, Henri Rolin was supremely happy in his League of Nations work, and in his labours in the field of international law. The League and the Permanent Court had achieved results for which none of the authors of the Covenant would have dared to hope in 1919. All its institutions were working well; it had stopped four wars within days of the time when they began; it had settled scores of international disputes. Its future seemed solidly assured.

But then came the great world slump. In every Continent, and most notably in Germany and Japan, economic disaster undermined and ulti-

mately destroyed the liberal democracies which had given their allegiance to the League.

There followed the ferocious onslaught of the militarists and vested interests on the League Disarmament Conference. The Conference met in February 1932. Cecil, Briand, Paul-Boncour, Rolin and others had mobilised a vast body of world opinion in favour of drastic disarmament, right down to the level imposed on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. In June, when the Conference was four months old, President Hoover of the United States put forward proposals, based on Cecil's principles, for drastic all-round armament reduction by land, sea and air. His plan was rapturously received; for a week or two, it seemed that it could hardly fail.

But militarists in the British Cabinet imposed delay. Krupp, Thyssen, Hugenberg were spending fortunes to bring Hitler into power. The *Comité des Forges* was fighting Briand no less relentlessly in France. The golden opportunity was lost. In March 1933, Stanley Baldwin produced a British Draft Disarmament Treaty which, six months earlier would have ensured success. It was too late; Hitler was already Chancellor of the Reich; the Conference was allowed to drift into disruption and defeat.

As the Conference was breaking up, there came the cowardly surrender to the Japanese Generals in Manchuria. This was the first unresisted violation of the Covenant. It so happened, that in March, 1973, four weeks before he died, I discussed this Japanese aggression with Henri Rolin, and the tragic consequences to which it led. He had lived through the whole crisis, and his view was very clear. 'Of course,' he said, 'we should not have had to fight, if the League had decided to uphold the Covenant. I am still absolutely convinced, as I was in 1932, that "diplomatic sanctions" would have been enough. If all the Ambassadors of the Members of the League had been withdrawn from Tokyo, the Japanese people would have swept the Liberal Civilian Government back to power. But suppose,' he added, 'the League had been obliged to take military action—how short and cheap the war would then have been, compared to the ghastly conflict which further Japanese aggression forced upon us in 1941.'

I remembered, as Henri Rolin said these words, that Arthur Henderson used to say exactly the same to me during the crisis of 1932; Arthur Henderson had only ceased to be British Foreign Secretary a few weeks before the Japanese attack on Manchuria began; he was absolutely convinced that, if he had still been able to speak as British Secretary of State, he could have used the League to bring the Japanese aggression to an end.

Two years after the Disarmament Conference was allowed to fail, and after the Japanese were allowed to conquer Manchuria, there came Mussolini's challenge in Abyssinia. Here, everything depended on what the British Government chose to do. Britain then held Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Palestine, Egypt, the Suez Canal, British Somaliland, and the Sudan — everything between Fascist Italy and Abyssinia, and *all* the territories around. She had a stranglehold on the Italian Fleet. If Fascist troops passed through the Suez Canal, it would be with the British Government's agreement and consent.

At first, it seemed that Britain would stand firm. As the day of the aggression drew nearer, so Robert Cecil's great Peace Ballot brought bigger majorities for standing by the Covenant—over 11½ million votes, more than 90 per cent for economic sanctions, and at the end (June-July 1935) 84 per cent for military sanctions, if they should be required. Never had any people given a clearer verdict on a question of peace and war.

At first the Government listened; the Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, called on the League Assembly to stand together against this international crime, and some weak economic sanctions were imposed—weak, but they would have been decisive, if kept on for another year. There was a wide surge of popular press opinion; Henri Rolin, and others like him, had preached the rule of law; thousands of their disciples had done the same; they had created what international lawyers used to call 'the juristic conscience of mankind'. For the first time, it was a demonstrable and overwhelmingly important fact.

But the British Government thought they could use the national unity to win a General Election and a new term of power. They gave the pledge: 'In the matter of Abyssinia, there will be no wavering'. They secured a majority in the House of Commons. Six weeks later, the Foreign Secretary made the infamous Hoare-Laval Agreement, under which the Abyssinian people would be handed over to Fascist rule.

The anger of the British people drove Hoare instantly from power and Eden became Secretary of State instead. The Hoare-Laval Agreement was forgotten; the Abyssinians carried on their brave resistance; Sir Anthony Eden wanted to propose an oil sanction, and a Committee of League experts reported that this would defeat the Fascists in six months; the Standard Oil Company of the U.S.A. volunteered its full co-operation. But Eden delayed. Mussolini sprayed mustard gas from the air on Abyssinian troops and villages. The Foreign Office—a certain Vansittard, best forgotten—wanted Mussolini as an ally in the coming Nazi war. It was a peculiarly puerile concept, even for an advocate of power-politics: Mussolini was bent on a new Roman Empire, which could only come from the Mediterranean Islands and the African Colonies held by Britain and France. For this empty hope of a Fascist alliance, Eden's opponents in the British Government were prepared to sell the League. Gradually, Eden weakened, and on July 5, 1936, he went to the Assembly in Geneva to propose that the sanctions on Mussolini should be removed.

The anger of the British people was still more intense. Eden's speech in Geneva was on July 5; four days later, on July 9, I was the anti-Government candidate in a By-Election to the House of Commons. For three weeks before the Polling Day, Derby had debated Abyssinia and nothing else. I had the support of Cecil, Lloyd George and Attlee; I turned a huge Government majority against me into a large majority for the League.

Eight years later, when the Second World War was almost won, Sir Winston Churchill said that it should be called 'the unnecessary war'. In 1944 he wrote to Cecil:

> This war could easily have been prevented, if the League of Nations had been used with courage and loyalty by the associated Nations.

No doubt, when he said this, Churchill had the British Government principally in mind. But he was dealing with one of the great 'ifs' of history: Could the Second World War have been averted, if the Members of the League (not only Britain) had 'used the League of Nations with courage and loyalty?'

Contemptuously disregarding the sterile dogma of the determinist 'historians' who say that history consists of what has happened, and not of 'what might have been', Churchill gave an answer to his 'if'. Yes, he said, the Second War 'could easily have been prevented'. It could easily have been prevented, if identifiable men had not made identifiable mistakes in crises which were the prelude to the War.

This brings me to the question which it is the chief purpose of this article to ask: a question about the same great 'if' of history with which Churchill dealt. I ask: What might have happened if, in that fateful, fatal year of 1936, Henri Rolin, instead of P. H. Spaak, had become the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs?

This question was once put to Henri Rolin by a member of the Press. It has been asked by several of his compatriots since he died. Perhaps it ought not to be asked by someone from abroad. But I asked it a thousand times in 1936; thousands of others asked it in many countries of the world; the answer is of long-term significance for the future of mankind, for it is still true today that only the rule of law in international affairs can prevent the final war.

So I ask the question. Before I answer, I must say that I was the friend both of Henri Rolin and of P. H. Spaak. As a Minister of the Crown, with responsibility for U.N. affairs, I persuaded P. H. Spaak to stand for the Presidency of the First Assembly of the U.N. And I begin my answer to my question by saying that P. H. Spaak was a marvellous President of the First U.N. Assembly—a worthy follower of Hymans, a quarter of a century before. But Henri Rolin was the kind of man who must someday save the race of man, if the race of man is ever to be saved.

What might have happened, if Henri Rolin had become the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1936, instead of P. H. Spaak?

Henri Rolin was splendidly equipped to play a leading part in the great world crisis which the Fascists had provoked by their challenge to the League—far better equipped than P. H. Spaak. He had a far greater experience of international affairs. He was far better known to the members of other Governments, to the international Press, and to the public of many lands. He was not only known, he was *trusted*—trusted as a man of principle and judgment. He was a magnificent orator; I quote the President of the Belgian Senate in his Valedictory tribute in April last:

> *Au Sénat, il (Henri Rolin) a servi avec éclat son triple idéal du progrès du droit, de la justice sociale, et de paix des peuples avec une ardeur, une ferveur et une conviction communicative dont il n'est pas, je crois, d'autre exemple dans notre histoire parlementaire . . .*
>
> *Depuis les vingt-sept ans, que je siège ici, j,ai entendu beaucoup d'orateurs . . . Je ne crois pas que j'en aie entendu un seul qui, plus que lui, ait su bouleverser,*

remuer, et convaincre son auditoire, grâce à la solidité de sa dialectique, mais davantage encore grâce à la chaleur humaine qui émanait de ses discours où on le sentait se donner tout entier à la cause qu'il défendait.

And the President of the Senate said that Henri Rolin, with his noble face and his warm, vibrant voice, achieved miraculous conversions: *miracles de la véritable éloquence, miracles de l'action de la volonté, de la conviction humaine.*

The President of the Senate said that it was in this crisis of 1936, where the issue of the rule of law, of the victory or the failure of the League, were at stake, that Henri Rolin spoke with the most transcendent eloquence and power. The President quoted the peroration of Henri Rolin's most famous speech:

J'obéis aujourd'hui à une nécessite morale à laquelle je ne puis résister: la defense du droit.
Le droit que je ne sépare pas de la paix.
Le droit sans lequel rien de durable ne sera établi.
Le droit, dont je n'exclus aucun pays, le droit de chacun.
Le droit qui est ma religion, ma profession, le seul pain dont je veuille me nourir.

These words of passionate protest were spoken in the Senate after Eden had surrendered in Geneva on July 5.

But if Henri Rolin had become the Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1936, he would have taken office on May 26. The date is vitally important. It was six weeks *before* Eden travelled to Geneva; while he was still fighting in the British Cabinet to save the League; while the British public were still looking eagerly for a constructive lead.

If Henri Rolin had been able to speak then with the authority of the ministerial office which Paul Hymans had made illustrious in the League's early days, the response in Britain would have been, quite literally, immense. (I have explained above my personal right to make this most confident assertion.)

And Henri Rolin would not have spoken alone. There were two great men, in two Commonwealth countries, who would have spoken with him —Smuts, Prime Minister in South Africa, and de Valera, Prime Minister of Ireland. Both were desperately anxious that the Covenant should be upheld, and Abyssinia saved. There would have been an excellent chance that Canada and New Zealand would have done the same—if so, the effect in Britain would again have been profound.

With a courageous lead from Belgium, what might the Netherlands, the Scandinavians, the Finns have done? Benes was a very firm believer in the League; he was the strongest statesman in the Little Entente; with their population of over 40 million, and their powerful armies, the Little Entente would have been a strong deterring factor in Mussolini's mind. Benes and Henri Rolin were on excellent terms. The Little Entente would have been encouraged by the fact that the Soviet Union were extremely anxious that the Fascist aggression should be stopped. In Latin America there were several states who would have done what Guani of Uruguay had done in 1923. Even in France, as in Britain, there were strong democratic forces that would have listened to Henri Rolin's lead.

Thus in the six weeks before the fatal day, July 5, there would have been at least a hope that Henri Rolin could have aroused a movement of the 'middle' and smaller powers, with other strong support elsewhere. He might have accomplished a *miracle de la véritable éloquence, miracle de l'action de la volonté, de la conviction humaine.*

On July 5, 1936, the British Government, with full responsibility for all that followed, had betrayed the fundamental principle of the rule of law.

But even after Eden's speech, it was not certain that the League was lost. In Britain, Cecil, Lloyd George and Attlee continued to denounce the Government's surrender, and to urge that only a resuscitated League could prevent the Nazis from launching a devastating war. Soon Sir Winston Churchill joined them. In May 1938—as late as *1938*—Churchill made a great nation-wide campaign for the League of Nations Union—speeches up and down the country, in which he argued that it would still be practicable to summon the League Assembly, and so to mobilise the whole of Europe to resist the further acts of Covenant-breaking aggression on which Hitler and Mussolini had embarked. Suppose Henri Rolin, as Foreign Minister, had been able to mobilise the smaller nations 'of high moral standing' would there not still have been a hope that the Axis could be stopped much sooner, and at far lower cost than the ghastly sacrifices of the Second World War? Would not the gallant Belgian people, who understood aggression and occupation, have followed him in his stand?

Henri Rolin was not Minister for Foreign Affairs. But he was still a Senator, and as a Senator, he went on fighting for the principles for which he stood, even after the great defeat of July 5, 1936.

He spoke and wrote for the League of Nations Societies in Belgium and elsewhere.

He denounced the Fascist and Nazi invasions of Republican Spain, and the foolish, traitorous farce of 'non-intervention'.

He denounced the subsequent invasions of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Greece and Albania.

Without personal recrimination, he went on doing his duty to Belgium, to Belgium's liberty, to the League of Nations, and to the world.

And when the Second War came in 1939, caring nothing for what might happen to him later, he told his International Law class in the University:

> *J'ai l'habitude de présenter le droit des gens comme engagé dans une course de vitesse avec la menace de guerre. Je regrette de devoir vous prévenir cette année que la course est définitivement perdue et que nous ne terminerons pas l'année académique avant que la Belgique, en dépit de sa neutralité, ne soit envahie par l'Allemagne.*

Looking back with the hindsight of 1974, it is unanswerably clear that Henri Rolin was right in 1936, and that the neutralists were wrong. The course of history, what actually occurred, proved him trebly right:

First, the League was sacrificed for nothing. Mussolini scouted with contempt the appeasers' offers of alliance. And, as Henri Rolin so powerfully predicted, the most terrible of world conflicts was the result.

Second, neutrality did not save Belgium from the disaster of invasion

and the slavery of Nazi occupation.

Third, only collective action—diplomatic, economic, and, if need be, military action—based on the fundamental principle of the rule of law, can prevent such tragedies as the Second World War, with its 53 million dead, and its six years of human suffering in all the continents.

It was for this—the rule of law, effectively upheld—that Henri Rolin would have fought in the Assembly of the League, if he had been Belgian Foreign Minister in 1936. It was for this that he argued so brilliantly on Belgian television on April 18, 1973. And this, the rule of law, though still scoffed at by 'realists' and militarists of the kind who made the two World Wars, is still the only hope for the survival of mankind.

The Second World War was not the end of Henri Rolin's struggle for *La paix des peuples* and the rule of law.

In spite of the bitter years that followed 1936, he went, full of new hope and courage, to San Francisco in 1945. There he was the President of the First Commission of the Conference which drafted the Charter of the U.N. He inspired and guided a great deal of the Conference work—so much so that *Le Monde* said: *La Charte de l'O.N.U., qu'il avait . . . presque complètement écrite de sa main.* In particular, he was the author of the fundamentally important Chapters on the 'Purposes' and the 'Principles' of the U.N. If someday mankind achieves an ordered peace, it will be because it restores these 'Purposes' to their true priority, and organises its international life by the 'Principles' which he laid down.

In 1956, over the Suez War, and in 1960 over the Congo, these Principles came very notably to life. There have been other occasions in the U.N.—very many of them—when Henri Rolin would have had the opportunity for crucial international service, if he had been the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The United Nations had almost everything in its favour, except powerful and experienced Ministerial leaders such as he.

But to Henri Rolin, as to all who shared in views, 1936 was the crossroads of the century in which he lived.The law and institutions of the League of Nations, created by great men in Paris in 1919, had proved, and proved most amply, that they would work, if they were honestly and honourably upheld. At the decisive hour of trial, lesser men, nurtured in the fallacies of power-politics and the old diplomacy, deliberately destroyed them. This was the central tragedy of Henri Rolin's life, a tragedy I understood and shared.

Must I justify myself for re-evoking the memories and reflections of 1936? Then I do so by quoting Winston Churchill once again: 'If you say: "the past is the past", you surrender the future'.

But now that he has left us, I remember also, with gratitude and with emotion, the magnificent career which Henri Rolin actually made.

Delegate from Belgium for very many years to the Assemblies of the League and the U.N.;

Thirty-six years a Member of the Belgian Senate;

The first Socialist President of the Senate;

Most eminent Professor of International Law in the Free University of Brussels—a Professor whose writings and whose pleadings in the International Court of Justice carried high authority throughout the world;

Minister of State, and briefly Minister of Justice;

President of the International Federation of League of Nations Societies before 1939;

Draftsman of the U.N. Charter in San Francisco in 1945;

President of the European Court of Human Rights;

President of the Belgian-Congo Round Table before the grant of independence to the Congolese; his closing speech is talked of still today;

Militant for Republican Spain, for Peace in Vietnam, for East-West good understanding;

An orator whose great speeches in the Senate still make me think of Briand and Viviani when I read them now . . .

A rich and magnificent career of public service. And how much more there was in Henri Rolin's life. I have only read one biography about him; it is by his daughter Luce. It is entitled: *Le Bon Petit Henri*: *Histoire Edifiante*. The text and the illustrations (coloured drawings) are by the author. What lovely, tender family life this biography reveals. What love, integrity and goodness in the hero of the tale. That was what was most important in Henri Rolin whom we lost the other day.

[The Rt. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker, a former Minister and recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize 1959, is Joint President of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London. The above article is based on a paper written for the journal of the Royal Institute of International Relations, Brussels.]

GENOCIDE IN THE PUPPET 'STATE' OF CROATIA

by Bernard Lavergne and Hervé Laurière

AFTER the *coup d'état* of March 27, 1941 in Belgrade—which had been instigated by the same Serbian officers who had got rid of the Dragisa-Cvetkovic-Vladko Macek Government, signatories of the Tripartite Pact of March 25—Germany and Italy, seconded by Bulgaria, Hungary and Albania—attacked Yugoslavia on the morning of April 6, 1941, without having declared war. The country was dismembered and on the ruins the Axis established the puppet 'State' of Croatia, known officially as 'The Independent State of Croatia'.

Puppet Croatia was comprised of Croatia, Slavonia, part of Dalmatia—the part which had not been ceded to Mussolini—as well as the provinces with a Serbian majority of Bosnia-Herzegovina and Srem. The Germans annexed half of Slovenia, the rest going to the Italians who also bestowed on themselves Montenegro, which had become a Protectorate. Macedonia had been given to Bulgaria, while the Voivodina—the fertile agricultural province north of Belgrade—went to Hungary. Serbia, now reduced to her pre-Balkan-War frontiers, remained under German occupation.

However, the idea of a Croat State and the genocide perpetrated there, that is to say any act committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group as such, was not an invention of the Axis Powers. It had its origins at the time of the awakening of nationalism in Europe in the second half of the XIXth century.

In spite of the aspirations of European nationalism towards liberalism, Croatian nationalism was an exception in that it took the form of a short-sighted oppression of the Serbian population who, already at that time, constituted a large minority (to-day, there are about 700,000).

After the disappearance of the Serbian State following the Battle of Kossovo in 1389—lost to the Turks in the full flood of the Ottoman tide sweeping the Balkans—the Serbs sought refuge in the regions bordering on the Austro-Hungarian Empire, notably in Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, as well as in Hungary. Thus they occupied the land which had been abandoned by the Croats who had also fled from the Turkish invasion and withdrawn westwards, even as far as Austria, Italy and Germany.

The Serbs were hoping to return to their abandoned territories, but the Turks had planted Albanians in the regions of Kossovo and Metohia—cradle of the mediaeval Serbian State. The Serbian population which had not succeeded in escaping, were persecuted; massacred or converted to Islam. It was only after almost five centuries—in 1912-1913—that these regions were liberated by Serbia and Montenegro who had been victorious in the Balkan Wars. But the Albanians were already well established there, without any intention of leaving and so the Serbs remained for good in Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia and Hungary.

A number of Croats, and especially the Catholic hierarchy, received these refugee Serbs with open hostility, although the two races were of the same

Slav origin, speaking the same language and differing only in religion, the Croats being Catholic and the Serbs, Orthodox—a result of the Great Schism which tore Christians apart in 1054. The antagonism between Byzance and Rome deepened this misunderstanding between the Serbs and Croats and marked, for ever, the character and mind of both races.

The Austro-Hungarian rulers, for their part, did everything possible to poison the relations between the Serbs and Croats living together in the same territory. At the instigation of Vienna, the Croatian nationalists organised widespread demonstrations in Zagreb in 1902 and 1908 against the Serbian population whose shops were pillaged and homes set on fire. The Cyrillic alphabet used by the Serbs was forbidden. The assassination at Sarajevo in 1914, gave the Croatian extremists a new chance to organise veritable pogroms against the Serbian population in Bosnia-Herzegovina and to demolish their churches.

In the face of such an attitude, the Serbs were obliged to defend their right to exist by standing up to discrimination and persecution, both physical and religious. Towards this end, they found it necessary to collaborate with the Hungarians, which poisoned their relations with the Croats.

This situation was to be exploited in the second half of the XIXth century by a Croatian politician—Ante Starcevic—who undertook to arouse the Croatian national conscience and to hold out bright prospects to his compatriots of a resurrection of the Croatian State which had disappeared in 1102, to the benefit of Hungary. The megalomanic pretensions of Starcevic far outstripped the frontiers of Croatia, because he dreamt of enlarging his country by the addition of the regions where Serbs were in the majority: Bosnia-Herzegovina, Srem and Voivodina, which to-day contains 2,700,000 Serbs and 890,000 Croats.

Cleverly propagated, these frenzied conceptions had gradually penetrated the minds of the intellectual youth and of the urban populations. Chauvinism, when well presented, easily tramples on logic and reason, and mistakes dreams for reality. So the ideas of Starcevic were easily accepted as Gospel truth and the rigorous historical expression of Croatian aspirations.

The realisation of this national ideal called for the creation of a national, political and cultural movement. Hatred and death were to become the slogans. The first obstacle to be swept aside were the Serbs. Ought they not to be converted willingly to Catholicism, and exterminated if they refused to accept conversion? Starcevic did not hesitate, therefore, to write that 'the Serbs are a breed who are ripe for the slaughter-house'.

A breed who, furthermore, are despicable, for—if we are to believe the politician who, by his doctrine of 'historical Croatian legality' seems to be one of the first racists of our time—alone in the Balkans, the Croatian race can pride itself in the possession of all the superior physical, spiritual, cultural and political talents. Embarked on such a slope, the doctrine was soon to find adequate expression in the popular slogan, which is well known: 'God in Heaven; the Croats on earth!'

Alas! nothing is more dangerous than the cult of an ideal when it is in contradiction to the capabilities of a people and the conditions of their

environment. Inevitably, the way will lead, before long, to crime. That was the destiny of Ante Starcevic, who did not assess the total of outrageous crimes which the realisation of his fantastic ideas was to demand. And doubtless, also, he failed to see that the servants of his ideal would be, in the first place, his spiritual heirs—the Croatian Nazis—the Ustashis (insurgents).

From the days of Austro-Hungary, the heir of the Starcevic Party was Josip Frank, who was in the service of Vienna as had been Starcevic himself. In Yugoslavia, it was a Zagreb lawyer, Ante Pavelic, who quoted Starcevic as his authority and founded the Nazi-Fascist Ustashi Movement in 1928. He approached Mussolini, who put at his disposal a villa at Pessaro and training-grounds for his followers at Bovigno, Vichetto, Borgotaro, San Fonteccio and San Demetrio. Admiral Horthy—Regent of Hungary—for his part put an isolated farm, Yanka Puszta, at the disposal of the Ustashi. Adventurers and former convicts, enlisted in Italy, Germany, Belgium, Hungary, Austria and South America, filled these camps. Here they were taught to shoot and throw bombs.

A brigade of agents of the O.V.R.A. (Fascist Secret Police) was put at the disposal of the gang—the future 'liberators' of Croatia. Dr. Ercole Conti, Inspector-general of the Fascist Secret Police and Bochini, Police Chief, were entrusted by Mussolini with several confidential missions. It was thus that they were to protect Pavelic, supplying the Ustashis with arms and false identity papers.

By the intermediary of Ciano, Pavelic was assured of the support of an anti-Yugoslav terrorist group in Bulgaria—the Interior Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation (abridged to V.M.R.O. in Bulgarian) whose headquarters were in Sofia.

The terrorist activity of the Ustashis showed itself before the Second World War by outrages on Yugoslav territory, claiming innumerable victims, and especially by that of Marseilles of October 9, 1934, when King Alexander I of Yugoslavia and Louis Barthou, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, were assassinated. It was later established that the strings had been pulled in Rome and Berlin within the framework of the conspiracy against the *status quo* in Europe.

This was the first Axis victory in Europe. But it was not followed up by the successes which this revisionist terrorism was anticipating, i.e., the revolution in Croatia where the body of the King—brought from Split to Belgrade *via* Zagreb—was received, not beneath the flags of the revolution but on bended knee, in prayer.

The puppet 'State' of Croatia was proclaimed on April 10, 1941, by the Ustashi Colonel, Slavko Kvaternik after much bargaining with German agents; while the head of this 'State'—Ante Pavelic—entered Croatia on the 13th and reached Zagreb on the evening of April 15 at the head of the Ustashi, whose number was only 508, in Italian tanks concentrated at Pistoia.

On the following day, Mgr. Alojsije Stepinac, Archbishop of Zagreb, hastened to congratulate Pavelic. That same evening cassocks and black

shirts—Church dignitaries and terrorists—mingled fraternally at a banquet in the Archbishop's Palace.

On April 16, Pavelic formed his Government of which the majority were Ustashi *émigrés*. Already on April 17 it was recognised by Germany and Italy and one of its first acts was to declare war on Great Britain; later on the Soviet Union and the U.S.A.

The Nazi Croatian régime obtained the support of Vladko Macek—President of the Croatian Peasant Party and Vice-President of the Government of General Simovic which he abandoned on April 7 to reach Zagreb, not London—on the very day of the proclamation of the puppet 'State' of Croatia. After an interview with the German emissary, Edmund Veesenmayer, he drafted a proclamation on behalf of the Croatian people which was broadcast and in which he invited 'the Croatian people and the members of the Croatian Peasant Party to collaborate sincerely with the new authorities'.[1]

Apart from 3,500,000 Croats, the puppet 'State' of Croatia comprised 2,200,000 Serbs and 42,000 Jews. In order to be more easily recognised, the Orthodox were obliged to wear an arm-band with the mediaeval sign of the Ghetto—a blue ribbon with the letter *P*, the first letter of the word *pravoslavac*, meaning Orthodox. The Jews, on their part, were obliged to wear the Star of David on their sleeves to begin with, and later on their backs.

And to impress upon them the fact that they belonged to contemptible races, both Serbs and Jews were forbidden to walk on the pavements. Only the middle of the road was accessible to them. And, in all the public services—cafés, shops, transport—one saw everywhere posted the following inscription: *Entry forbidden to Serbs, Jews, nomads and dogs.*

Thus, a third of the population of the Croatian 'State' became outcast.

After the manner of Vladko Macek's proclamation from the pulpits of the churches and by the voice of the radio, the pastoral letter of April 28, 1941 was read to the people. In this letter Mgr. Alojsije Stepinac commended the Ustashi Government; assured them of his confidence and his support, and called upon all the faithful to collaborate with them.[2]

Besides the *Te Deum* chanted on this occasion, solemn Masses were ordained to be held on April 10 each year, to commemorate the proclamation of the 'State'.

Pavelic went to Rome to sign the 'Italo-Croatian Treaties of Rome' on May 18, 1941, at the head of a delegation which also included Sallis-Sewis, Vicar-general of the Archbishop of Zagreb.

This delegation was received by King Victor-Emmanuel III, who was requested to be pleased to designate a prince of his August Dynasty as King of Croatia'. H.R.H. Aimont of Savoy, Duke of Spoleto, was appointed and received the majestic title of Tomislav II, and to him one should pay homage, for he never wished to set foot in his 'Kingdom', besmirched as it was with the blood of innocents.

The same day, at 7 p.m., Pope Pius XII granted a 'private audience' to Pavelic and his suite, although the Croatian leader had already twice

been condemned to death *in absentia*: the first time by the Yugoslav Courts for his terrorist activities; the second time by the Assize Court of Aix-en-Provence for the assassination of King Alexander and Louis Barthou.

The Pope sent Mgr. Giuseppe Ramiro Marcone, a Benedictine of the Congregation of Monte Vergine and Member of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, to the Croatian Episcopate as 'Apostolic Visitor'. But in the protocol of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Zagreb, he figured, with his Secretary, Masucci—another Benedictine—under the heading: *Delegation from the Holy See* and was considered, in official ceremonies, as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps.

Then the Pope designated Mgr. A. Stepinac Chaplain to the Army *'sine titulo'*. As soon as the new functions of the Archbishop of Zagreb and future Cardinal became known, some hundred and fifty priests volunteered to serve as Chaplains in the Army. One even saw, in this capacity, the Secretary himself of Mgr. Stepinac—Stjepan Lackovic—administer the oath to one of these units, while Mgr. Stepinac honoured the departure to the Front of the Legionaries, by blessing their standards in the company of Mgr. Ramiro Marcone, in the presence of the Nazi and Fascist diplomats and Army officers.

The Ustashi Government gave eleven seats in Parliament to representatives of the Croatian Catholic Church, of which two were held by Mgr. A. Stepinac and Bishop Anton Aksamovic.

The Government Programme was defined by Mile Budak, Minister of Education and Cults, in the course of a public lecture which he gave at Gospic on July 23, 1941: 'We will kill some Serbs,' he said, 'and deport others. The rest will be forced to embrace the Catholic Religion and will find themselves absorbed by the Croatian body'.[3]

But earlier, on July 13, he had specified the moral grounds for the Government action: 'The Ustashi Movement is based on religion . . . on our devotion to religion and all our actions are founded on the Roman Catholic Church'.[4]

On the proposal of Andrija Artukovic, Minister of the Interior, a certain number of laws and racial decrees were promulgated.

The Serbian Orthodox Church was outlawed and was henceforth to be known as 'The Greek Church of the Eastern Rite of Croatia'. (Decree No. XC-817-Z, of April 3, 1942.) The White Russian priest, Guermoguène, was nominated Metropolitan of this Church.

In this way, an action was launched which was destined to create a great homogeneous Croatia from the national and religious points of view, by mass assassinations, banishment to concentration camps, of which twenty-six were set up; expulsion to Serbia; refined torture; confiscation of property; forced conversion of the Orthodox to Catholicism and by summary judgements of the thirty-four exceptional Courts. This was a long-premeditated crime which degenerated into the most barbarous genocide.

As in the time of the Spanish Inquisition, murder had become an everyday topic of conversation. The propaganda of the régime provoked a

murderous hysteria, a frenzy of torture and pillaging among the youth and the urban mobs. On the other hand, the Croatian peasantry mainly abstained from participation in the crimes.

Even official German reports from Croatia and occupied Serbia admit that the chaos and armed Serbian resistance in Croatia were a direct consequence of the Serbophobe policy of its Government.

As regards the campaign for conversion to Roman Catholicism, the Ustashis and their accomplices in cassocks left the Serbian Orthodox population with the choice of two solutions: conversion or death. So it seemed to be a suitable moment for the Croatian Catholic hierarchy to gather into their fold the greatest possible number of Orthodox believers by every means of persuasion and threats. As Carlo Falconi wrote:

> It is only in Croatia that the extermination of at least half a million people —out of hatred of their religion perhaps more than of their race—was combined, in a sacrilegious manner, with a forced campaign for rebaptism (sanctifying the conversion from Orthodoxy to Catholicism) which, for centuries, has known no precedents on such a scale and of such violence.[5]
>
> But the methods of conversion used by the Government in agreement with the Catholic clergy, compromised both the chances of the the Great Cause and the prestige of the Church abroad. Therefore, while striving to draw the greatest possible number of neophytes into the arms of the Church, the Croatian hierarchy—after the first failures—endeavoured to act with more decency and tolerance.[6]

About 240,000 Serbs were forcibly converted to Roman Catholicism. The benevolent Society, *Caritas,* under the Presidency of Mgr. A. Stepinac, gathered up thousands of Serbian children who had become separated from their parents and converted them to Catholicism. One can read—even to-day in the Yugoslav Press—announcements by parents who are seeking their children.

During the four years in which the Croatian Nazi Government remained in office, they massacred some hundreds of thousands of Orthodox believers —men, women and children. Thousands were hurled alive into crevasses. An important German agent in the Balkans during the War—Hermann Neubacher—estimates in his work *Sonder-Auftrag Sudost, 1940-1945* (Göttingen-Berlin-Frankfurt, 1956) that about 750,000 Serbs were assassinated. In any case, it is difficult to estimate the precise number. In addition, about 40,000 Jews and 25,000 Gypsies were murdered. With the aim of the destruction of the Serbian Orthodox Church, the Croatian Nazi Government executed three Bishops and 538 priests and monks. 279 churches or monasteries were demolished or burned down. In certain churches—notably at Glina and Kusonje—thousands of the faithful were exterminated or burned alive.

The Croatian Catholic hierarchy appropriated the land and personal estate of the Orthodox Church and all the property of Serbs and Jews through the intermediary of the 'Commission for Colonisation', presided over by the priests.

As for the Jewish community, 47 rabbis were put to death and their synagogues destroyed. The Government of the Croatian Nazis was, in

reality, a Catholic Dictatorship. Roused to indignation by these crimes the French Cardinal Tisserant declared to Nikola Rusinovic, Minister of puppet Croatia in Rome: 'Murder, arson, pillage and crimes of every kind are the order of the day in these regions . . . I know for sure that even the Franciscans—as, for instance, Father Simic of Knin—have taken an active part in attacks on the Orthodox population and in the destruction of their churches . . . I know also, from an absolutely reliable source, that the Franciscans of Bosnia-Herzegovina have behaved lamentably . . .'[7]

Among the Franciscans of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the name of Miroslav Filipovic-Majstorovic, who was Commander of the concentration camp at Jasenovac, must be cited.

After the collapse of the Axis, Pavelic and Artukovic, disguised as Franciscan monks, fled towards Austria and Italy, together with some thousands of the hangmen and torturers of the concentration camps. Some five hundred Croatian priests and monks swelled this exodus with the Archbishop of Sarajevo—Ivan Saric and with the Bishop of Banja Luka—Jozo Garic at their head. Thanks to the *Commissione d'assistanza pontifica,* everyone was sheltered in convents before dispersing through the countries of the free world. Pavelic died a natural death in a German hospital in Madrid, while Andrija Arkutovic is spending a peaceful retirement in a suburb of Los Angeles.

Having obtained a guarantee for his safety from Josip Broz Tito, Mgr. A. Stepinac did not leave and remained at his post. But, as the Nazis had failed to liquidate the 'schism', Mgr. A Stepinac appealed to the West through the intermediary of a British officer who visited him after the war.

> He looked to the West to use its atomic power to impose Western civilisation on Moscow and Belgrade before it was too late.[8]

After the Nazi crematoria and the crimes of the Croatian Ustashis, the appeal of Gaston Doumergue at the obsequies for Louis Barthou in 1934—when he said: 'Let us bar the way to the powers of evil which are unleashed everywhere and are making death their vocation'—seems to us not only to be a warning from beyond the grave, but a serious reproach which has lost none of its relevance.

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1 Ferdo Culinovic: Okupatorska podjela Jugoslavije, Vojnoizdavacki Zavod, Beograd, 1970, p. 206.
2 Katolicki list, No. 17, 1941, Zagreb.
3 Viktor Novak: Magnum Crimen, Zagreb, 1948, p. 605.
4 Katolicki Tjednik, 17th August, 1947, Sarajevo.
5 Carlo Falconi: Le Silence de Pie XII, ed. du Rocher, Monaco, 1965, p. 255.
6 Branko Miljus: *Les Habsbourg, l'Eglise et les Slaves du Sud,* Ed. Librairie Générale de Droit et de Jurisprudence, Paris, 1970, p. 177.
7 Tajni Dokumenti o odnosima Vatikana i ustaske 'N.D.H.', Biblioteka Drustva novinara Hrvatske, Zagreb, 1952, p. 115.
8 *The New Statesman and Nation,* London, October 26th, 1946.

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sitaires, Paris); *Le Socialisme à visage humain* (1971, Presses Universitaires, Paris) and *Munich, défaite des démocraties* (1938): English titles include *The Cooperative Revolution* and *Human-Faced Socialism*.]

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The July issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Sinai: The Wilderness Between* by G. H. Blake, *The Cod War* by Benno Wasserman, *Ethiopia* by Patrick Gilkes and *Tess in the Opera House: An Episode in the Life of Thomas Hardy* by Desmond Hawkins.

THE YOUTH OF AN HISTORIAN: GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

by Mary Moorman

Part 2 Wixenford and Early Days at Harrow

> Dear Papa, The history—Bowen— examination is on the 22nd of this month. Are you going to make me stop history, after the examination? I heard you say something about it last holidays. It seems to me you might let me go on till next year; because *then* there would be more than a year for me to do extra classics in before I went up to Harrow. If I do go on with history I shall know a good lot next Easter but I don't much mind, and I dare say it would be a very good thing to stop.

This somewhat anxious letter was written from Wixenford in February 1887 by George, then not quite eleven years old, to his father. The 'history—Bowen—examination' consisted of three papers set by Edward Bowen, that most unusual of schoolmasters, into whose house, the Grove, at Harrow, George would go in the autumn of 1889. Paternal authority took the hint so gracefully given, and history was not stopped. In the following year, 1888, he got 97½ out of 100 in the examination and gained the prize—recording, however, in his diary: 'I don't think nearly so much of it now as I did before.'

At this time his father, after resigning his post as Secretary for Scotland in Gladstone's second administration, in March 1886, because he disagreed in part with Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, had lost his seat for the 'Border Boroughs' (Selkirk, Hawick and Galashiels) at the general election in July. It was the election in which the Liberal Party split over Home Rule, the 'Liberal Unionists' being obliged to side with the Conservatives. But Sir George could not stand this alliance, and soon reverted to Gladstone, Home Rule notwithstanding. In the following year, 1887, he was elected for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow. While the Home Rule Bill was being fought over in Parliament in the summer of 1886, young George wrote to his father:

> I cannot hardly realise what a historical crisis we are now in; I will be frightfully excited on Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday we shall *get the news*.

The news was the defeat of the Bill.

Wixenford was an almost entirely conservative school; 'all the masters are bigotted Conservatives', wrote George. But George upheld the Liberal cause, as he said, 'with vigour' and more vigorously as the years went on. 'I see the *Daily News* about five minutes every day', he wrote in 1888, 'but that is not very much, so please keep me well informed, so that I shall not exhaust my arguments'. His mother sent him press cuttings of his father's speeches and he pasted them into an album. He discovered that a boy called Tomkinson was a strong liberal: 'his father stood unsuccessfully more than once. He is in my bedroom and knows a good deal about it, so we have it all our own way and have great discussions.' When the Irish members were imprisoned, he wrote:

> What a comfort and consolation it must be to those poor members in their cells, to know that they are suffering in a good cause, and that so many sympathise with them. One of the psalms today was *Why boastest thou thyself thou tyrant*. I am sure such tyranny cannot last for long, for no tyranny ever did last,

> much less in a civilised christian country like Great Britain. Oh! how delightful it was to see that cartoon in *Punch* of the *Times* doing pennance [sic][1], I laughed over it tremendously; how ashamed, and crushed, and humbled they must feel, if indeed they are sensible to shame!
>
> I am thinking [he also wrote at this time] of a design for the 'Intended Cupola' to Fox; in the centre there should be a bust of Fox, and underneath should be written in letters all of gold 'Intrepid Fox'. On the wall should be a representation of Parnell triumphing over *The Times* with the sword of justice, while the spirits of forgery and pergery [sic] fly in confusion, and Sir C. Russell[2] crowns him with a crown of shamrocks.

His schoolfellows perhaps found the Liberal evangelist somewhat overwhelming. 'Had political discussion with Finlay on the way down to school [in the train]' wrote George in his diary. 'He seems much more persuadable than last term. I suppose he is shocked at the way in which they are governing Ireland.' This was in January 1888. Finlay, who strikes one as long-suffering, was 'made' to read 'Papa's speech', and George continued in his diary for February 'I am triumphant over the Tories now, after the election.[3] We had a great political discussion in the bedroom; came off victorious as usual.' Finlay, only a week after this discussion, showed his sympathies on returning from an exeat by presenting George with 'a picture of the Liberal cabinet of 1878 in a frame; I shall have it hung in my bedroom; it contains Joe and Hartington! Ah!' Joe Chamberlain had by now joined the Liberal Unionists, and Lord Hartington also. George also recorded that he was 'making a heroic poem on the Edinburgh election—not yet completed.'

But it was not all politics. He read Macaulay's History during the rather wet summer of 1888:

> It was very wet on Thursday and Friday, but it was not at all dull, for I was reading Macaulay; I have read a great deal now and am very interested in it; . . . how I do wish he had lived long enough to write Anne's reign, but perhaps if there was more of it, the last part would not be so good, but it was impossible for Macaulay to write anything uninteresting.

Forty years later he was himself writing 'Anne's reign'.

He went on to read his father's life of Macaulay—'I wonder I never read it before.' Finlay, who was 'a great admirer of Macaulay,' had not yet read it but Sir George conceived the idea of giving it him as a consolation for just missing Bowen's history prize for which he had worked hard. George's lighter reading at this time seems to have consisted mainly of some Waverley novels and *Tom Burke of Ours* which, he says, 'I liked more than I can say.' Then during the Easter holidays of 1888 he said, 'I have got a fit of Shakespeare now,' and read *Henry V*, *King John* and *Henry IV*, *Part I*.

Wixenford was close to Eversley where Charles Kingsley had been Rector, and the school attended church there. George was something of a sermon-taster at this time. The sermons were apt to be long, for once, during the holidays, he records a 'short sermon which is rather a treat after the long ones at school.' They were both long and, according to the diary, sometimes 'bad'. But on one Sunday the Vicar 'preached one of Kingsley's sermons instead of his own.' This was a great success. 'I don't think I have ever heard a better one before.' George was, by descent, a 'Low Church' Anglican, but his mother was a Manchester Unitarian and his father confessed no personal

ecclesiastical allegiance. He had therefore an inherited dislike of ritual and entertained what might perhaps be described as an 'Old Testament' attitude to religious practices. When in London he and Booa usually attended All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, which was then 'evangelical', close to the Trevelyans' London home, but he records in his diary in April 1888: 'Yes! It's *Low* Sunday, but I went to an uncommonly *High* Church with which I was very disgusted.'

The headmaster of Wixenford was E. P. Arnold, a very tall, bearded man, formidable and not always just, but he clearly allowed his boys a good deal of individual freedom, in reading and going for walks, though his temper was uncertain and could cause both amusement and distress. 'Mr. A. in fearful bate,' wrote George in his diary: 'It is a great pity he has such a bad temper as it makes everybody so miserable.' During the summer term of 1888, George conceived the idea of recording Mr. Arnold's moods in a barometric manner. He drew a line in his diary down the margin of each page (it was Letts's Rough Diary with a week in an opening, and interleaved blotting paper, 1s. 6d.), and made his records in the spaces thus provided:

> Monday: Sunny with occasional storms.
> Tuesday: Set fair.
> Wednesday: Changeable in morning: set fair in afternoon.
> Thursday: Changeable, but very sunny on the whole.
> Friday: Bright.
> Saturday: Rising rapidly.
> Sunday: Stormy.

Wixenford lay in the heathy, sandy part of Hampshire not far from Sandhurst. Before he left, George was allowed to enjoy the pleasure of solitary walking and rambling in this countryside. 'I am now a walker-alone', he wrote to his mother in his last term there; 'I saw a fox running over the heather.' Besides his prizes, he carried away from Wixenford a noble present —Matthew Arnold's poems in the new 3-volume edition, inscribed: 'G. M. Trevelyan, from W. Finlay, 6th July, 1889.'

George entered Harrow in September 1889 and was there until the end of the summer term, 1893. Charles was now at Trinity College, Cambridge. George joined his brother Robert at The Grove, the house of which Edward Bowen was the brilliant and unusual and delightful master.

Harrow at this time was a school of about 600 boys, not quite as aristocratic as Eton, but much favoured not only by country gentlemen but by the wealthy Victorian business class. Many of the boys when they left became almost at once directors of their family businesses. The school also had an Army tradition; my father used to say that the boys in the 'Army Class' were almost the only ones who did much work as they had to pass the entrance examination to Sandhurst. A good many of the boys entered the civilian professions, and about a third went on to Oxford or Cambridge, where some did brilliantly enough. But at Harrow intellectual interests among the boys were uncommon. Most were conservatives in politics; they cared for little but games or athletics, and, outside school, for racing. George wrote to his parents early in his second year:

> I am taking in the *Speaker* and find it a very good investment (only 5/- a term) as not only do I never see any other Liberal paper, but I never get anything readable of any sort or kind that is connected with current events except the occasional cuttings and speeches you send me.'

But his house-master, Edward Bowen, was a Liberal, and once (before he was a house-master), had stood for Parliament at the general election of 1880. His opponent was no other than Arthur Balfour, and although he was unsuccessful, the eloquence of his speeches in condemnation of the foolish imperialism which had led to the Zulu and Afghan wars made a great impression. Bowen's liberalism was an affair of the heart and the conscience, rather than of the platform or the committee room. He hated the fashionable militarism of the day, preached 'Defence', not 'Defiance', and discouraged his boys from joining the rifle corps; he longed for an England, as he said in one of his speeches when a candidate, 'with equal laws, with class privileges abolished, with perfected education, with peace secured, with pauperism diminished, with Church quarrels set at rest.'[4] A house-master with such political views, although it is clear he never pressed them on his boys in any proselytising way and although on the burning question of Home Rule he was a Liberal Unionist not a Home Ruler, must have been acceptable to the two Trevelyan brothers, especially to the fiery George, while his qualities of heart and mind endeared him to them for ever.

Bowen had made many reforms when he became a house-master; a single room for each boy; a cooked breakfast instead of bread-and-scrape; but as he was himself totally without any habits of self-indulgence, he was perhaps too anxious to discourage any kind of luxury among the boys. 'Fires in our rooms,' wrote George Trevelyan after Bowen's death, 'were not allowed until late in the year; too late we often thought, and we used to march to his study to petition him for warmth, wrapped up in rugs and other Siberian disguises, to his intense delight and amusement.' And once, says George, 'finding that I was in the habit of taking two hot baths a week, he remarked with pathetic displeasure, "O boy, that's like the later Romans, boy!" '

Although himself a Classic, Bowen's vision and energy had created the 'Modern Side' at Harrow in the late 1860s, with 'lots of history, modern languages, science, etc.', some Latin but no Greek. He himself delighted in all sorts of unusual and quaint methods of teaching and of exacting penalties. He believed that everyone should possess at least one piece of absolutely useless information, for instance, to know the names of the seven mouths of the Nile. If people failed this test, he would say, 'O boy, do a map of the Nile in five paints, boy!' 'Once,' says George Trevelyan, 'for ignorance of the whereabouts of the Cocytus (which I think I placed in Asia Minor), I did "a map of hell in five paints, boy!".'

Bowen's most famous legacy to Harrow was the Harrow Songs—written by himself and set to music by John Farmer, the organist. Vigorous and sometimes moving, often rollickingly funny, many of them ranged beyond the immediate world of school or house, taking the singers in imagination back to Elizabethan days when John Lyon founded the school, or to the youth of Harrovians who had become famous men, like Byron and Peel.

My father loved to quote to us how

> Byron lay, lazily lay,
> Hid from grammar and games away,
> Dreaming poetry all alone
> Up on the top of Peachey Stone.

(The Peachey Stone was a flat tombstone in Harrow churchyard.) And then the last verse with its wonderful dignity:

> Byron lay, solemnly lay,
> Dying for freedom far away:
> Peel stood up on the famous floor,
> Ruled the people and fed the poor.

How deeply some of the songs had stirred George Trevelyan was shown many years later, when, in the summer of 1935, King George V and Queen Mary celebrated their Silver Jubilee. I was walking along the Mall, listening to the King's speech to his Houses of Parliament, relayed from Westminster Hall over loudspeakers, when I was startled at hearing His Majesty quote two lines from one of the Harrow songs:

> While Thought to Wisdom wins the gay,
> While Strength upholds the free.

They came from a song, *Raleigh,* in which the boys were reminded of their great Elizabethan ancestors Raleigh, Drake, Shakespeare, Sidney. I learnt later that the King's speech had been written by my father.

Bowen's liberalism included religious attitudes which were at that time considered unorthodox; this meant in fact that he placed more emphasis on ethical than on doctrinal or mystical Christianity. Confirmation was an event whose desirability few boys questioned. The preparation for it was undertaken partly by the housemasters, partly by the Head, who was in those days always in Holy Orders. Edward Bowen left all doctrinal teaching to the Head—in my father's time the physically gigantic J. E. C. Welldon, subsequently Bishop of Calcutta and ultimately Dean of Durham—and himself concentrated on moral issues and on some questions of general practical interest. He set a paper of questions to the candidates, among which were the following:

> What is the Church, and why have one?
> Will you say what you really think about swearing?
> Re-write according to modern ideas any parts of the Catechism which seem antiquated.
> 'Confession': what do Protestants generally think about it, and why?

What he most cared about, and what he constantly impressed on his boys, was the duty of unselfish conduct and thoughtfulness for others. 'Never take a corner seat in a railway carriage when other people are in the compartment.' 'If you are going by train to play cricket, always travel third class; there may be men in the eleven to whom the difference in cost is of importance.'

In his Scripture lessons to the older boys on Sunday afternoons, Bowen taught the elements of Biblical criticism and analysis, showing for instance, the relation of the prophets to the Books of Kings, and how the Book of Genesis has more than one source. An old pupil afterwards wrote: 'It was all new to me, and took my breath away at first. But the lesson, once

learnt, remained for ever, and to have begun scientific Biblical study under a teacher always fearless and always reverent has been to me an experience for which I cannot be too thankful.' To George Trevelyan, brought up in the undogmatic faith of his parents, but well-read in the Bible, with the strong Christian doctrines of 'Booa' not very long ago rejected, and with his own scholar's mind, this approach to the Bible must have been welcome. He was not confirmed. Afterwards he used to tell how, on the day of the Confirmation, when the other boys had departed to the Chapel, he was sitting alone in the schoolroom, reading. Bowen put his head round the door. 'Going to be confirmed, boy?' 'No, Sir.' 'That's right, boy.'

George's political faith and fervour, his devotion to history and literature, and his lack of distinction in games (although he enjoyed 'footer'), separated him from most of the other boys at Harrow almost from the beginning. As at Wixenford he was an active evangelist for the Liberal cause, and during the General Election of 1892, he wrote to Charles: 'While you are fighting the good fight in the far North,' (Charles was assisting his father at Glasgow) 'I am forced to be contented with tearing down red placards in the House yard, and putting up blue ones, destined to a still more speedy doom.' 'In a school of 600 boys,' he wrote, 'I have found just two people capable of talking sensibly about politics.' Oddly enough, neither of these two was a Liberal. Philip Wilbraham Baker, afterwards a distinguished ecclesiastical lawyer, and a Conservative, of an old Cheshire family, was one of these; the other was Roderick Geikie, son of Sir Archibald Geikie the geologist, a brilliant boy, Head of the School, and Gregory Prizeman, who took a first in the Cambridge History Tripos in 1896 (the same year as George) and after a few years in the Civil Service, became a fellow of King's. His real love was for the stage, but his father would not allow him to make it his profession. Shortly after he went back to King's, his fiancée perished through her dress catching fire, and Geikie, deprived both of private happiness and of following his chosen calling, took his own life.

'I try hard,' wrote George, 'to convert these two friends, with amusement if not success for a result. I might just as well talk Greek as politics to the rest of my acquaintance.'

Nevertheless, Harrow did much for George, and before he left he could say he was glad to have been there. 'I have after all learnt much—very much here,' he wrote to his brother Charles in his last term, 'more perhaps than if I had been at a school more to my taste. To have had one good deep draught of the waters of bitterness is well, provided the period of 'taking the waters' has not lasted long enough to produce misanthropy.' The greatest boon was the almost unlimited opportunity it gave him, at any rate in his last year, for reading history and literature, and so discovering his true vocation. My father always maintained that the masters in his time at Harrow were excellent—it was the prevailing character among the boys that bored and disgusted him. Bowen apart, the master to whom he owed most was George Townsend Warner, an old Harrovian who was an early 'Senior' in the History Tripos at Cambridge, and came to Harrow in time to ground George in Stubbs's *Constitutional History* and Cunningham's *Growth*

of English Industry and Commerce before he left for Cambridge. In the autumn of 1892 George won the Bourchier History Prize, which not only enabled him to buy '£9 worth of books', but 'proves I can do history, and that it is not a mere fad of mine wanting to do it at Cambridge.' In the spring of 1893 (his last year) he wrote:

> I am putting my back into Stubbs in a way I was never able to do with Classics. I do three hours a week private lessons with Warner, who is very kind and spends his time quite willingly over me, and do about five hours a week in my own time at reading and analysing Stubbs. . . . I have abandoned the Greek Iambic writing on Saturday evenings in favour of an historical essay for Warner. I proposed it and Welldon consented at once.

There were two other masters to whom he felt gratitude: one for his political and social ideas, the other for valuable help in learning to write good English. The first was W. E. Hine, the art master, whom George got to know simply as a friend—art not being ever among his interests. The Hines were Liberals and George went with relief to their house to talk without frustration about political affairs. Mr. Hine's sister, Maud King, wrote poetry; Mr. King was a dedicated radical who gave all his possessions to the poor and lived a simple life, 'working for the people' and studying social problems.

The other master was Robert Gilson, a classic and former Fellow of Trinity, afterwards headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham. Years afterwards George said that 'Mr. Gilson was the man who "taught my mind" most at Harrow, and drilled me into less loose ways of thinking by personal intercourse and conversational criticism in connection with English Essays. This happened to be particularly helpful to me and I am always very grateful to him for it; he was at once encouraging and critical.'

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1 *The Times* had published articles containing what afterwards proved to be forged letters from Parnell condoning the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in 1882. The exposure of the fraud by a Special Commission took place in March 1889.

2 Sir Charles Russell, later Lord Russell of Killowen, was counsel for Parnell in the enquiry by the Special Commission.

3 The by-election at Edinburgh, at which a Liberal was returned.

4 *Edward Bowen, A Memoir,* by the Rev. W. E. Bowen, 1902. I have drawn on this excellent book for all I have said about Bowen.

5 A memoir of Bowen, by G. M. Trevelyan, appeared in *The Harrovian* after Bowen's death in 1901. It is reprinted in *Edward Bowen, A Memoir.*

[*The Youth of an Historian*: *George Macaulay Trevelyan, Part III Last Years at Harrow,* will appear in the July issue.]

H. G. WELLS: AN EPISODE

by H. E. L. Mellersh

THE jam, he explained, as one expounding a minor scientific triumph, was sweet but sugarless. The great man was giving me tea; I had actually penetrated into his presence, an achievement of which I had often dreamt though seldom with much hope of fulfilment. It was an afternoon in September, 1932. Wells was sixty-six, and I was thirty-five.

I want to tell of the episode of my short contact and dealings with H. G. Wells, not as one more example of how difficult he could be, nor for that matter of how kind and helpful he could be, something not quite so well realized; rather I want to tell it as an illustration of Well's activities as an educator and social prophet and of the effect he had on myself as one of the generation whom he taught. I grow angry nowadays when I mention Wells and my interlocutor admits that the man 'wrote some good early novels.' Apart from the fact that he wrote some good late novels, it is of far wider significance, I feel, that he was one of the great teachers of his age. People such as myself — moving as I did straight from school into World War I, coming out abysmally ignorant but socially critical — brought themselves up on Wells.

My invitation to call upon H. G. Wells and what followed came about in this manner. I had, in plain language, badgered him with copies of my novels. My first had been in Wellsian vein, the theme being the discovery of atomic energy and an ensuing war. Wells wrote: 'I've been reading your book and I like it and it makes me like you *but*—I'd be a liar if I told you you knew much of the business of fiction,' and proceeded to give me valuable advice. About my second novel, of World War I, he was equally kind; and some even kinder reviewer had likened the book to Wells's own *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. Then, a few months later, Wells wrote me a most handsome note of thanks for a review of one of his books which appeared in the now defunct *Socialist Review:* 'When one man takes the trouble to read another so thoroughly as you have read me, he confers a tremendous obligation. I am really very greatly indebted to you and very much bucked I was worth such treatment.' That, I thought — and I think again now as I re-read it — was a wonderfully generously hearted letter.

Naturally therefore I sent him my third novel when it came out in early September, 1932. In my covering letter I must have made some suggestions in connection with his schemes for social reform and the need of every right-minded person to be committed thereto—it was the time of his books *The Open Conspiracy* and *What Are We to Do with Our Lives?* He wrote back:

> You say you want a New Socialism rather than a New [word illegible]. I don't mind what you call it. A Communism Type 2. But we do certainly want a lot of young and energetic people organised into some sort of unison if this collapse of the social machine is to stop. Again, what are we to do about it?

I took his question as more than rhetorical, and my reply really started things moving. I said that what we wanted was a monthly magazine setting out Wellsian ideas. Wells replied, even rather to my own surprise, with some enthusiasm:

> I like your letter and I like your project. Only it's not my job (66 year old pampered egoist, lazy and bad judge of associates and helpers) to create any such periodical. You should explore the field. Are you sure a *monthly* hits frequently *enough*? Old Henley did not think so. A weekly hammers things in. You should walk into Odham's and tell them the time is ripe for H. G. Wellsey and declare you could get hold of him (you feel sure) if they will figure out something like a production and distribution scheme—concentration of the progressive public now scattered over half a dozen periodicals—

And so on . . . I suddenly found myself, embryo novelist and minor civil servant, faced with the prospect of trying to launch a popular magazine. The next thing I did was to ask Wells if I could come and see him. He said, yes.

I was not disappointed in my meeting with Wells, as one sometimes is with meeting a hero in the flesh. There was something powerful about him, not diminished by his unpowerful voice. His set of shoulders and bull neck were powerful. His eyes were remarkably blue, and kindly. I think it was Field-marshal Haig who once described a man as 'well within himself', and Wells was that, with no need to pose or show off or 'project his personality' because his personality certainly did that of its own accord. The upshot of that tête-à tête tea party with Wells, with its diabetic jam and its forthright kindness, was an invitation to dinner.

I had happened to catch Wells in a responsive mood, concerned at the time with the idea that a progressive-minded public existed but was uncoordinated. Did I, he asked, know a man called Joad — 'does a good deal of journalism, political and philosophic writing:' with some such phrase Wells was being not so much condescending to Joad as kind to me, assuming as one novelist to another that such an explanation might be necessary. Well, he continued, Joad was sponsoring the idea of 'a society of forward-looking societies.' So he and one or two others were coming to dinner to discuss the idea. I might have something to contribute.

The dinner at Wells's Chiltern Court flat is perhaps worth describing. It did not, I may say, lead very far, at least I do not think so. But it was certainly an experience for me.

The day being, as I remember, a Saturday, I stayed up in Town after my morning at the office and filled in the hours by a visit to the Zoo. Leaving in good time, and allowing at least two minutes after the scheduled time for politeness, I was the first to arrive. Wells's daughter-in-law (and at that time still, I think, his secretary), a striking girl with a mass of black hair, was there to receive his guests. I thought it fit to talk to the man who was proud of being a biologist about my visit to the Zoo. Wells responded handsomely. Had I seen the new gorilla? I had. Didn't I think he looked remarkably lugubrious? I did — it was indeed the animal's outstanding characteristic.

As conversation began to flag the three other guests fortunately arrived.

I, who had three virtually unknown novels to my credit, was introduced by Wells as 'novelist.' That was kind of him, and greatly to my pleasure.

There was Joad; a young man, somehow aggressively young; and a lady of uncertain age and spinsterish appearance. The first was secretary to Joad and the second editor of some 'forward-looking' magazine.

As for Joad, I do not expect I shall be fair to him in my description. I see him now, and I think I immediately came to see him then, as a foil and contrast to Wells, somehow much flimsier, both in person and in effect. He looked and sounded the literary figure, whereas Wells looked and sounded — Wells. Joad's beard was trim and neat, and so was his voice, over-precise and somehow slightly affected. He called Wells familiarly 'Aitch Gee,' and the G had very much an 'ee' to it — I could imagine Wells, with his flair for getting down a way of talk in black and white, making fun of Joad in print.

But he did not make fun of Joad now, or for that matter anyone else. This was a serious occasion.

We went into dinner, and soon got down to serious conversation. I do not remember much of it. Naturally I was nervous in such exalted company, and my most vivid memory is a highly personal one of making an unfortunate sucking noise as I ate an olive, a noise that seemed to reverberate round the room. Joad, who was I think the prime mover of the subject in hand, was the first to speak. He stressed the great need for a society to coordinate the activities of all reforming societies, which tended to dissipate their energies. He happened to cite as an example a society—whether at that time real or projected or just imagined I do not know — for the legalizing of abortion. Other speakers followed and some play was made with this business of abortion, so that it became a sort of joke. I was asked my opinion. I gulped, and said, Wouldn't the great difficulty be that the admitted similarity of aim from a wide point of view would be swamped by the often considerable differences in particular? Would not the members of a society for, say, the preservation of Nature (I gave some such example) be at best uninterested in, or even opposed to, (and here I paused for effect and tried to get my timing right) the Society for the Legalization of Abortion?

The laugh, however, did not come — the joke had worn too thin for me of all people to pull it off again. It was probably now that I made my sucking noise with an olive. Nevertheless, I still believe my criticism was a valid one.

After dinner we moved through a long passage to another room. The young man and I happened to be last. He asked me what I wrote but did not seem very interested in the answer. Then we saw a door open to what was obviously Wells's study. The young man stepped inside the door and I followed, and we looked round inquisitively. Wells came up behind, and said, with some acerbity, 'No, not there!' It was, in fact, unpardonable of us.

We sat round a table and had drinks, and Joad did some more Aitch-Geeing, and soon the party broke up. I cannot think, though I may be

wrong, that the party had been a great success or its purpose greatly served. I was certainly aware that I had made no startling contribution myself. I was not too much cast down however: I turned to the difficult business of the magazine.

I cannot remember whether I approached Odhams at this stage or only later; but as a start they, or somebody else, told me that I should make a 'mock-up.' I have what I produced in front of me now, a little tattered and dirty after over forty years in the bottom drawer. How hopeful I was, and how the thing dates! But what surprises me most, nevertheless, is the support I enlisted and — I have to admit it — how good at least some of the ideas still seem to me (which however may only mean that I am still a Wellsian).

The title, naturally, had given me trouble. It was indicative of my rather humourless and thoroughly unobjective enthusiasm that I had wanted to call the magazine *Control* — until J. B. Priestley, who was one of the people I approached for support and criticism, pointed out that one could hardly choose a more off-putting title.

On what basis I chose those to whom to write for support I cannot imagine. I have only preserved the reactions of those who were reasonably favourable; but I remember one reply that saddened me, saying that the thing seemed only like a cheapened *Listener*.

However, the list of favourable comments and offers of support seemed, to me at least, quite overwhelming. Three writers went so far as to suggest in detail where they might help: Gerald Heard, a great populariser at that time on scientific subjects, Vernon Bartlett, growing in fame as a broadcaster on foreign affairs, and Geoffrey West, whom I had recently met and who had just published a fine, enthusiastic and most painstaking book on H. G. Wells and his ideas. Aldous Huxley, G. D. H. Cole, W. J. Brown (a civil service writer, trade unionist and then M.P. for a Birmingham division), Storm Jameson, Sir Philip Gibbs, Harold Laski and Commander King-Hall offered their support. Others, like Priestley, gave encouragement but with realistic qualifications.

'The prospectus of your paper excites me,' wrote St. John Ervine, 'and if your ability to edit it is equal to your ability to inspire it, it should be a very good paper.' There was the rub indeed. Hugh Walpole liked the idea of the paper if it could be kept from being priggish. Bertrand Russell wrote that if I did not find my difficulties insuperable I might write to him again; Harold Nicolson, reflecting that the British public was a hard nut to crack. Naomi Mitchison, expressing qualified approval, gave her comments an interesting slant: 'I take it you would try to appeal to a public that always strikes me as badly served: those boys and girls from 12 or 14 upwards who are bored with children's papers but also bored with most grown-up ones.'

In fact, the roneo'd statement that I had sent out to my hoped-for supporters was a fine parroting of Wellsian ideas and I am afraid not much more. As for actual features in the paper, there would first of all be an article by Wells; and for the rest I made great play with the 'world' idea:

What the World Is Thinking, How the World Works, Our Conquered World, Our Shrinking World, the last two covering respectively science-and-discovery and communication in all its aspects, material and mental.

Yes, indeed, the whole thing was of a certainty thoroughly Wellsian. Perhaps that was the trouble, it was much too dependent on Wells.

The first hint of probable failure came from Wells himself. He saw trouble ahead, and one can hardly blame him. He had confided in me, 'I wouldn't *mind* a weekly audience of two hundred and fifty thousand!' (or whatever figure was considered in those days a feasible minimum for such a periodical). But the prospect of being bound down to a weekly article, when it came to practical considerations, obviously alarmed him.

I duly sent him my ideas for the paper, carefully adding:

> Although I have shown you as contributing a short weekly article and giving certain other help, I'm not pretending to anyone that I have your definite promise for anything of the sort—though I certainly hope I shall get it.

Wells replied: —

> Dear Mellersh,
>
> *Don't count on me.* I work slowly and rather discursively, I don't like being tied, and I doubt if I have the energy to spare, to do nearly as much as you think I might do for this possible weekly. Writing a short letter every week for a few months is about all the contribution I could make and that must be costly.
>
> But this paper or something like it is needed and if you keep on worrying at it, you will find yourself in a very good position to direct it, when at last it materialises. I return your dummy with a scribble or so.
>
> Yours ever,
>
> *But don't count on me.* H. G. Wells.

Saddened, I replied contritely that of course he must not be tied and of course I did not want to worry or badger him. But, I continued,

> I do want to feel I have at least your support and goodwill. I *will* bear in mind that you make no definite promises. But unless I can say you are interested and will, *I think*, help, I don't think I have much chance of getting any further

By return I got a short note:

> Yes, pursue your enquiries. It will be easy for Odhams or anyone else to come along afterwards to me and talk, if they like your project.

I did of course pursue my enquiries, sending out my roneo'd description of the project to all those of my somewhat arbitrary choice, and in due course receiving the answers, from the more favourable of which I have quoted. Then I sent Wells the finally completed mock-up together with a list of the good replies. He wrote to me as follows: —

> Dear Mellersh, i.xl.32.
>
> You seem to have made a fairly atractive dummy. I suggest a change or so . . . [Then came an idea of showing a list of classes and lectures.]
>
> About my participation. I don't know that that special weekly article which you envisage is really what you want from me, or what I want to do. Anyone well saturated in my recent books could use them as a source for better articles than I could throw off.
>
> But I am writing a book (very slowly and it won't be ready for some months) a long work, the *History of the Future.* It begins with a series of chapters describing and analysing the present from the standpoint of the future and then runs on to a history (which I intend to make very plausible) of the next 150 years. Suppose you put that in—ten thousand or so each instalment. It would run for a long time.
>
> Yours ever,
>
> H. G. Wells.

I think I must have again reacted too enthusiastically, for four days later I got another short note stressing, 'Don't count on me!' However, here was a very reasonable and if, as I disappointedly felt, only a second-best, nevertheless a pretty generous offer. I tidied up my dummy, carefully arranged my armoury of approving letters from the literary great, and sought and obtained an interview at Odham's Press.

I was interviewed by an efficient editor of about my own age. The impression I now retain is that he was more than anything intrigued, not to say slightly puzzled, by myself. Had I no journalistic experience, was I just a civil servant? I tried to explain how it had all happened, did my poor and hesitant best to extol the advantages and possibilities of my scheme, and waited for the verdict.

It was as I feared. A good idea, a very good idea, he was in sympathy with it — *but* the demand for such a periodical could not really be great. Not great *enough*. Then the financial difficulties of the times. And so on and so forth.

We shook hands. 'But, keep in touch, keep in touch — I am not turning it down!' — or some such sop to my self-esteem: this editor was kind as well as efficient.

So too was Wells kind. I had a final interview with him.

It was made into something of a fiasco by Wells's fussily protective housekeeper. The time arranged was, I think, ten o'clock. I was told that Wells was not dressed yet, and was kept waiting.

When I was finally admitted Wells was cross with his housekeeper because he had been up for some while and the time for a second caller had already arrived.

This caller in fact came almost at once, and was shown in. She was a lady of some importance who had come to see Wells about the possible purchase of his country house, presumably Easton Glebe. He turned apologetically from me and offered the lady his hospitality: would she have a drink, 'Sherry or Port, as my old mother used to say?' A polite titter all round. Wells turned back to me. He wanted to be nice, and I wanted to be nice. But about our scheme for a magazine there was really nothing useful left to say. I do not remember Wells's final words; I was only concerned with making a creditable exit. No doubt he exhorted me not to think that the venture was necessarily ended and promised, in his turn, to keep in touch with me.

He did in fact write one more letter, from Grasse, a few days before Christmas: —

> My dear Mellersh,
>
> *The Outline of the Future* is becoming a massive, massively written book. I doubt if it will cut up into a good weekly serial. *It is taking all my time.* I think that your paper project must take a rest. All my best wishes for the New Year.
>
> Yours ever,
>
> H. G. Wells.

The Outline of the Future, renamed *The Shape of Things to Come,* came out in the new year; and I continued to be a civil servant who wrote in his spare time. And was I, in the proverbial sense, a sadder and wiser man?

I suppose so. But I do not think I was resentful of Wells's somewhat precipitous retreat — I hope not. I believe that in reality I had never expected the project to succeed, perhaps even subconsciously had hoped that it would not. As for Wells himself and his writings, my enthusiasm for them was undiminished. I continued to read the master's books as they came out and with a slight added feeling of intimacy and proprietorship which gave zest to my appreciation.

The years drifted on, into war and into the disillusionment and death of Wells fourteen years later. Perhaps that disillusionment has been exaggerated. Science and the scientist have certainly let Wells down. But he had resilience and, what is more to the point, a brilliant, independent, clear-sighted, quite exceptional mind. We could do with that mind now — and we should not fall into the error of thinking that if Wells were alive today he would fall into the errors with which, with the benefit of hindsight, we have debited him. I shall always be unboundedly grateful to Wells, as I believe most of my generation are grateful to him.

We are grateful to the Executors of the Wells estate for permission to quote the above letters by H. G. Wells.—*Editor.*

A EUROPEAN EDUCATION POLICY

by Carol Farne

IN July 1972, the Commission of the European Communities in Brussels asked Professor Henri Janne (a former Belgian Minister of Education) to try and formulate the first principles of an education policy covering the member countries of the EEC. The task was a daunting one, but within a few months the report was completed and presented to the Commission in February 1973. In October of the same year it was published.* It may well become the foundation of a future EEC education policy.

The most fundamental question must be raised first; namely, do we need a Community education policy? Is it necessary to impose a mechanism for encouraging educational co-operation and integration from a bureaucracy in Brussels?

There will be those who will argue that since there is no reference to an education policy in the Treaty of Rome (nor, for that matter, in the Treaties establishing the Coal and Steel Communities and the European Atomic Energy Community) then obviously there is no necessity involved; the idea is an afterthought by enthusiastic Eurocrats. It is true that educational matters are barely mentioned in the Treaty of Rome. Article 57 concerns the mutual recognition of qualifications with reference to the right of exercising a profession and Articles 118-119, which supplement it, deal with the co-ordination of vocational training schemes. What is at issue here is the Community's concern to create a free market area, not only for goods and capital, but for people too. The terms of the Treaty of the EEC aimed to lift all technical or legal obstacles to the mobility of workers, whether skilled or otherwise, to accompany the general customs union it was building. Doubtless the founding fathers of the Community had visions of a much deeper European Union, but the Treaty of Rome does not spell out the full implications of a European Educational, or Social, or Political Community.

The limitations of the Treaty is a technical problem. It is obvious that, as time goes on, priorities and attitudes change. It is equally obvious that, since 1957, the Community increasingly needs a social, political and educational face. The economy of a country and its education system are inextricably bound up. Between 17 and 20 per cent of public spending (or 7% of GNP) in each member country is spent on education. It is therefore a high economic priority. The economic situation in any single country will affect and condition to a large extent the training of its people, and vice-versa. By extrapolation, the same must be true of an economic community of countries. It can be seen to be true by witnessing the great increase, in the UK, of teaching about Europe and research into European integration since the British Accession in 1973.

* 'For a Community policy on education': Supplement 10/73 to the Bulletin of the Commission of the European Communities (available from HMSO). P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1.

But the EEC is asking for more than an increased interest to supplement its economic integration. It is asking for a positive move to open up a whole new field of possibilities in a field where the 'closed shop' has all too often characterised activity. Some of these possibilities have been explored by Professor Janne in his report.

The nature of the exercise was quite unprecedented in Community history. A non-Commission expert was asked to visit thirty leading educational figures from eleven European countries to try and find common ground. The British authorities consulted included Stuart MacLure, Editor of the *Times Educational Supplement*, Eric Ashby, former Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, A. E. Sloman, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Essex, and Asa Briggs, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sussex. Certain Scandinavian and American personalities were also consulted. The result is a great diversity of ideas, depending not only on the various educational priorities of the nine member-states, but also on the opinions held by the personalities interviewed. Nevertheless, certain vital conclusions emerge from the Janne Report which reflect very clearly current educational trends common to all the Community countries and a few more besides.

They were, briefly, as follows: (i) teaching has become, at all levels, mass teaching; (ii) the wish for its democratisation is becoming increasingly strong; (iii) the volume of knowledge to be imparted is expanding rapidly; (iv) the mass media play a considerable role in education which has ceased to be the monopoly of teaching in the strict sense; (v) individuals, who are better informed than in earlier times, are determined to guide their own education.

Essentially, many aspects of our education system are operating with the outdated model of 'schooling'. The report draws attention to the fact that education is not, and should not be left solely to schools, universities and other establishments of learning. It is not separate from the rest of the social system. It is not an occupation for those aged between 5 and 16. In short, the report is advocating 'permanent education'—or as it is sometimes known, 'continuing education'. The principle of permanent education can, according to the report, be formulated as follows:

> If the training of Man is no longer limited to what he is taught when young, but becomes a social and cultural dimension of his whole life . . . this phenomenon stands out as a factor in the fundamental transformation of the traditional system of education, whose objectives, structures and content must be radically changed because they no longer constitute a complete, but only a preparatory, or to be more precise, an 'introductory' process (p. 41).

The report has few suggestions for concrete actions which might apply this principle, apart from the harmonisation of laws relating to paid study holidays, the involvement of industrial enterprises in the professional aspect of the training of adults as a complement to other training, the encouragement of wider use of the mass media and new education technologies, the retraining of teachers, and the establishment of a European Open University. But the horizons which the principles open up are far wider than these. Pre-primary education could be developed, open-plan schools might be opened, parents could be encouraged to take part in their children's education,

in-service training for teachers abroad and teacher exchanges might be encouraged, and a system of 'education vouchers' might be set up involving collection of certificates from a variety of educational establishments. At the very least a data bank on education might be started, with a view to collecting and collating information on permanent education.

It may well be that some of these things are already happening. But up to now there has been no serious attempt to give an overall structure to individual efforts. The report suggests that this is an ideal opportunity for the EEC to provide impetus at Community level, to an educational trend found in all member-countries. Whatever emerges from the discussion of the report, currently under-way, the aim of the principle of permanent education would be the same, namely; greater democracy in educational choice and therefore in society. This is surely a laudable aim for a European education policy and constitutes a valuable contribution from the Janne report.

Other aspects of the report deal with the institutional mechanisms for setting up a European education policy—such as an 'Educational and Cultural Committee' to approve Commission proposals on education before they went before the Council; a 'Charter of Education' to give the general definition of a European Education Policy; a body to co-ordinate EEC activities with other educational organisations (e.g. Council of Europe, UNESCO); and the creation of a European agency to produce educational material. These are on the whole less provocative than the suggestions which deal with what is called: 'bringing a European dimension into education'.

It is here that some suppressed British feelings of nationalism have emerged to defend the status quo on various sensitive issues raised in the pages of the report. The 'correction' of history books is a case in hand. The report suggested that history textbooks should be corrected with a view to toning down passages which are nationalistic or likely to lead to hostile and erroneous judgements. Correction of history books is nothing new and the EEC has officially recognised the International Textbook Institute as the Centre for textbook revision. The danger is that removal of, say, British nationalism from history might result in a new brand of European nationalism, no better than its predecessor. We must guard against that. History is always 'coloured' by the particular viewpoint of historians—the only honest thing to do, therefore, is to declare that viewpoint from the beginning, and let the book stand or fall on its own merits.

History of 'events', the report suggests, could be replaced with history of trends in art, science and philosophy. Now, though this is ideal for linking nations, it makes rather turgid reading and probably falsifies the picture. There are, after all, 'events' and to argue them completely away in terms of general trends is a distortion of the truth. If Hitler was literally nothing but a product of economic necessity, then he cannot be blamed for the Second World War.

Another point of controversy raised in the report is language. One contributor suggested that lessons in linguistics should be given to show common underlying structures of European languages. Whether it is meant to imply that European people therefore have something in common is not clear. This

is not, it seems to me, a very useful idea. What is clear, is that there is an increasing need for the study of other European languages as part of the general attempt to get to know other European, and ultimately all other cultures. There is also a good case to be made for the teaching of European Civics—or general knowledge of the economic and political institutions of Europe. But again, Europe should not be the boundary for such studies. It should in the end form a part of World Studies. There is a growing interest in the more ambitious programmes for teaching about the world and its politics in secondary schools—European Studies will eventually takes its rightful place within Global Studies.

To sum up: the Janne report raises some vital questions about the nature of education and what an EEC education policy might do about them. Some of the proposals are very bold in nature, and much discussion will take place before a concrete policy emerges. However, a European education policy will aim to achieve the full European Union described in the Paris Summit of 1972 to which the member-countries are committed. It remains to be seen whether there is sufficient political will in education circles to work out and implement such a policy which will shape the lives of 250,000,000 people.

[Carol Farne, a graduate of Sussex University in European Studies, is Education Officer at the Commission of the European Communities.]

The following information regarding the Paul Finet Foundation may be of interest.—Editor.

The Executive Committee of the Paul Finet Foundation recently held its 20th meeting in Luxembourg under the chairmanship of Mr. François Vinck, Honorary Director-general for Social Affairs at the Commission of the European Communities, who replaced the Chairman of the Board, Vice-President Patrick John Hillery.

At this meeting, 421 cases were examined. 307 grants were approved, totalling Bfrs.2,497,860.00.

Since its existence, the Paul Finet Foundation has paid 3,549 grants totalling Bfrs.27,895,544.00.

The Paul Finet Foundation was created in 1965 by the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community in honour of its former President. Its purpose is to provide financial assistance to the orphans of workers in the coal and iron ore mining and the steel industries of the E.C.S.C. who died after 30 June 1965 (for English, Irish and Danish nationals, after 1.1.1973) of industrial accidents or occupational diseases. The object of this assistance is to provide or assist such children with their education or vocational training.

The children must be at least 14 years of age or already be following their normal course of studies.

They must take courses of vocational training, general secondary education, or higher education in a university or establishment of university level.

They must have the capacities required for the studies they wish to pursue and show good educational results.

The Paul Finet Foundation awards its grants annually; they are renewable during the entire period of the education of the child concerned.

Applications for grants should be sent to the Secretariat, Paul Finet Foundation, 29, rue Aldringen, Luxembourg:

—directly by those concerned or their legal representative;
—through their father's former employer;
—via trade unions;
—via social security organisations;
—via regional scholarship committees;
—via schools or universities.

EUROPE'S BREAD AND BUTTER PROBLEMS

by James Avery Joyce

THE effects of the current world energy crisis on the working people of Europe were among the chief labour questions discussed by delegates from the 28 countries who attended the European Regional Conference convened by the International Labour Organisation in Geneva last January. It will be noted that the ILO, by its very nature and composition, cannot discriminate between the economic, social or ideological systems of the European continent. For the ILO, Europe is one and indivisible.

Typical of the ILO's tripartite approach to all labour issues, the purpose of the Conference was to seek a consensus between the government, employer and worker groups of the 28 countries who composed the conference on what measures might be taken to ease the harmful effects of the crisis now facing all European Governments. On this issue, opinions ranged from the view of some worker delegates that counter-measures should be taken against those whom they believed to be responsible for the oil shortage, to the optimistic prediction of some employers that long-term measures would erase the effects of the crisis within a few years. While the Government speakers—the third arm of the ILO—underlined the need for urgent action, they were less forthcoming with policy proposals.

This is the second time only that the ILO has convened such a Conference of the top European leaders in industry and the trade unions. So we may ask: what were the basic motivations of these all-European meetings, seeing that the Conference was planned over a year beforehand, when Middle East oil was not the headline topic? The truth is that Europe—not the six or the nine, but the real *Europe*—is facing a number of bread-and-butter problems today, far removed from the more spectacular political manoeuvres that catch the headlines.

Three trends in the employment field, for example, had already received careful consideration by the ILO during 1973. These revealed the need, firstly, for flexibility and new patterns of working life in order to adjust to the transformation that is taking place in European industry today as a result of technological progress and changing demand; secondly, for dealing with the effects of expanding higher education which has led to a shortage of jobs for young graduates; and, thirdly, for coping with the problems created by large-scale migration from country to country in search for new employment.

Discussing these trends, the Conference was especially concerned with maintaining the income of workers whose jobs are being threatened by technological changes and also with the protection of the right to freedom of association, at least in some countries of Europe.

The president of this down-to-earth Conference was Mr. Michael O'Leary, Minister for Labour of Ireland. Though death had so recently deprived the ILO meetings of the leadership of the former Director-General, it was the ideas and dynamic philosophy and the rich experience of Wilfred Jenks that had laid the foundation for the discussions. Some of these were embodied in

his brilliant report—his last—entitled *Human Values in Social Policy*, which was the first item on the Agenda and pervaded the Conference.

The past quarter of the century, according to Jenks, had seen a rapid transformation of Europe and of Europe's place in the world. It had been a period of unprecedented, but uneven economic growth in all European countries. In fact, this period of immense changes and new technology in the methods of production had brought much of Europe to the threshold of a 'post-industrial' society.

But what had been its social effects? For one thing, the responsibility of the State for the welfare of all its citizens has now been widely accepted and translated into permanent programmes and policies. That fact alone has lessened the psychological gap between the 'Eastern' and 'Western' halves of the continent. Hence, within both Eastern and Western Europe progress has been made towards a closer integration of national economies. In spite of the profound differences that have existed and continue to exist in the social systems of Eastern and Western Europe, the basis has been laid for closer co-operation between East and West in an ever broadening range of fields.

Yet the relatively high living standards now enjoyed by more and more lucky individuals in the most advanced European countries have only served to highlight the plight of those who have failed to benefit from these general improvements in prosperity. The squalid living and working conditions that characterised so much of European society in earlier generations may now have become things of the past for most Europeans; but, in spite of impressive welfare schemes, there still remain large pockets of relative poverty in even the more progressive and egalitarian societies. Among the inhabitants of these depressed and backward regions, the poorest paid workers, as well as those living on fixed incomes eroded by inflation, are the immediate concern of the ILO.

Of anxious concern, too, in many countries have been the conditions of foreign workers, attracted in ever increasing numbers from the poorer countries of Europe and Africa to fill the labour shortages in the more advanced nations. These migrants constitute in many cases a large under-privileged proletariat, often living in conditions which are a disgrace to the civilised standards of European society. They are culturally and socially isolated from the remainder of the alien society in which they have been driven by their own poverty to live.

In his briefing to the Conference, the late Director-General Wilfred Jenks did not overlook the disenchantment of Europe's young people. 'There is also a growing tendency,' he wrote, 'to call into question many of the accepted values and goals of European societies, particularly among the younger generation of Europeans.' And he asked:

> Has not Europe's obsession with technological change, economic growth and material progress resulted in a progressive 'dehumanisation' of European societies —a degradation of the natural environment, a dislocation of jobs, a dull and unsatisfying existence at work and outside work, and an inability on the part of ordinary people to participate in or to influence decisions vitally affecting their daily lives?

It is true, as he pointed out, that the new generation

> . . . knows nothing and cares less of the hardship and deprivation suffered by their parents and grandparents. But the task of making European societies more human, better able to respond to the needs of their most vulnerable and underprivileged members and better organised to make life and work more richly rewarding, materially, morally and spiritually, is the most imperative and challenging undertaking confronting European policy-makers today.

What contribution could the ILO make to assist European countries in building a more prosperous, stable and human society? These were the basic questions which the ILO's second European Regional Conference (the first was in 1955) was called upon to consider. They urged the ILO to help Europe's governments, employers and trade unions to promote full employment policies, training and adaptation measures and equality of treatment for underprivileged groups, such as women and migrant workers. At the same time they underlined the right of employers and workers to form and join organisations of their own choosing without government interference.

The Conference reviewed major employment problems facing Europe as a whole, and declared that comprehensive policies were needed to deal with the mounting inflationary pressures and the energy crisis. Such policies should be worked out by European countries in common. A better division of labour was needed, not only among themselves, but between Europe and the developing countries. The ILO was invited to work out programmes that would help all the European countries arrive at these joint policies. European governments which have not yet done so should ratify the ILO's Employment Policy Convention and thus pledge themselves to work for full and freely chosen employment.

On the increasingly important topic of migration, the ILO should lay down guidelines as to how jobs might be transferred to the countries from which migrant workers come, and how migrant workers could be resettled in their own home countries. The Conference heard that Western Europe had an estimated 7,500,000 migrant workers. A scale of labour movement of this intensity is producing social problems both in their home countries and in the countries where they are working. The solution has to be unusual.

An imaginative approach to ways of making working life more flexible was advocated by the Conference. For example, the rigid school-work-retirement patterns of the past no longer met the needs either of the people or of the economy. Bound up with this was the need to achieve true equality for women at work. Moreover, the ILO could help promote a new approach by looking into the methods used by various European countries to help workers to change jobs as they grow older. What was needed were systems of alternation of work with study during the whole of a person's working life.

Certainly the need to protect the income of workers faced with unemployment as a result of technological changes was becoming increasingly urgent in many European countries. Such changes did not necessarily bring about unemployment, but frequently promoted economic growth and social progress. This trend, however, has itself endangered the incomes of certain groups of workers.

In cases where dismissals could be avoided by retraining, the Conference believed that unemployment pay, family allowances, sickness and maternity payments, pensions and medical care should be maintained for unemployed workers and their families.

In replying to the debate, Mr. Francis Blanchard, the ILO's new Director-General, said that the ILO would co-ordinate its future activities in an integrated action programme for Europe as a whole. Europe's brutal awakening to its dependence on outside supplies of fuel and raw materials, and the accompanying threats of inflation and unemployment, called for a new outlook in 1974.

'The affluent society,' declared Mr. Blanchard, 'which has shown a great capacity for innovation in the economic and technological fields, has not left enough room for the individual human being.' A need was arising in today's Europe for greater equality, which meant fairer sharing of income and equality of opportunity. Moreover, he concluded: 'The workers' reaction against depersonalised work could open a major chapter of contemporary social history, in the same way as their revolts against the exploitation of the 19th and early 20th centuries. Current experiments in relieving the monotony of some kinds of work, particularly on the assembly line, merited much closer study, and action by industry.'

Again, reducing pollution of the working environment was also an area where all European countries had an interest in collaborating continuously. Finally, an integrated programme of activities should be drawn up, the new Director-General insisted, specifically designed for Europe. The ILO should strengthen co-operation with all the European intergovernmental organisations by convening similar regional conferences at regular intervals under the direction of a European Advisory Committee. Thus the ILO has set the guidelines for genuine all-European integration in human, rather than ideological, terms.

[Dr. James Avery Joyce, formerly a Consultant at U.N. Headquarters, is now adviser on population questions at the International Labour Office in Geneva.]

THE ENGLISH SIEGFRIED RECORDED

by David Fingleton

A YEAR ago I wrote an article in *Contemporary Review* (No. 1290, Vol. 223) about Sadler's Wells Opera's first complete Wagner *Ring Cycle* in English. That Cycle was given twice last summer at the London Coliseum in Andrew Porter's new translation, conducted by Reginald Goodall and produced by Glen Byam Shaw and John Blatchley. Needless to say both Cycles were sold out, and the theatre could indeed have been sold out several times over. At that time there were plans to televise *Siegfried*—the cheapest opera of the four, having the smallest cast and no chorus. All had been arranged between the BBC and Sadler's Wells Opera when at the eleventh hour difficulties arose between *Equity* and the BBC over a trivial sum of money to be paid to stage hands and a larger question of principle, and the whole project had sadly to be abandoned. Thus audiences throughout Britain, last year at any rate, were deprived of the opportunity of seeing what the Sadler's Wells *Ring* was all about.

From the outset the Company had planned to tour the complete *Ring*, but again it began to look as if finance might thwart this project. New sets were needed as Ralph Koltai's designs for the Coliseum could not be fitted into smaller provincial theatres, and their concept was too integral to permit piecemeal adaptation. Happily, large donations from Lloyds Bank and DALTA enabled the construction of touring sets, and this April and May Bristol and Birmingham had the immense benefit of two *Ring Cycles* apiece with much of the Coliseum cast, including Alberto Remedios' Siegfried and Rita Hunter's Brünnhilde.

But not, alas, with the English *Ring Cycle's* presiding genius, its conductor Reginald Goodall. It was basically the desire to preserve Reginald Goodall's *Ring* for posterity that prompted the clamour for a gramophone recording the moment the *Cycle* first got under way. The record companies, however, pointed out that such a project was not financially feasible; that the long studio hours required to perfect it, with the vast costs thereby entailed, would be out of all proportion to the size of the English-speaking, as opposed to the international, record market. Undaunted by these fears, the small independent Unicorn Company at the end of 1972 recorded the last two scenes of *Twilight of the Gods* with the Sadler's Wells' cast, chorus and orchestra under Reginald Goodall in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. The resulting low-priced two record set was a runaway commercial and artistic success, selling out within days of first being issued.

Deservedly so, but the final two scenes are not the complete *Cycle*, nor even a complete opera. So last summer the clamour again arose for a complete recording of at least one opera. Again the excuses were made, but when the television project fell through the clamour grew louder and more insistent. At this point a 'Recording Angel' arrived. Peter Moores, a young merchant banker, son of the founder and chairman of Littlewoods Pools and Stores, made funds available from his Peter Moores Foundation. Peter

Moores himself has production and administrative experience of opera, having worked at Glyndebourne, Vienna and Naples San Carlo Operas. His foundation already finances a scholarship at the London Opera Centre, and sponsors the Great Georges Community Arts Project in Liverpool. With such informed assistance at hand it would have been unforgivable if our major record companies had continued to ignore the demand for a *Ring* recording. Fortunately EMI Records had the courage to decide, with the help of the Peter Moores Foundation, to record the opera originally intended for television, *Siegfried*. Even with financial support the cost of a studio recording remained prohibitive. Thus it was decided to record 'live' at the Coliseum the Dress Rehearsal and both performances of *Siegfried* during last August, and then to edit the complete recording from the best parts of these three tapes. Ronald Kinloch Anderson, then recently retired as EMI's senior producer agreed to return and supervise the recording.

With remarkable candour Kinloch Anderson writes in a note accompanying EMI's *Siegfried*:

> I must admit that it is only since working on the present production that I have become fully convinced of the real merits of the most obvious advantage to be gained from such a 'live' recording as this one. The excitement and immediacy of the performance seem to me truly to be present, the drama comes to life in a way which it is difficult to achieve in a studio, the minor accidents and the extraneous noises become unimportant in the great sweep and flow of the work as a whole . . . The final play-through of the complete work, far from being just another job to be done, became in its way an experience as absorbing and overwhelming as an equally fine performance in the theatre.

How right he is. The boxed set of five records, complete with excellent notes and full libretto in Andrew Porter's masterly translation, at the astonishingly reasonable price of £7.95, *is* an overwhelming experience and makes compulsive listening. It does not need the occasional cough or grunt to tell us that there is an audience present at a live performance in an opera house. Within a few minutes of putting on the first side one is seized, at home, by the atmosphere of the theatre. The actual recording quality is remarkably impressive—I have heard technically inferior studio recordings made, and sold, at greater cost. The audience distracts one very little, the audibility of words is remarkably good, and the balance between voices and orchestra is, as at the Coliseum, ideal. The sheer polish of highest fidelity may sometimes be lacking, there are occasional instrumental fluffs and isolated moments of faulty vocal intonation. But how small a price to pay for the amazing atmosphere achieved by this complete performance, as against the clinical studio method of short, edited 'takes'. How much better to have Alberto Remedios' Siegfried who has judged his vocal resources across three great acts, rather than sung one scene at a time, possibly in reverse order. This integrity shines through.

It is then indubitably a great recording of a great performance, enabling us to hear in the comfort of the home the splendid qualities of the Goodall approach to Wagner in Andrew Porter's lucid English. The spaciousness of Goodall's approach brings its reward in allowing the music to breathe, exposing the opera's architecture, illuminating Wagner's creative genius. The orchestra, as always, play miraculously for him. The singers likewise

enable us to appreciate the skill and rightness of Andrew Porter's translation. Not merely Alberto Remedios' Siegfried and Rita Hunter's Brünnhilde—surely the two most moving exponents of these rôles singing today—but Norman Bailey's magnificent Wanderer, Gregory Dempsey's Mime, Derek Hammond Stroud's Alberich and Anne Collins' wonderfully distinct Erda are all performances to cherish. Each has been carefully thought out, meticulously prepared, and is immaculately delivered.

The drama grips, be it the forging of *Nothung* in Act 1, the slaying of Fafner in Act 2, the confrontation between Siegfried and the Wanderer in Act 3, or the rapturous concluding duet between Siegfried and Brünnhilde, one is totally involved, seized by deep emotion, and aware only of the opera. An immense debt of gratitude is owed to EMI, Peter Moores, Reginald Goodall, and above all to Sadler's Wells Opera, who will open their new season this August renamed The English National Opera. What better accolade for their achievement. In launching the recording, their Managing Director, Lord Harewood, announced that over the next two years the other three operas of the *Ring Cycle* would be recorded, using the same forces and technique. We are fortunate that EMI and Peter Moores have taken the decision that will leave this unique English *Ring Cycle* to posterity.

WAGNER: *SIEGFRIED*. Five Boxed Records with illustrated booklet and full English text by Andrew Porter. HMV. SLS 875. £7.95.

THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION

by Elie Flatto

I THINK that we instinctively know, even if we are reluctant to use the word *revolution*, that revolutionary changes have been sweeping America, affecting every sector of life and human activity. Yet, as in all revolutions, these changes are so far-reaching that they are difficult to analyse and define. What is the revolution all about? Where is it heading? Perhaps one way of analysing the American Revolution that began in the 60s is to compare it with previous political revolutions, and note its political rather than cultural contents. In the past, revolutions generally aimed at changing the governmental structures by which men were ruled and oppressed. When Louis XVI, Charles I, or Nicholas II were overthrown, the divine right of kings as the basis of governmental rule was challenged, and replaced by a non-monarchical concept of authority. Although other elements of a social and religious nature were involved in the revolution, the overthrow of the king represented the single biggest dramatic change around which the other changes could be logically patterned. In today's world, the American Revolution has affected so many different areas and sectors of American life, including sex, race, property, law, industry, education, etc., that we overlook the fact that it has involved a turning away from the concept of Presidential authority as the cornerstone of American government. Perhaps we fail to realise this because we have always felt that in replacing the authority of George III by that of a President we did away with the concept of authority per se, without realising that in many instances we merely replaced it by one that was far more brutal and oppressive.

The authority of the President, which had reached quasi-mystical dimensions in the recent past, is what the second American Revolution is essentially all about.

The concept of authority is the basic axiom on which all civilised societies have rested since the time of the Pharaohs until the present. From the time that men have boundaried themselves in physical territorial boundaries, and have defined the sovereignty whereby the wealth contained within these territorial boundaries are to be managed, the forms of power have been negated, challenged, and modified, usually whenever a basic change in the modes of production and distribution were involved. Thus, when men went from an agricultural-family to an industrial-corporation mode of existence, the divine right of kings was toppled. Today again the concept of authority is being challenged as man goes from an industry-corporation technology to a post-industrial, electronic one. However, the new revolution may take a far different turn from the old revolutions. In a world that is electronically unified, where territory simply ceases to matter, authority in general may become obsolete and anachronistic.

The rejection of all political authority, not merely that of the President, is also what the American Revolution is all about—though, for the time

being, let us merely concern ourselves with the disappearance of Presidential authority.

At what point in time did the rejection of Presidential authority begin? Like all revolutions, the American Revolution can be chronicled with relative precision. It began on that fateful day when John Kennedy was mowed down by Oswald's bullets in the streets of Dallas. It was Oswald's grisly shots, heard around the world on TV and other electronic devices, that first proclaimed, in a deranged and psychotic fashion, the irrelevance of the Presidency in the modern electronic world. The assassin was, of course, universally labelled a psychopath rather than a rebel; and his actions were interpreted in a psychological rather than political light. (How quickly the Russians, who had once granted him asylum, conveyed their sincerest condolences and how quickly their condolences were accepted!)

Yet the action was sufficiently upsetting to provoke a second assassin, for whom the assassination of a President was psychologically insupportable, to strike the first assassin down. Then came the Day of Drums, televised around the world, at which a great number of the world's leaders rallied. The terrible political wound caused by the death of one of the brightest sons of an old dying world, who had ambitiously clutched at Presidential power but brought to it all the graciousness it could ever receive, seemed to have closed. And yet had it really completely closed? No sooner was he buried than some members of the Liberal Establishment who had once idolised him argued that Oswald was victimised in that he had been falsely accused of a crime; and hinted at all kinds of chicanery that made their accusations intriguing but ominous. For years, the innocence of Oswald was discussed and debated with even greater passion than the death of the President himself, so that it seemed as if Oswald were more the victim of that tragic day in Dallas than Kennedy.

Had this ever happened before, that the assassin of a President had been wrested from his well-deserved oblivion and anonymity? Was the extreme left wing of the Liberal Establishment truly convinced that Oswald was innocent of the crime of having assassinated Kennedy? I don't think so. I think that the voluminous testimony and evidence makes this point relatively clear. What, in my opinion, the liberals were asking was not whether Oswald was guilty of killing the President, but whether the killing of a President was really a crime. I don't mean to indicate that any right-thinking person could ever regard the killing of one person by any other person as anything else than a heinous crime. I want merely to indicate that the real question that was being raised and threshed in the endless Oswald controversy was whether the killing of a President was a crime significantly different from the killing of an ordinary citizen. The nation seemed to think so; the world seemed to think so—but obviously not some members of the Liberal Establishment. In other words, the question that was being asked was whether being a President in today's electronic world was not as much a crime as killing a President. This made of Oswald a political rebel and his act a political act—though neither he nor anyone else at the time could possible have perceived this.

The death of President Kennedy, followed by one of the most majestic funerals in history, marked the initial step in the revolution sweeping through America.

What were the consequences of this? As I have said, the pomp and ceremony of the funeral following the assassination hushed up the political implications of this act except in the few muted rumblings of a few restive liberals. Meanwhile, Johnson succeeded Kennedy, and he seemed a throwback to a previous era. He was extremely ungenerous, ungracious, totally different from his predecessor, and it was precisely this lack of grace, of personality and of image that underscored the discrepancy of the myth and the reality of Presidential power which Kennedy's mercurial glibness and ever-buoyant charm glossed over. Little chance of an assassination here!. He applied power unquestioningly, ungenerously, and ruthlessly in a way that no President before him dared. He took us into Indochina where he demonstrated the full brazen scope of Presidential power, and atoned for the death of President Kennedy by the deaths of thousands upon thousands of innocent American and Vietnamese sacrificial victims. But he could not succeed. No sooner did he attempt to vindicate the Presidential role that Oswald negated than Oswald reappeared, not as psychopath, but as rebel on behalf of the young innocents gathered in waves behind the charismatic figure of Senator McCarthy, and in a voice so clear, so unambiguous and effective that President Johnson, seemingly impregnable behind his White House fortress, was toppled. Then they gathered in droves in Chicago and, emboldened with success and enraged by the pathological assassination of Robert Kennedy which once again made the reconciliation of the reality and rhetoric of Presidential power impossible, conjured up a scene, a veritable *Walpurgisnacht,* the likes of which had never been seen in American history; and mid-America, reeling with terror to the centre of its being, took one gigantic regressive step backward and fell right into the lap of Richard M. Nixon, the eternal loser suddenly transformed into mid-America's anointed saviour and messiah.

Nixon promised a great deal; and interestingly enough he offered a great deal. Like a train, he implied, America had been derailed from its purpose and destination. What had happened in Chicago, the slaughterhouse turned revolutionary hotbed, revealed the depths of depravity to which the hippies, the cultural descendants of Oswald and the Communists whom he had slugged to smithereens so effectively in the Senate a few years back, had descended. Moreover, he asserted, he would exercise his prerogatives and privileges as President to the hilt, and continue the Vietnam war, which provided the ultimate testimonial tribute of Presidential power, as ruthlessly and as unabashedly as Johnson and more shrewdly, for counter to the hippies, yippies, and peacenicks, the descendants of Oswald, he would now fashion the descendants of Jack Ruby, i.e., the silent majority, into a unified and self-conscious militant political force.

It didn't work, of course, as the reeling economy, an ever-reliable, unlying index of political stability, testified. Nixon was sure a plot was afoot, and was unable to read the writing on the wall which, like Johnson, he inter-

preted as so much propaganda of the liberal press.

America's revolution enters stage number 4, as Oswald's descendants move from psychopathic rage and political insurrectionism to political action,—organised, concerted, logical political action in the nomination of Senator McGovern. What the nomination of McGovern proved was that politics is not something 'out there', hard, pragmatic, dirty, complex in which only a few hard-boiled politicos can be engaged—but a set of meaningful, alive, energised, participatory rituals and processes in which all levels of society, chicano, Indian, black, woman, young, etc., can be included and by which all are ultimately affected. Mid-America reeled, perhaps even more so than when Kennedy died or when the demons held their St. Vitus dance in the streets of Daley's Chicago. The new synthesis of political activism and rationalised protest which it saw in the nomination of McGovern was simply too much for it to absorb. It transcended its political imagination and violated its political sensibilities. It denied the reality of what it saw; it inverted the whole moral scale of values; it was sure that many Americans had lost their mind, and re-elected Nixon by the largest majority in history. McGovern, the Meanys and Brennans claimed, showed how far indeed the American train had been derailed from its purpose and destination, and how through devious means a few deranged hippies and yippies, aided by the liberal press, could control an Establishment party for their idiotic, half-baked and totally suspect motives. Many idealists within the Democratic camp could not or would not see the turn of events though every paper in the country predicted Nixon's victory, and continued to work for McGovern's election, as if it were in the realm of the possible.

Further than this point the revolution really cannot go. Having begun with psychopaths, rebels, and idealists in the bypaths of the imagination and underground culture, it now lands square in the chambers of the legislature as well as of the judicial and executive bodies.

With Watergate, the revolution begun by the assassination of Kennedy enters into its final stage and confronts Establishment face to face. By examining every aspect of the Watergate break-in, the Watergate hearings permit the nation to see in a televised ritual the actual corruption of power, and to contrast it with the rhetoric of power. It does so in small, absorbable doses, which even the most rigidly authoritarian personality can absorb over the course of a few months; and thus allays that terrible anxiety which the demysification of authority often produces, and which often produces a counter-revolution more oppressive than the tyranny it displaces.

I imagine that some people who are totally committed to the concept of Presidential authority will endeavour to rationalise Watergate, as they have rationalised everything else, as a plot contrived and blown out of all proportion by President Nixon's enemies in conjunction with the liberal press. In any case there the matter stands. Whether Nixon becomes our first dictator or our last president, the concept of Presidential power and authority as it has been defined and practised until now cannot continue for much longer.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A GREAT ENGLISHMAN

Hankey, Man of Secrets, Volume III, 1939-1963. Stephen Roskill. Collins. £6.50.

It has been my privilege to review the two previous volumes of Stephen Roskill's classic biography of Hankey. I gave the earlier reviews the titles 'Professional Civil Servant' and 'Master Civil Servant'. It is difficult to entitle the final review, partly because Hankey outlived his Civil Servant role and became a Minister in the War Cabinet and then a Minister outside the Cabinet; partly also because he spent his later years as a semi-private citizen, a constructive critic in the House of Lords where he made over a hundred speeches from the cross-benches and as an active Director of the Suez Canal Company where he influenced Middle East policy. He was always a power behind the scenes and chairman of many committees, including the Technical Personnel Committee from which successive Ministers of Labour in Attlee's government were reluctant to release him. 'This historic White Paper on the creation of a Scientific Civil Service,' writes Roskill, 'was largely Hankey's work.' He delivered the Romanes Lecture at Oxford on 'the Art and Science of Government'; the Lees Knowles Lecture on 'Military Science' at Cambridge; and at an earlier period after his dismissal from office by Churchill he gave the Haldane Memorial Lecture at Birkbeck on 'The Development of the Higher Control of the Machinery of Government'. In addition he wrote numerous and memorable articles for the *Sunday Times.*

It is axiomatic that no biographer succeeds with his self-appointed task unless he is highly sympathetic to his hero. Captain Roskill needs no introduction; he is our foremost naval historian. By this biography he has added to his own stature by exacting scholarship, by exhaustive examination of every known document and by his subtle and persuasive approach to every living person who came in contact with Hankey. For all this careful scrutiny we are all immensely indebted to him, because he has woven Hankey into history; it is now possible to see the man Hankey, not only as a great Civil Servant but as a superb human being, affecting the life of Britain and the Commonwealth over a period of forty years.

It is not only that he served seven Prime Ministers, that he created the Cabinet Secretariat and Committee of Imperial Defence, he also cemented deep personal contacts with Casey in Australia, Smuts in South Africa and leading statesmen of Canada. He was an initiator and, like Dean Acheson and Kissinger, was 'present at the creation of great events'. Here one must tread warily. Hankey was not cut out to be a Minister but he had political persuasions. He objected to the Ten Year Rule (the assumption that there need be no more war for ten years) started by Lloyd George and perpetuated by Churchill; he opposed Article XVI of the League of Nations—in a word he opposed 'sanctions'; he

opposed indiscriminate bombing of enemy cities; he opposed 'unconditional surrender' and finally he opposed the Nuremberg trials. On the other hand Hankey was positive about major issues. He stressed re-armament from 1932 onwards; he pleaded in vain for the proper defence of Singapore; though against European commitment he worked incessantly for naval and air reconstruction; he played a leading role in scientific development, armaments supply, air-raid precautions and food preservation—but always behind the scenes. He was a family man but never a public man.

It is known that Hankey fell out with Churchill, chiefly because of Professor Lindemann, with whom he was never at ease. Hankey backed Tizard and was supported by Professor A. V. Hill, Professor Blackett, Sir Charles Snow and a host of other scientists. Roskill, on balance, supports Hankey throughout this controversy. Churchill had his own superb and personal approach to all these problems, scientific and strategic, and was supplied via Desmond Morton with all available information; however, Roskill himself has thrown fresh light on this baffling period of recent history. Perhaps Roskill has over-estimated the influence of Hankey, though I doubt it. By this book alone he has made a political reconsideration of the 'Thirties' inevitable: that process will continue as long as history remains both a science and an art.

Churchill and later Macmillan paid handsome tributes to Hankey's dedicated life. It is an interesting if not ironical fact that Hankey was asked by Baldwin to represent him at Lloyd George's funeral—perhaps Hankey's most admired Prime Minister. On Hankey's eightieth birthday Harold Macmillian concluded his letter of congratulations with these words: 'During your long career in the public service *and in many capacities since,* you have given distinguished service to this country and my colleagues and I send you good wishes for the years to come'. Hankey's place in the gallery of Great Englishmen is assured.

KENNETH LINDSAY

JUDICIAL LAW MAKING

English Law, the Judicial Contribution. Professor G. W. Keeton. David and Charles: £5.50.

It is a commonplace of English legal theory that judges simply declare the law and do not make it. In practice, of course, this is pure fiction; over the centuries English law developed into a comprehensive legal system, through judicial decisions, with little interference from Parliament until the spate of legislation started in the nineteenth century. In this important and erudite study, Professor Keeton traces the emergence of the common law through the Middle Ages with the parallel development of equity, with its corrective and supplementary role under the direction of the Lord Chancellor. After the constitutional struggles of the seventeenth century, the courts achieved their independence; and a lively period of further progress followed.

Professor Keeton discusses at some length the great achievements in judicial law making during the eighteenth century, influenced by the rational outlook of the age. He picks out quite naturally as the greatest in a period of outstanding jurists 'three conscious law makers', namely Lord Harwicke, the founder of modern equity, Lord Mansfield, the commercial lawyer, and Lord Stowell, the great exponent of prize and international law. All three 'had a universal view of the nature of law, and a philosophic approach to the solution of legal problems'. The subsequent unfortunate hardening of judicial precedent and the impact of legislation had a restrictive effect for a large part of the nineteenth

century. There was, however, a remarkable minor renaissance for a generation after the Judicature Act, 1873, which brought the various and sometimes rival jurisdictions into an integrated whole as the Supreme Court of Judicature. In so many fields, as Professor Keeton points out, the contemporary lawyer still looks back for basic principles to the dicta of outstanding judges, such as Earl Cairns, Sir George Jessel, Lords Blackburn, Bramwell, Bowen and MacNaghten, to name only a few. They 'were continuously examining, defining and broadening the principles from which the modern law was derived.'

Today, in general, the judges again play a greatly restricted role. Professor Keeton refers to the comments of Lord Devlin, himself a former Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, that this withdrawal partly has been forced upon them by the expanding claims of the Executive, and in important part also, it is 'due to a voluntary retreat of the judiciary from the determination of broad questions of social policy.' Professor Keeton does not fully accept this view; and he points, for example, to the steady extension of liability for negligence, the insistence upon the observance of natural justice 'in a steadily extending range of transactions', and to the doctrines of frustration and fundamental terms in the law of contract.

In the criminal courts many judges have been less concerned in practice with protecting the liberty of the individual, perhaps a reaction to the contemporary crime wave. In his chapter on the criminal law, Professor Keeton is really much too academic and unrealistic. Theory and practice are not always convergent.

There are still judges, perhaps most notably Lord Denning, who is frequently quoted with approval in these pages, who strive to mould the law in accordance with social principles and contemporary requirements. For others, strict precedent has been a quiet haven; but it is significant that the House of Lords no longer regards itself as bound by its own decisions; and Professor Keeton is out of date when he infers otherwise.

He is, however, optimistic of the future. 'Although the province of the modern judge is more restricted than that of his predecessors, the part which he plays in the development of the law, and his assessment of the extent and direction of social change, make his task no less exacting than theirs.' He does not appear to accept the 'voluntary retreat' of the judiciary. Only time will tell. During its long history the common law has shown remarkable powers of survival and revival. Are we now at the start of a new renaissance? A pointer may be the approach of the courts to the invading European Community Law with which Professor Keeton does not deal.

A. G. DE MONTMORENCY

THE LAST WOMAN TO HANG

The Trial of Ruth Ellis. Edited by Jonathan Goodman and Patrick Pringle. David and Charles. £3.50.

As a writer, criminologist, and meticulous investigator, I have an enormous respect for Mr. Jonathan Goodman. And as the General Editor of the new Celebrated Trials Series, he has earned the gratitude of all those who profess a serious interest in sociological criminology. His accuracy, selectivity and standards are impeccable. All these excellent qualities are admirably evidenced in *The Trial of Ruth Ellis*, the second volume in the series. The book is an improvement on its predecessor, in that it is embellished with eight pages of

plates. But why not, as in the Notable British Trials Series, a uniform binding? This seems an error.

The trial itself is short. It took only two days, and occupies a mere 35 pages. However, Messrs. Goodman and Pringle's Introduction sets out to supply all deficiencies. Apart from summarising the blow by blow courtship of Mrs. Ellis and David Blakely and setting the various ancillary actors within their seedy frame, it provides, by its emphases and omissions, a subtle commentary.

Quite properly, the authors point up the tremendous emotional part which the hanging of Ruth Ellis played in the abolition of capital punishment. They express no corporate conviction on the old controversy, but the tenor of their writing seems to imply an abolitionist stance—perhaps mollified by the fact that the circumstances in this case were somewhat exceptional. The publication here of a facsimile of Professor Keith Simpson's Post-Mortem Examination report lays the old canard that Ruth Ellis was suffering from cancer. 'Deceased was a healthy subject at the time of death.'

Should she have been convicted? Provocation had been pleaded successfully in cases where a man had discovered his wife in adultery and taken her life on the spot. To discover one's wife—or lover—adulterous can prove psychologically explosive. Repercussive.

Should she have been reprieved? There are many views. The one view that mattered—that of Gwilym Lloyd George, the Home Secretary—was that Ruth Ellis must hang because, 'We cannot have people shooting off firearms in the street. . . . She did not only kill David Blakely; she also injured a passer-by. As long as I was Home Secretary I was determined to ensure that people could use the streets without fear of a bullet.'

'An eye for an eye. A life for a life.' That was Ruth Ellis' death-cell philosophy. Regrets she did not cherish. When David Blakely betrayed her, Ruth Ellis had lost all that she cared for in life. The slow poison of a friend's betrayal is much crueller than the swift deliverance of the alien hangman's well-placed knot.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A FRESH LOOK AT G. K. CHESTERTON

G. K. Chesterton — A Centenary Appraisal — Edited by John Sullivan, Paul Elek. £5.00.

Not greatly read or understood today in schools and universities, G. K. Chesterton was a classic man of letters in the Johnsonian style. An over-worker to the end of his enviably fulfilled life, but not, it seems, a difficult or anxious person; although suffering from particular problems such as late physical development, his output was so wide and in part so fugitive as to obscure his power as a thinker and as an imaginative writer. It is interesting that most of his lasting work can be contained within the first decade of his creative life, although he lived from 1874 to 1936. He was novelist, poet, journalist, critic, philosopher, theologian, debater and wit. Through the Distributist League and *G. K's Weekly* he propagated a social and political ideology as an alternative to the twin 'evils' of Capitalism and Socialism: 'Distributism advocates and will work to secure the break-up of plutocratic concentration in agriculture, industry and finance . . . by obtaining for all a participation in the natural and accumulated wealth of the community.'

This centenary volume is not the customary hotchpot of breathless ephemerae; instead, the editor has extracted from his contributors a number

of critical essays mostly of a very high standard, especially Stephen Metcalf's central essay, *The Achievement of G. K. Chesterton.* In his welcome evaluation of the poetry, W. H. Auden is instructive; 'Consciously or unconsciously, every poet takes one or more of his predecessors as models. Usually, his instinct leads him to make the right choice among these, but not always. In Chesterton's case, for example, I think that Swinburne was a disastrous influence.' He thinks that by natural gift Chesterton was essentially a comic poet, although he selects for admiration a rare, serious poem, *The Sword of Surprise* — 'Give me miraculous eyes to see my eyes/Those rolling mirrors made alive in me.'

Chesterton's early literary biography, *Charles Dickens,* and his *St. Thomas Aquinas,* the product of his late maturity, are clearly of enduring value. The allegorical novels — *The Napoleon of Notting Hill,* and so on, remain when analysed here by Kingsley Amis and Stephen Metcalf extraordinarily difficult and *alien,* although there is never any doubt over the quality of the writing. It is worth remembering that Chesterton began his career as an art student at the Slade, and, as a refugee from the fin de siecle, was, even so, fascinated by Wilde and his manipulation of the paradox: such elements merge with the Edwardian polemics.

There would seem to be remarkably little point in attempting to resurrect G. K. Chesterton as a popular literary sage. The broadcasting voice is stilled, the Father Brown stories are no longer hot from the press (to finance Distributism), the propaganda is stale, a few poems are encapsulated in anthologies, and the legendary jovial optimism is seen to have profundity. He must be now a fertile subject for the scholar.

MOLLY TIBBS

A LORD AT LARGE

A Chinaman in My Bath, and Other Pieces. Lord Mancroft. Bachman & Turner. £2.65.

Uncommon sense and dry wit of Bar and City vintage have made Lord Mancroft a celebrated after-dinner speaker. They characterise this philosophic, anecdotal *causerie* about everything under the sun and much in a bountiful career. The title concerns an experience in the Astoria Hotel, Leningrad, when he went into his bathroom after a party and found an elderly Chinaman sitting in the bath washing his toes. He'd forgotten that each bathroom served *two* bedrooms, so if you didn't lock the other door from the inside. . . . The next morning there was a diplomatic détente. 'It appeared that the Deputy Chairman of the Soil Erosion Committee of the People's Republic of Outer Mongolia had been insulted in his bath by an Alcoholic Nude.'

Seeing the humour in otherwise serious matters is Lord Mancroft's *forte.* At a 1927 party of Bright Young Things, for example, his Uncle Eustace was given a baby alligator which he put in the bath at his Albany flat. The next morning it was still there, but his manservant wasn't. A note left on the kitchen dresser read: 'Sir, I cannot work for a gentleman who keeps baby alligators in his bath. I would have mentioned this when you engaged me but I never thought it was likely to arise.' His lordship seems to have been blessed with rare relatives. Auntie Hetty, who long survived Eustace, kept at the end of her drawing-room sofa a little rubber air cushion on which no one was allowed to bounce. 'We children understood that it contained poor Uncle's dying breath.'

Apart from relatives, he has also been blessed with rare colleagues and friends. On 'Women in business' he recalls that the Law was one of the first trades to adopt a civilised attitude towards women. When he worked at the Bar he shared a pupil room with a woman barrister who was also a champion golfer, and the only thing they quarrelled about was 'her ability to finish *The Times* crossword puzzle in ink before I had done half of it in pencil.' On Army service his C.O. wrote in a report that 'I was an officer whom the troops would follow anywhere, if only out of curiosity.' The Colonel must have been a likeable man, for once he had to inform the troops: 'We have apparently marched five miles in the wrong direction and it will now be necessary for us to march ten miles back. If anyone feels unable to do this let him take three paces forward.' The whole regiment did so—except Bombardier Bean. 'I am proud,' said the C.O., 'to find that one man at least has the strength to undertake this arduous march. Well done, that man.' 'Sir,' replied Bean, sadly. 'That isn't it. It's just that I haven't the strength to take three paces forward.'

This is the kind of humour that lightens wise reflections on City board meetings, business expenses, education for commerce, talking shop, yachting, flying, ski-ing, betting (as present Chairman of the Totalisator Board), and other timely topics linked with his experience as businessman, Minister, member of the House of Lords for over thirty years. The wit is in a graceful style that gives constant delight.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Heel of Achilles: Essays 1968-1973 (Hutchinson. £3). With such a prolific writer as Arthur Koestler it cannot be too difficult a task for his publishers to assemble yet another volume of essays (his seventh), while the eighth is already announced as being in preparation. Such a selection, gleaned from widely random sources, has the advantage of revealing many unexplored corners of Koestler's remarkable intellect; the disadvantage is that the very diversity of subject matter makes it difficult to settle into any definitive mood while reading them, although the author himself claims that the present selection of essays is linked to an overall theme. Titles range from a warm tribute to the late A. D. Peters, to an interview with Anthony Grey, the imprisoned Reuter agent, after his release from China. Also included is the text of a lecture to the World Psychiatric Association, with the stimulating title: *Can Psychiatrists be Trusted?*

Politics U.S.A. (Collier-Macmillan. £2.95). The fourth edition of 'this volume of "cases" on politics and the American political system' is edited by Andrew M. Scott and Earle Wallace of North Carolina University. It contains 64 new selections, retaining only four from the previous edition of 1969. Although primarily designed as an introduction for University students, it should attract a much wider readership, particularly outside the United States where much too little is known about the American system of government, especially at a time when the

constitution is under strain. The book discusses most of the main political and constitutional issues from reproduced articles by contemporary critics and publicists. The extension of the presidential authority at the expense of the Congress is obviously a prominent subject. The Editors state inevitably that 'corruption and criminal activity for political ends have infected the Nixon Administration beyond anything ever known before in the federal government'. They foresee restrictions on the powers of the Executive. But more immediately, they conclude: 'Regardless of waning public confidence, if a President chooses to remain in office, he will almost certainly be able to serve out his term. Impeachment, like all ultimate weapons, is almost too terrible to use unless national catastrophe seems imminent'. Are they outdated? A new edition, with fresh assessments, will be needed very soon.

Victorian People and Ideas (Dent. £4.50). This wide ranging survey by Professor D. Altick, Regents' Professor of English at Ohio State University, is 'designed . . . to supply the accompaniment by which Victorian literature can be made more intelligible and pertinent to a reader in the last quarter of the twentieth century'. He adds that 'this book may claim at least the perhaps equivocal merit of audacity. It mercilessly simplifies topics which every well informed student of the period recognises to be extremely complicated; it makes broad statements which are, in reality, subject to all manner of qualifications'. This is inevitable. Balance and comprehension within 300 pages are obviously difficult. For example, more attention might well have been given to the women's movement starting in the fifties, to the Pre-Raphaelite Movement and the influence of Impressionism on English art, to the growth of the Trades Union and to State intervention in education. Mention, too, might have been made of General Booth and the Salvation Army. However, as a backcloth to the appreciation of the literature of the period, the book serves a very useful purpose and will be widely read. It is also well illustrated.

The Women of War (Faber and Faber. £2.85). This briskly written and authoritative account by Joyce Roper of her three years' stay in Turkey makes compulsive reading. Her headquarters was Nar, a remote village some 200 miles from Ankara. Unusual and eccentric characters dominate the scene, although in many cases their own basic loyalties and emotions are readily identifiable with our own. There is an inspiring lack of personal self-interest among many of the villagers; as, for example, the childless wife who helps to rear her rivals' offspring and the sharing of food by people who have all too little for themselves. In addition to the overall colourful scene, the book offers a glossary of dialect words and phrases, notes on local government in rural Turkey and a detailed description of various unique musical instruments in use in Nar.

The World's Weather and Climates (Orbis Publishing Ltd. £2.50; American edition, Crown Publishers Inc. Bounty Books). In this fascinating and informative addition to **The World of Nature** series, Patrick Moore, well known on British television for his programmes on the stars and space, writes in his Foreword, 'Anyone who follows the present book through will end up with a good understanding of what meteorology is all about—after which the synoptic charts will start to make real sense.' The book, edited by Roger Sears, is of coffee table size, containing some 120 coloured plates, and is superbly produced.

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

109th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JULY 1974

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Patrick Gilkes

TESS IN THE OPERA HOUSE
Desmond Hawkins

THE COD WAR
Benno Wasserman

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and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement.

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.80; U.S.A. and Canada $15.00. Rates for all other countries on application.

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27 NOV

ETHIOPIA—THE BEGINNING OF CHANGE?

by Patrick Gilkes

ETHIOPIA'S popularly accepted image of changelessness took a severe dent in February and March this year. In the country's most serious political crisis since the attempted coup of 1960, the council of ministers under Ato Aklilu Habtewold (Prime Minister since 1960) was forced to resign and most of its members have since been arrested. Strikes and demonstrations by workers, students and soldiers enforced higher wages, price controls and the setting up of a constitutional conference—due to report in September, and likely to recommend a constitutional monarchy with political parties and ministers responsible to parliament. A commission of enquiry has also been set up to investigate the alleged corruption of arrested ministers, and parliament has also been pressing for investigations to be carried out into other allegations against the provincial administration as well.

The new government, under Lij Endalkatchew Makonnen (one of the few ministers of the previous government not arrested) has made a commitment to a wide-ranging list of reforms, embodied in a white paper issued in April. These include the setting up of a constitutional monarchy, recognition of the need for land reform, a new and more equitable system of taxation and immediate action on the drought. Educational opportunities are to be improved, price controls introduced, special credits for those with skill but no capital and a substantial programme to eradicate diseases that are

caused by poverty and ignorance. The government's immediate priorities are laid down as the drought and the financial situation; but the general aim is the creation of a fairer society.

This is particularly exemplified in the section dealing with land reform. The main proposals are to allow tenant farmers and those who want to work the land to acquire their own property; to restrict government grants to those who will actually work on the land; to restrict ownership to land that an individual can develop in the future, with the excess taken by the government and given to those who work the land, and with compensation to be decided by the courts; and large sections of forest lands that have been acquired by private individuals are to be returned to public ownership. All of these, if implemented, will hit hardest against the privileged landowning aristocracy who were the target for much of the recent civil and military disturbances.

Such reforms are long overdue; the only surprise is that they have taken so long to be acknowledged by the government. The pressures that have been building up for many years have been consistently ignored by both the Emperor and the ministers. It took the famine catastrophe of last year—still continuing this year—coupled with serious inflation—80% rises in basic foods in three months—and the ex-ministers' total failure to deal with either to bring about what changes there have been. And a note of caution needs to be sounded. So far little has actually happened except the promise of reform. This and pay rises has been enough to gain the support of most of the armed forces, who are now co-operating in restoring order by stopping strikes and demonstrations. Nevertheless, the government is clearly on trial and it will have to show that it has the real determination to actually carry out its promises.

The most important of the projected reforms, for the majority of the country, are those connected with land reform; over 80% of the population are engaged in agriculture. Reform of the land system has in fact been a bone of contention for a long time. It is a highly complex system but its essential features are that it is largely feudal and exploitive. In the highland Christian provinces, the majority of the people farm their own land through extended family ownership which makes it difficult, if not impossible, to actually buy and sell land. However, over and above such ownership, the Emperor has been able to grant rights of tax collection and judicial administration to the nobility and the church. In theory these feudal rights were abolished in 1966. In fact, little progress has been made in implementing the abolition, which did not affect the church, and for most of the farmers such rights have remained in force. Similarly, the necessity of providing certain services for a local governor has remained in force, although these were abolished legally thirty years ago.

In the southern parts of the empire, due to the conquest of these areas in the late nineteenth century, there are enormous estates mainly owned by absentee landlords from the highlands. They still have virtually unlimited rights over their tenants who may have to give up to 75% of their crops in

rent, besides services and gifts at certain times. Frequently the land tax, which legally has to be paid by the landlord, is transferred to the tenant. The tithe, which was abolished in 1967, is still collected in many cases; it is even still budgeted for in the official estimates. Eviction can be carried out at will and many landlords also insist on verbal agreements only and a yearly payment for the renewal of tenancy.

Some of these estates run into millions of acres, and have been acquired in the last thirty years. One of the largest landowners in the country, Ras Mesfin Sileshi, who lost his position as governor-general of Shoa province in the recent trouble, is estimated to have obtained 2 million hectares in the west and south-west when he was a governor there in the 1940s and 50s. Another landowner has got 900,000 hectares in the eastern province of Hararghe in the last twenty years. Such accumulations may be exceptional but the policy of both the Emperor and the government has been to reward higher ranking civil servants and military and police officers, as well as other important traditional figures, with substantial grants of land, especially in these southern provinces. It is not uncommon for a colonel to retire with 16,000 hectares; for lesser ranks the amount is less. Given the hierarchical nature of the system it is, of course, much easier for the more important individuals to change such grants into freehold property. The method is so cumbersome and expensive that only the already wealthy can do it, thus militating against the spread of private ownership outside the ranks of the elite.

Not surprisingly there have been a substantial number of peasant uprisings over the years. Not only is the tenant and the small farmer exploited, but his legal redress lies in the hands of an administration and a judiciary drawn from the landowning classes or incorporated into it by the land grants. In some areas the local people operate their own system of justice, boycotting the official system because they feel that they cannot obtain justice from it. It is this catalogue of exploitation that underlies such uprisings as the revolt in the southern province of Bale, 1963-70, which at its height controlled over three-quarters of the province. The Eritrean Liberation Front fighting for the independence of the northern province of Eritrea since the end of federation in 1962, also gains substantial support from this. Less serious revolts have occurred in almost all the other provinces and attacks on landowners are a perennial feature.

Such efforts as there have been towards alleviating the situation have barely got off the ground due to the determination of the landowning elite to hold on to their privileges. There have been several attempts to get various agricultural tenancy bills through parliament since 1968, although none has been very substantial. Even the latest one continued to weight the scales firmly towards the landowner, although it proposed to remove certain traditional rights such as eviction at will. It did not, however, insist on an end to sharecropping nor demand written leases. In practice, even had this bill been passed last year there is considerable doubt as to its effectiveness. It would in all probability have been widely ignored as were the abolition

of fiefs and the tithe. Another attempt at reform was similarly invalidated by the opposition to it in 1967. The tithe was abolished in 1967 as part of the first agricultural income tax law. This was meant to cover all landowners. However, the Ministry of Finance admits that 75% of the revenue from the tax comes from the lowest category and that the majority of the larger landowners only pay a tiny fraction of their obligations or alternatively pass the tax onto their tenants.

It is usually supposed that the Emperor has been an all powerful ruler. This is far from being the reality, and the system outlined above has been operated to a large extent to help the Emperor balance out the various power groups—the church, the aristocracy both central and provincial, and the military—and to safeguard the throne. They have had to be placated over the past thirty years in which considerable centralisation, especially of financial and military matters, has been carried out. Given the supreme political skill of the Emperor, and the very personal nature of his rule he has managed to achieve this, using the traditional methodology of family links, marriages, land grants and the promotions dependent upon himself. This is not to deny the authority of the imperial position which is considerable, especially in the countryside. Its strength indeed is seen in the fact that the Emperor survived this year's troubles although a significant section of the armed forces were prepared to get rid of him. On balance, however, his survival was apparently felt to be a necessary umbrella for unity; and the majority of the soldiers, even while defying him and mutinying against his government, were simultaneously declaring loyalty to the Emperor.

What has been enforced upon the Emperor has been a lessening of his power of choice; the previous prime minister, Aklilu Habtewold, was very much an emperor's man and did not have the traditional legitimacy that Lij Endalkatchew has. Lij Endalkatchew is the leading member of one of the most important noble families of Shoa, a family that is linked to the imperial house. The most notable of the other figures in his council of ministers—Lt.-General Abiy Abebe, Dejazmatch Zewde Gebre Selassie and Lij Michael Imru—come from the same sort of background. Lt.-General Abiy is an ex-son-in-law of the Emperor and from another leading Shoan family. Lij Michael's father, Ras Imru is a cousin and long time close associate of the Emperor. Dejazmatch Zewde is a step-son of the Crown Prince and a representative of the ruling family of Tigre province. All are relatively liberal, with a desire and a knowledge of the need for reform and constitutional change.

They do, however, depend considerably on the army to help them overcome the opposition that can be expected from two sides. The more conservative elements among the landowners and aristocracy who are especially prevalent in local administration is one section. On the other side is the more radical approach. Perhaps the most important fact of the recent troubles is that they began as a spontaneous movement among the workers in Addis Ababa and other cities and among the ordinary soldiers—groups that are outside the traditional power centres. These people will also have

to be satisfied by the reforms and also by the government's financial policies.

Finance will indeed be one of the new government's most difficult problems. In the last months the armed forces have received pay rises of about 40%; the workers have got a promise that the minimum daily wage will be tripled; teachers have been promised a rise and the lower paid government employees have already had one. Other groups, once the expected freedom for government workers to form unions materialises, will undoubtedly follow suit. All these must be regarded as concessions that will accelerate the already serious inflationary position—with an overall price rise of 20% last year, and an even higher rate in the first quarter of this year.

Last year, the commodity price boom sent export receipts soaring and a balance of payments surplus was recorded. As a result, reserves are currently standing at a reasonable level. Unfortunately, import prices have also risen, especially oil, and the commodity price spiral appears to be coming to a halt. Lower prices for coffee, which provided 40% of export revenue last year but averaged well over 50% before the price boom, and also hides and skins and pulses may be expected this year. Production is also expected to be down in all agricultural produce because of the drought of last year. This has continued and is now affecting the southern areas from which much of the cash crop production comes. A surplus is impossible this year, even with the new government's attempts to cut expenditure with an austerity budget. The pay rises and the increased oil price have already seen to this. It is likely, too, that the grain needed over the next months will not be entirely supplied by international aid, and the government will have to buy on the international market.

There is therefore an imperative to hold down prices—a notoriously difficult proceeding—and to find more revenue from taxation. This can certainly be done but it is bound to be a highly unpopular procedure. A revision of the tax structure in the interests of equitability has been promised. At the moment about 25% of tax revenue comes from direct taxation, and this, like the remaining indirect taxes, bears most heavily on the poorer sections of the community. A structure that does actually tax the wealthier elements, especially the landowners, is most necessary for development as well as revenue. The church pays a minimal amount of tax and holds 20% of the agricultural land according to the best estimates. The imperial family pays no taxes on its lands and the larger landowners only nominal amounts even on cultivated lands and virtually nothing on fallow areas. In sum, almost no tax is paid by those who hold over 50% of the land, including much of the most productive areas.

Under the last administration, these economic problems were compounded by excessive corruption. Such examples as the sale of aid donated grain and cholera serum, and the foreign exchange scandal when a tourist manager was alleged to have sent out over Eth.$8 million on behalf of prominent Ethiopians including ministers last year, caused considerable anger and were one reason for the army's insistence that the ex-ministers should be investigated. More significant in the long term are the various agreements

that have been concluded with foreign firms. Many of these have been extremely generous and have allowed for substantial profits to be withdrawn from the country; and the effects of these agreements cannot be reversed quickly.

All of this adds up to a gloomy economic scenario, but it will have to be tackled swiftly if the political situation is to settle down. The new administration will have to actually carry out widespread and real reforms, not just promise them as in the past, in order to satisfy the majority of the population, as well as checking those whose privileges will suffer. With army support the latter will be quite possible, but the former will be the harder, especially with the drought, inflation and peasant unrest. The future indeed remains precarious.

[Patrick Gilkes is a former lecturer at the Haile Selassie I University in Addis Ababa, now a freelance journalist on African economic and political affairs. Author of a forthcoming book, *Feudalism and Modernisation: Politics in Ethiopia.*]

THE COD WAR

by Benno Wasserman

THE latest 'Cod War' between Britain and Iceland is the third fisheries dispute between the two countries since Iceland became an independent nation in 1944 (the fourth, if the dispute of 1948 is counted). The first protective step taken by Iceland was in 1948. It was followed by an extension of Iceland's fishing limits from 3 to 4 miles in 1952. There was a further extension from 4 to 12 miles in 1958 and the latest extension from 12 to 50 miles was made in 1971.

The 1948 measure consisted of some minor conservation steps including a modest adjustment of the coastal areas closed to foreign shipping. This met with protests from the British trawler owners and the Foreign Office but was taken no further.

These minor adjustments proved inadequate to conserve Iceland's fishing stocks and in May, 1952, Iceland extended its fishing limits to 4 miles. The decision was prompted by the ruling of the International Court of Justice on December 18, 1951, in the dispute between Britain and Norway over the latter's fishing zone. The quarrel between Britain and Norway began in 1906. On July 12, 1935, the government in Oslo published a decree delimiting her fishing zone as 4 miles beyond a base-line drawn through the 'rock-rampart' including islands, rocks and reefs rather than from a base-line contiguous to the mainland. The argument was resumed after the war when Norway arrested British vessels and was taken to the International Court—Norway agreeing to abide by its decision. Britain's case was based on its historic commitment to the maximum freedom of the seas. It supported the 3 mile limit (determined by the range of an eighteenth century cannon shot). Norway claimed that her territory could only be properly defined by including all rocks within sight of land and that the livelihood of her coastal population depended on these waters. The court found in favour of Norway. Iceland would have had a strong case had it gone to the Court in 1952 as its coast-line was comparable with Norway's, but such was its anxiety that it was not prepared to risk the law.

The Foreign Office protested against Iceland's extension of its fishing limits as did the governments of Belgium, France and the Netherlands, but the protests were ignored. The British trawler owners banned Icelandic fish landings in Britain—a ban which cost Iceland £2 million per annum and the quarrel dragged on until November 1956 when an unofficial group set up by O.E.E.C. persuaded Britain to resume landings. The British protest was directed more against the change in Iceland's straight base-line (Iceland unlike Norway had no historic claim to a straight base-line) than to the extension of its fishing limits from 3 to 4 miles. The practical effect of the 1952 extension of the Icelandic fishing limit on British industry was minimal. Apart from a slight drop in the 1952 tonnage, the tonnage obtained

by British trawlers rose rapidly and in 1953 was half as much again as in 1951. The main impact was on Iceland. Between 1951-4 the value of Iceland's fish exports to Britain and of Iceland's imports from Britain were halved. In place of Britain, Iceland developed a £3 million import and export trade with Russia, who became her main trading partner. The new fishing limits were applied to Icelandic as well as to foreign trawlers as Iceland was concerned with the conservation of fish stocks rather than with making a quick profit at others' expense.

The disagreement between the two countries was not resolved by the 1956 Agreement. During the 1950s Icelanders became increasingly anxious about overfishing: an anxiety regarded as exaggerated by the British fishing industry. Britain maintained that the 1953-6 catch was disproportionately influenced by the cod 'class' of 1945 and the decrease in the size of net meshes. To Icelanders the upsurge was due to the 1952 extension of fishing limits and the future was jeopardised by over-fishing. Between 1957-8 matters came to a head. The fish catch off Iceland's coasts fell sharply between 12% and 35% and the Geneva Conference on the Law of the Sea proved abortive—Britain standing for a 3 mile limit, Canada and the U.S.A. for a 12 mile limit, Russia for a 3-12 mile limit and Iceland for a 12 mile limit. These conflicts were unresolved and the Conference agreed to reconvene in 1960.

On September 1, 1958, Iceland extended its fishing limits to 12 miles from the 1952 base-line. This affected 20-25% of the total British catch with the prospect of the haul being halved. Britain and other countries protested and Iceland was told that British trawlers would ignore the limit and that the Royal Navy would assure that they were not arrested. Between September 1, 1958, and June 28, 1960, 70 unsuccessful attempts were made by Iceland to arrest British trawlers. Shots and blanks were fired and the trawlermen threatened all sorts of reprisals but the main British tactic was to interpose Royal Naval frigates, with their greater size and speed, between the trawlers and the 6 Icelandic gunboats. Only one minor collision occurred. When the Icelanders landed a boarding party on a trawler they were removed by a force from a Royal Naval frigate. There was also a verbal battle. Britain protested and the Icelandic embassy in London published a pamphlet entitled *Britain's Aggression in Icelandic Waters.*

The Second Geneva Conference on the Law of the Sea met in April 1960 and although, like the first, it reached no agreed conclusion it did provide the opportunity for the dispute between Britain and Iceland to be resolved. British trawler owners withdrew from Icelandic waters and the Icelanders agreed to suspend all attempts to land fish in Britain. Official talks began in October 1960 after the Anglo-Norwegian fishing agreement on Norway's extended limits (Britain obtained fishing rights for 10 years between the 6 and 12 mile limits. These resulted in a victory for Iceland). British trawlers obtained fishing rights for only 3 years in a third of the newly protected waters. Iceland agreed to give 6 months' notice of any alteration of the agreement and to submit to the International Court any future disputes. On

March 10th, 1961, the British trawler owners grudgingly accepted the settlement. The 1961 settlement was a resounding success for Icelandic diplomacy, whatever face-saving concessions were extracted by the British. However, it was criticised in Iceland because of the provision to submit future disputes to the International Court, which reflected Iceland's ambition to obtain exclusive rights over the whole of the continental shelf.

On taking office in July, 1971, the new Icelandic Government announced that it would terminate the Agreement of 1961 with Britain and West Germany, and extend Iceland's fishery limit from 12 to 50 miles on September 1, 1972. Six states in addition to Iceland extended their limits in 1972. They were: Gabon—30 mile territorial limit on 5th January with a further extension to 100 miles on July 21 1972; Senegal—110 mile fishery limit on April 12, 1972; Oman—50 mile fishery limit on July 17, 1972; Mauritania—30 miles on 31st July; Ghana—30 miles on 12th September; and France passed a law on 5th July extending the fishery limit of French Guiana to 80 miles.

The British Government immediately reminded the Icelandic Government of the provision in the 1961 Agreement for reference to the International Court and subsequently entered into bilateral discussions with the Icelandic Government in April 1972, but no agreement on the substance of the dispute was possible. Britain referred the dispute to the International Court of Justice, asking the court to declare that there is no foundation in international law for the claim by Iceland to extend its exclusive fisheries jurisdiction to 50 miles; and that questions concerning the conservation of fish stocks in the waters around Iceland are not susceptible in international law to regulation by unilateral Icelandic extension of fisheries jurisdiction but are matters which should be regulated between Iceland and the United Kingdom by mutually agreed arrangements. The West German Government did likewise.

Negotiations were then resumed aimed at reaching an interim arrangement, pending the International Court's decision on the substantive dispute. Icelandic Ministers came to London in May and June 1972 and on 11-12 July Lady Tweedsmuir led a British delegation to Reykjavik. No agreement was reached. On July 14th the Icelandic Government issued the new regulations extending their fishery limits for foreign vessels to 50 miles with effect from September 1st. In the following week, the British Government applied to the International Court for an indication of interim measures to be observed by both parties pending a substantive settlement.

The Court by 14 votes to 1 indicated such measures on August 17th 1972 as follows: The parties should avoid aggravation of the dispute and action which would prejudice the rights of the other party in respect of the court's future decision on the merits; Iceland should not enforce or apply its regulations or other measures against British vessels, skippers or crews. Britain should limit her annual catch in the disputed area to 170,000 metric tons. Similar measures were indicated in the case brought by the West

German Government under which the German catch was to be limited to 119,000 tons.

There were further talks between Britain and Iceland on October 5th-7th, November 27th-28th and on 22nd March, 1973, but these all resulted in deadlock. The Icelandic coastguard attempted to enforce the new regulations by harrassing British and German trawlers and there were 65 warp-cutting incidents resulting in damage amounting to £50,000, and shots were fired on 24 occasions. The British Government called in the Royal Navy and there were 15 collisions between Royal Naval frigates and tugs and Icelandic gunboats in one of which on August 30th an Icelandic welder was killed. The Icelandic Government threatened to break off diplomatic relations on September 27th with the United Kingdom unless Britain withdrew the frigates. Mr. Heath unilaterally withdrew the frigates without a reciprocal Icelandic guarantee to stop harrassment and this broke the deadlock. Negotiations were resumed, the Icelandic Prime Minister, Mr. Olafur Johannesson, coming to London on 15-16 October reached agreement with Mr. Heath. The Agreement, which came into effect on November 13 1973 was to last for two years and provided for a reduction of the British fishing fleet off Iceland resulting in a catch of about 130,000 tons a year and six rotating fishing areas, one closed and five open. Iceland undoubtedly got the better of the bargain as the figure of 130,000 tons was about half-way between the British proposal of 145,000 tons and the Icelandic proposal of 117,000 tons but 40,000 tons below the International Court's proposal and the previous average British catch.

The waters in the Iceland area constitute by far the most important of the United Kingdom distant water fishing grounds and are one of the longest established, Britain having fished there for over 300 years. The United Kingdom catches only demersal or 'bottom-feeding' fish there.

The British case is based on the White Paper Cmnd 5341. Fisheries Dispute between the United Kingdom and Iceland, July 14th 1971 to May 19th 1973. Over the past 50 years (leaving aside the war years) the British catch has averaged about 170,000 metric tons a year. Of the fish caught by British vessels by far the most important is cod which formed over 75% of the catch in 1971. The total catch by British vessels in the area over the last ten years has been worth about £13 million annually. This represents about half the value of all United Kingdom landings of demersal fish from distant waters and some 20% of all the fresh and frozen fish landed by British fishing vessels. There are about 190 British vessels which have fished in the area at some time during recent years. They come mainly from Hull, Grimsby and Fleetwood, but from North Shields and Aberdeen as well.

Over 90% by weight of the catch is normally taken by 'fresher' trawlers, that is to say by vessels which have no facilities for freezing fish at sea and are thus limited to voyages of not more than 3 weeks. The freezer trawlers are mainly intermittent visitors to the Iceland area as they have the capacity to stay at sea for long periods and to fish other grounds than in the North Atlantic.

It is not possible, however, for the main fishing effort from the Icelandic area to be diverted at economic levels to other fishing grounds. Certainly none of them could be looked upon as a potential alternative source of supply for the quantities of white fish at present obtained from the Icelandic region. A phase-out period of the kind suggested at one stage by the Icelandic Government, by excluding British fishing vessels from these waters, would have virtually destroyed the life of several British fishing ports.

Britain has throughout invoked international law to support its case. In 1952 it maintained that the dispute should go to the International Court of Justice, which Iceland refused. As part of the settlement of the 1958 dispute provision was made in the 1961 Agreement at Britain's insistence that any future dispute should be submitted to the International Court of Justice. When it became clear that the Icelandic Government were not prepared to consider any negotiated alternative to an extension of her fisheries jurisdiction, the United Kingdom, on April 14th, 1972, placed the dispute before the International Court.

The Icelandic Government in various communications alleged that there was no basis under the Statute of the Court for exercising jurisdiction in the case. However, on February 2nd 1973 the Court decided by a majority of 14 votes to 1 that it did have jurisdiction.

Britain has adopted a minimalist position on territorial waters and fishing limits. At the Geneva Conferences on the Law of the Sea in 1958 and 1960 it urged a 3 mile territorial limit. When most states extended their limits to 12 miles, Britain did so too, but reluctantly, believing that the greater part of the high seas should be for international use and she can be expected to argue against the extension of the limit to 50 miles when the next conference of the sea meets in 1974.

The coastal fisheries in Iceland have always been the foundation of the country's economy. The country itself is barren and poor in natural resources. There is no coal, no timber and no valuable minerals to mine. Farming is possible only on the coastal fringe and in the valleys that run deep into the country from the many fjords. Only 1% of the island is cultivated, 23% contains grazings, whereas the other 76% consists of uninhabitable wastes of mountains, glaciers, lava fields, lakes and sands. The coastal fisheries are the conditio sine qua non for the Icelandic economy; without them the country would not have been habitable.

Iceland rests on a platform or continental shelf whose outlines follow those of the country itself. In these shallow underwater terraces, ideal conditions are found for spawning areas and nursery grounds upon whose preservation and utilisation the livelihood of the nation depends. It is increasingly being recognised that coastal fisheries are based on the special conditions prevailing in the coastal areas which provide the necessary environment for the fish stocks. These conditions provide the essential combination of nutrient rich water from currents, upwelling and the phyto-

plankton which forms the basis of the food chain. This environment is an integral part of the natural resources of the coastal state.

The overall importance of the fishing industry to the Icelandic economy is illustrated by the following points:

1. Almost a fifth of the G.N.P. is derived from the fishing industry.
2. Marine products constitute between 80% and 90% of the exports of the country.
3. Foreign trade amounts to between 45% and 50% of the G.N.P.
4. The country having no mineral or fuel resources is almost totally dependent on imports of these commodities.
5. The geographical position of the country and the climate result in great dependence on imports of vital foodstuffs apart from fish, mutton and certain dairy products.

Practically all the necessities of life, except fish and dairy products, have to be imported. Furthermore, tools, machinery, fuel and textiles, household appliances, semi-durable goods, automobiles and practically all kinds of mechanical appliances as well as other necessities of life, are bought from abroad. Being literally a one-industry state, Iceland has to pay for all these imports by the revenue from the export of fish and fish products, which for the greater part of this century have amounted to over 80% of Iceland's total exports. Clearly, to deprive Iceland of the resources of the sea would mean the collapse of the Icelandic economy.

But there are several other economic factors which make Iceland's case for conservation, preferential right to the maritime resources, rational utilisation of fish stocks, and the extension of the fishery limit, a special case. No states come anywhere near Iceland in their dependence on fish and fish products for the earning of foreign exchange. This is clearly demonstrated by the fact that fish and fish products make up over 80% of Iceland's exports, less than one half of 1% of the total exports of the United Kingdom and the Federal Republic of Germany, less than 2% of the total exports of such great fishing nations as Japan and Canada, and just over 10% of Norway's exports.

In recent years there has been a considerable decrease in the catch of herring and demersal species like cod and haddock, in spite of increased fishing efforts in Icelandic waters.

The herring catch by the Icelandic fleet dropped from 763 thousand tons in 1965 to 61.3 thousand tons in 1971.

The total haddock catch by all nations fishing in Icelandic waters dropped from 110 thousand tons in 1961 to 44.5 thousand tons in 1970.

In 1970 the Icelanders caught 308,336 tons of cod but only 254,977 tons in 1971, and in 1972 the figure went still further down.

As for demersal species, the Icelanders caught 474,000 tons in 1970, 421,000 tons in 1971 and only 398,000 tons (provisional figures) in 1972.

The total catch of Icelandic vessels dropped from 733,608 tons in 1970 to 684,285 tons in 1971.

At the same time as the catches have been decreasing, there has been a great increase in fishing efforts and efficiency.

Finally, as to the costs of the conflict, in so far as they can be calculated, Iceland has inflicted £50,000 worth of damage by cutting British trawler warps for a catch valued at £13 million annually. Britain in reply has caused 15 collisions resulting in one death to Iceland. The Cod War has thus been a 'deadly quarrel' and qualifies therefore as a war according to the fatalities criterion of Lewis Fry Richardson.

NOTE:

The Icelandic case is based on three publications by the Icelandic Government, *Fisheries Jurisdiction in Iceland* (Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Reykjavik, February 1972), *Iceland's 50 Miles And The Reasons Why*, February 1973, and *50 Miles Fishery Limits—The Icelandic Case.*

In June-August 1974 the Third United Conference of the Law of the Sea will be held at Caracas. The aims of the Conference will be to resolve problems concerning exploitation of the sea-bed and all forms of Marine exploitation. It is generally assumed that a limit of 200 miles will be agreed.

At the first Conference in 1958 four conventions were adopted:

(1) the Convention on the High Seas, which codifies customary law;

(2) the Convention on the territorial Sea (where the coastal State enjoys full sovereignty except for the right of innocent passage for ships of other States);

(3) the Convention on the Continental Shelf (where the coastal State has limited "sovereign rights");

(4) the Convention on Fishing and Conservation of the Living Resources of the High Seas (which, in the main, has not been applied).

Regarding the views of countries not immediately concerned in the conflict it may be of interest to note that the German Democratic Republic supports universal acceptance of the twelve-mile limit for coastal waters.

The GDR standpoint on the freedom of the seas and allied problems was defined by Dr. Horst Grunert, GDR delegate to the United Nations, in preparation for the World Conference on the Law of the Sea held in December 1973 in New York.

'The GDR proceeds on the principle that the ocean floor and the areas beneath it shall be devoted solely to peaceful research and exploitation,' Dr. Grunert stated.

'The GDR believes it necessary that the conference should confirm the right of free passage through international waterways which link parts of the open sea. The principle is an inseparable part of the freedom of the seas, and already forms a part of the generally-recognised international law.'—*Editor.*

THE YOUTH OF AN HISTORIAN:

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

by Mary Moorman

Part 3 Last Years at Harrow

BY the spring of 1893 George was getting weary of Harrow—longing for change and a less uncongenial atmosphere. He was inclined to look down on his school-fellows from somewhat Olympian heights. 'You aristocratic curs,' he said to himself, 'wait till I grow up and I'll show you whether I and my brain and pen which you despise so, or you and your horses and cricket-bats will win in the battle of life.' 'Well, Trevelyan,' one of these 'horsy' boys said to him on the day before the Derby, 'I don't suppose you even know the name of the Favourite.' 'No I don't,' snapped George. He knew it, of course, perfectly well.

In May of that year he wrote to his mother: 'I find that the only way to get along here is to be engaged vigorously all day at some literary, political or historical study. I am throwing myself into history with a vigour that I never knew myself capable of before; I study the Daily Chronicle daily, and the Weekly Sun weekly.' He spent every half holiday in the Vaughan Library, devouring books; and rapidly developing from his reading a kind of social and political faith which had (as he admitted), the fervour of a religion. The newly-founded *Westminster Gazette* was added to the other liberal papers. *Don Juan* was 'great fun reading, but thank God poets are no longer allowed to waste their powers on such beastliness.' But Shelley was a much greater revelation. *Alastor* and *The Witch of Atlas* made him feel 'bowed down and humbled'. It was poetry of an 'absolutely different and higher order' from anything else—leaving Arnold and Tennyson far behind. He read Tennyson, however, with great interest, and in his last spring term (1893) offered a prize essay on 'Tennyson's poetry as literature', which was printed 'in its entirety'. It contained, however, an attack on what he called 'Tennyson's anti-democratic principles' which conflicted with the growing radicalism of his own ideals.

Two books of a political character excited him greatly at this time; Wolfe Tone's *Memoirs* and A. M. Sullivan's *New Ireland*. For Ireland and Home Rule for Ireland dominated his thoughts unceasingly while Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill was making its way through the Commons. Of *New Ireland* he said: 'I never read a book with such devouring eagerness since I finished Renan's *Vie de Jésus*'—a modernist classic which he had probably read at home. Chapters of *New Ireland* were read aloud to Wilbraham Baker—'without any comment, but I saw it set him thinking.' All this Irish enthusiasm was enhanced by the fact that Charles now had a post as one of the private secretaries to the Viceroy, Lord Crewe, and actually lived in

the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park. During the Easter holiday of 1893 George visited his brother in Dublin, going with Charles into the south-west, where the men of '98' had hidden, and this visit gave a vivid background to his reading of *New Ireland*. He acquired a new respect for the potato, after reading about the Famine. It was no longer just 'a funny plump round thing with an odd name, food for a jest,' but a reminder of 'black '47' and England's shame. Henceforward he added the greeting 'God save Ireland' to almost all his letters to his brother, shortened often to 'G.S.I.'.

Before the end of the summer term he received £24 in prize money, having won both the prize poem and prize essay, the former with a poem about America called *Columbus*, the latter with his Tennyson essay. With the money he bought Ruskin's *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*, 'with all the proper pictures', which helped to prepare him for Italy and for mountain scenery, and the beatiful editions of Rogers' poems with Turner's illustrations, 'which,' he said, 'I like better than any other pictures of that class in the world.' These books remained a pleasure to him to the end of his life. For lighter reading there were *Gulliver's Travels* and above all, Pepys's diary. 'I read a little of Pepys every evening just as a better Christian reads his chapter of the Bible.'

In January 1893 George told his brother he was going to get up a debate 'about the Great Rebellion', and 'make Somervell take one side and Warner the other.' The subject finally chosen was 'the duty of every good citizen to take the side of the King in 1642.' The debate took place on March 25, with Robert Somervell, father of the historian D. C. Somervell, proposing, seconded by Charles Roden Buxton (soon to become a close friend of George's) and Warner, seconded by George, opposing. Buxton fell a rather easy victim to George's greater knowledge of the period by saying that Charles I could not have governed without the aid of Parliament. 'If that was so,' retorted George, 'how did he manage to get on from 1629 to 1640?' George then appealed to all who were conservative and proud of the British Constitution, which was the outcome, he insisted, of the efforts of Parliament in 1642. He called the King's promises 'pie-crust' and refused to modify the phrase, and ended with praise of the 'untidy virtue' of the Roundheads contrasted with the 'curled and scented Cavaliers'. The motion, however, was carried by 16 votes to 12.

Early in the summer of 1893, George being then just seventeen years old, his father wrote telling him he might choose between leaving at the end of the term and going straight to Cambridge, or staying another full year—not part of one—at Harrow. There could be for George but one answer. He felt he was making for himself 'an artificial atmosphere in an uncongenial clime'; that though he could willingly have stayed another 'footer term' for the sake of the House, another year 'in this blessed place' would be unendurable. 'I want,' he said, 'to get into a world where the bat and the betting-book are not mightier than the pen and the poem.' Here I am 'gagged' . . . If I 'strive to speak', as Carlyle says, there is none to listen

but one dear friend [probably Philip Wilbraham Baker] who only half understands . . . Another term would sicken me; another year drive me into open revolt.' But once the question of his leaving was settled in the way most agreeable to him, he could enjoy his last term with 'unmixed happiness'. He told his brother on June 1st that there was 'no prospect of my having anything to grumble about for the rest of my time here. The only thing I can compare myself to is what Ireland will be like after Home Rule.' But he would not allow himself to relax either his work or his political or literary enthusiasms. 'I must return,' he wrote, 'to the abstracting and delightful occupation of making an abstract of dear old Stubbs.' He was anxious about the Home Rule Bill, anxious too not to compromise his own 'democratic' ideals, on which his conversations with Mr. King were shedding a fierce light. King thought Cambridge was 'a place for the suppression of democratic enthusiasms.' George understood and in part agreed. 'If I can ever do anything for democracy,' he wrote to Charles, 'it must be through literature. Now the point is that literary people are not, most of them, democratic, and it is more than probable that unless I keep the fire ever kindled within me, I shall soon forget my "motif" and become a mere "litérateur"!'

A small event this summer strengthened his determination. The Duke of York (afterwards King George V) was about to marry Princess Mary, and the school was invited to contribute to a suitable wedding present. 'My money can be better spent,' wrote George. 'It is right that this aristocratic school should give her something, but I am the democratic exception in this high class establishment.' And he observed: 'It is curious that whereas everybody I speak to, Master or boy, says in so many words 'What beastly rot the wedding present is,' no one except myself has had the ordinary moral courage, or rather common sense, not to give anything. They have got a clock that everyone admits looks as if it cost £10, but which on account of its inside really costs £120 . . . Now why in the name of all that is useful, couldn't they have got a £10 clock, and given £110 in the name of the Duke of York to some charitable institution? O horrible abuse of utilitarianism! Everybody admits it would have been more sensible, but nobody does it!'

He was reading at this time Jessop's *Coming of the Friars*, which introduced him to the figure of St. Francis of Assisi. To his mind St. Francis was 'a true *democrat* in the highest sense of the word—the first person since Christ was crucified who *really* understood that true Christianity was the Gospel of the poor . . . It was Christ who said "It *is* hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." It was Christ who made Lazarus go to heaven *simply because he was poor*, and the rich man go to hell, *simply because he was rich*, or rather because his riches led him unavoidably into sin.' If only Christianity could be freed from its trappings and preached as its founder preached it, 'it might yet do a great work among the People.' Such was his interpretation of the Christian religion—'the only thing I can believe in for certain—the progress of the human race. What people usually

call religion, the immortality of the soul and so on, I am in absolute darkness and doubt about these things. But in Democracy I have got hold of something definite.' '*It*,' he said, 'has disgusted me with Harrow.'

'I love the People,' wrote the young radical, 'and our party [i.e. the Liberal Party] more than many speech-days, more than many reading-prizes, almost more than my own poetry.' For George at this time was thinking of himself as a future poet. 'I am writing a song of the people,' he wrote on July 6, 'or rather tirade against the aristocracy, which I intend to be my biggest work as yet . . . I am putting my life-blood into it.' This poem has not survived. He was also, he said, 'writing ballads for the *Harrovian*,' but nothing of a ballad nature appears in the *Harrovian* of this summer. There is a stanza in imitation of *Childe Harold*—'the newly discovered XVII Canto of *Don Juan* opens, we are told, with the following stanza'—but the contribution, witty enough, is extremely short; and there are some lines from his prize-poem *Columbus*, extolling the virtues and literature of North America. But his best poems were not for the *Harrovian*. 'I wouldn't publish any of my spoony or literary poems there, for it is not the place for them', and 'the Harrovian is non-political', he wrote, meaning that poems of a radical tone would not be acceptable. (By 'spoony' he probably means poems addressed to his brother in terms of strong affection—he was not yet interested in the other sex.) He admired the poems of Ebenezer Elliott, 'the Corn-Law Rhymer', and hoped 'to write so some day, and put the poetry, the spirit, the soul of liberalism before the literary world.'

Some lines called 'Ancient History', which he wrote out of 'malice prepense' in the fly-leaf of a volume of De Quincey from the Vaughan Library, seem to give a foretaste of what 'history' was coming to mean to him.

> Like to some traveller mid the Alpine snows
> Who sees his comrade on the summit high
> Of some tall mountain; but the mists enclose
> The vale between in gloom and mystery;
> So we, who gaze across the ages black
> With mist of ignorance and crime, may still
> See the stern Roman triumph and the track
> Winding majestic up the Sacred Hill,
> And Athens making holiday to see
> 'Ajax' just acted. From our higher place
> We smile to see how history was begun
> By simple men of old. Yet haply we
> Shall so be seen by some great future race
> From heights yet higher, nearer to the Sun.

'The book is safe not to be taken out again for another twenty years,' he commented, 'by which time I shall be either somebody or nobody. If I am nobody, they will tear it out and put it in the waste paper basket; if (as is highly improbable) I am a great poet, it will strike the librarian that it is in my early style, he will put it under a glass case in the Vaughan, and it will be a joy for ever.' A search through the volumes of De Quincey in the Vaughan in 1973 failed to reveal the poem, though no fly-leaf appeared to have been removed. The imagery of these lines fits well with an earlier letter

to his mother in which he longs to be 'an eagle or some bird of passage, with a man's intellect, and to live for a year or so about 600 or 700 BC and what an interesting book you could write about it afterwards.'

His correspondence with Charles at this time was an unspeakable relief. They wrote to each other every other day. 'This, and the liberal papers,' said George, 'are, as it were, my religion, my daily prayer and bible-reading that keeps me brave and fresh for tasks less to my taste.'

As his last Speech-day approached he was in good spirits, for he was to take an active part in it. He was given leave to read his prize essay on Tennyson, which contained some good 'democratic' criticism, and evidently leant a good deal on Matthew Arnold. 'I shouldn't think the frequenters of speech-day would hear anything of the nature of the *Forts of Folly* read to them out of a Harrow essay, for some time to come,' he wrote afterwards to his father. 'I was determined to read it . . . I had made up my mind that if Welldon would not give me leave, I would *take* leave and read it all the same. Luckily he struck [i.e. gave way] at the last moment.' He also made another contribution. 'I am going to spout *Naseby,*' he announced; 'that's fun isn't it?' This was Macaulay's ballad about the final overthrow of the Royalists in the Civil War, as told by one of the fiercest of Cromwell's soldiers. But it contained at the end two somewhat controversial verses—the first attacking the crown and bishops: —

> Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown—

and the next the Church of Rome:

> And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills.

Authority suggested to George that he should omit the verse about the bishops, but George very sensibly said he would either read both verses, or omit both. 'They struck at once' and he omitted both.

In one matter this last Speech-day was a disappointment. A scene from Sheridan's *The Rivals* was prepared, in which George was to take the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, armed with a pair of pistols that had belonged to Byron. This, of course, delighted him, and great was his wrath when the Head announced that the Speech-day programme would have to be cut down, so as to enable guests to get to London in time for the royal Garden Party at Marlborough House. The chief casualty was this scene. In this collapse of his hopes, George found great comfort in Oliver Wendell Holmes's *The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* 'What a wonderful friend literature is,' he exclaimed, just as Macaulay would have done. He advised his brother to 'have certain books as *medicine,*' when in a fit of 'the blues', and recommended 'as the first three bottles, the Poet, Philosopher and Autocrat at the Breakfast Table.' But what comforted and flattered him 'more than 50 Sir Lucius O'Triggers' was a notice of his prize essay in the *Daily News.* 'It touched me in the tenderest part of my pride, and made speech day a success to me.'

Before leaving Harrow for ever, he had 'long conversations' with three of the masters—Warner, Lascelles (the Science master) and Arthur Hort (son of the New Testament scholar), 'on the faults of Harrow and how to remedy

them . . . I made them promise to try to do something next term.' More boldly, he tackled the Head. 'I went to say goodbye to Welldon. He began a very pompous "farewell speech", which I bore with patience till he said, "I only hope, Trevelyan, that you will enjoy Cambridge as much, or nearly as much as you have done Harrow." At this I could put up with it no longer, and put a stop to his nonsense by telling him a bit of my mind, in as polite a way to Harrow as was decent. This at once brought him down from his pomposity and he talked very sensibly and sympathetically about it for a quarter of an hour.'

The three friends, Geikie, Baker and George Trevelyan all distinguished themselves at this Speech-day—Geikie carrying off the Greek Epigram prize, Baker the Greek Iambics, and George the Prize Poem and English Essay. Geikie and George went on to Cambridge, leaving Baker in lonely glory to be head of the School.

[*The Youth of an Historian: George Macaulay Trevelyan, Part IV, Cambridge,* will appear in the August issue.]

The August issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Corruption in Local Government* by Frank Littlewood, O.B.E., *Moçambique* by J. Herbert, *Pethick-Lawrence and the Suffragettes* by Thomas Hale and *The French Presidential Election* by Dorothy Pickles.

ONE YEAR IN

How has Britain fared in her first year's membership of the European Community?

TO draw up a 'balance-sheet' after only twelve months in the Community is obviously premature; and to do so for Britain alone is artificial as well as rather nationalistic. The economic and political benefits of greater unity in Europe are both long-term and shared. Moreover, external events—including food and commodity price-rises on world markets, and the continuing oil crisis—have had far more drastic effects on Britain than her membership of the Community so far.

Nevertheless, the short-term national balance-sheet is encouraging; and recent developments in the rest of the world make joint action in Europe more necessary than ever.

The Community's 1973 budget totalled £2,139 million, of which about three-quarters were spent on farm policy. Britain's gross contribution was £165 million, of which she expects to get back £88 million, making her net contribution £77 million—just over 3.5 per cent of the total budget. British receipts from the Community's Farm Fund were higher than was originally expected. The 1973 Price Review established that they would be £47 million: they now seem likely to be £64 million.

In 1973 Britain also made two once-for-all contributions: one to the capital of the European Investment Bank, and one to the European Coal and Steel Community Fund, as well as paying the ECSC levy—0.29 per cent of the value of her coal and steel production.

Britain's contributions to the Bank's capital in 1973 was approximately £15 million. But from the Bank she has already received loans totalling £32.5 million at 8½ per cent interest—little more than half the going international rate. The first, of £3.5 million, was for small and medium-scale ventures in the regions; the second, of £14.7 million to the British Steel Corporation, was to assist the 10-year reorganisation programme; and the third, also of £14.7 million to BSC, was to help alleviate redundancies by means of the Llanwern project in South Wales.

From the European Social Fund (to help retraining and resettlement and assist handicapped, elderly, young, and women workers) Britain received some £25 million in 1973.

While Britain's net contribution to the Community budget is of course a foreign exchange cost, this fact should be kept in proportion. The 40 per cent rise in the posted price of oil in October 1973 increased the foreign exchange cost of Britain's oil imports by more than £400 million—well over four times the net 'cost' of membership of the Community in 1973.

Britain's balance-of-payments deficit in 1973 was due mainly to the spectacular rise in world food and commodity prices, coupled with the

depreciation of the floating pound. In so far as the 'effects' of Community membership can be measured, they seem to be favourable rather than the reverse. Over the twelve months of 1973, in fact, Britain's exports to other Community countries rose by 37 per cent—11 percentage points more than her exports to the rest of the world. In money terms, it is true, Britain's imports from other Community countries rose even faster, by 48 per cent; but the apparent difference was due mainly to changes in the parity of the respective currencies. The increase in the volume of trade in both directions was approximately the same.

A further factor in Britain's balance-of-payments deficit is the so-called J-curve effect induced by the rapid growth of investment at home, which increased the demand for the imported capital goods that are needed to make possible greater exports later on.

Before the current energy crisis, the Confederation of British Industry estimated that investment in the UK had increased by 6 per cent in 1973 and would rise by a further 15 per cent in 1974. The British Government has stated that investment decisions already taken as a result of membership of the Community will provide 25,000 new jobs. In October 1973 the Department of Trade and Industry knew of 39 firms in other Community countries which had decided to set up or to expand their activities in Britain; and by December 1973, a total of 140 foreign-based firms (Community and non-Community) had decided to do so.

In mid-1973 the Commission estimated that Britain's gross national product in real terms would have grown by 6.8 per cent in 1973, as compared with 2.5 per cent and 1.6 per cent in 1971. This, equalled only by Luxembourg, is the fastest growth-rate in the whole Community, whose average for 1973 is estimated at 6 per cent. By December 1973, industrial production in Britain was 9½ per cent higher than twelve months earlier, and unemployment had dropped by 34 per cent.

To September 30, 1973, out of 454 substantial enquiries to the Commission's business Cooperation Centre, British firms had made 94. The Centre opened on May 1 and provides a service for smaller and medium-sized business interested in possible cooperation with firms in other member countries. Most British enquiries are from firms wishing to play the dominant role in a partnership.

Some British businessmen have been struck by the extra paperwork now involved in trading with their European partners. Much of this is due to the fact for the time being these countries fall into three tariff groups: the original six Community countries, the EFTA countries that have not joined the Community, and the three new Community members who are passing from one tariff regime to the other. This extra complication is obviously temporary; and meanwhile the Community is doing its best to simplify matters. It has proposed that 19 forms of certification of origin, at present needed for trade between Community and EFTA countries, should be replaced by a single one (Form 'EUR 1').

A series of natural disasters in the world, rising population, and greater consumer demand for animal products has put such pressure on world supplies of feed grains that prices on world markets have almost trebled in the last 18 months. This in turn has drastically raised the price of meat, eggs and poultry, in Britain as elsewhere.

Many people still blame British membership of the Community for these price rises; but if anything the Community has helped to limit them. For many farm products, world prices are or have been well above Community levels, and the Community has imposed export taxes to discourage exports and help keep home prices down.

On wheat, for example, there is a £40/ton export tax; a similar export tax has been applied to sugar. For beef, whose world price began to affect British housewives about two years ago, the Community has introduced special measures to increase European production. Over the last few months, too, the Community system of export levies and import subsidies has been discouraging beef exports from Britain and encouraging imports from France and Germany. Although pigmeat, eggs and poultry have also been at the mercy of high feed-grain prices in the world, here too the import subsidies have helped maintain Danish bacon shipments to Britain.

On milk products, there was little price change during 1973. British butter prices are still almost the lowest in the world as a result of the arrangements for imports from New Zealand; there is also a 2p per lb consumer subsidy as well as extra help for 3½ million old age pensioners.

On hill farming, the Community's Council of Ministers has agreed on the broad outline of a policy to assist farmers in these and other difficult areas, which will eventually replace some aspects of British hill farming arrangements and provide a Community contribution to financial aid.

Honouring the commitment made in the negotiations for British entry, the Commission has firmly maintained that 1.4 million tons of sugar should be imported annually into the enlarged Community from developing countries, chiefly in the Commonwealth. This is equivalent to their regular quota shipments to the British market under the Commonwealth Sugar Agreement, which expires at the end of 1974. The Commission realises that the Community's enlargement will affect the sugar refining industry in Britain, mainly because of the phasing out of Australia's former shipments of 350,000 tons a year. A delegation of workers in the industry has had long discussions in Brussels to put their case. But the wider discussion of how British refining capacity should be used lies with the British Government and does not directly involve the Community.

A number of the fears expressed before Britain joined the Community have proved to be false, largely because the Community has shown its responsiveness. Value-added tax has not been applied to food in Britain; 'Euro-beer' and the 'Euroloaf' have been abandoned, except as aids to those who wish to sell the same product throughout the Community; new flexibility has been introduced into the Commission's proposals for banking and

insurance; the initial approach to the harmonisation of professional qualifications has been replaced by a new system of 'hearings' with a view to encouraging mutual recognition of diplomas; and the bulk of Britain's assisted areas has been exempted from the 'ceiling' on aids to investment grants applied in the so-called 'central areas' of the Community.

Despite the absence of British Labour Party representatives in the European Parliament, the Conservatives, Liberals and Independent British members have already had considerable impact on the Parliament's work. The new liveliness of 'question time' is partly a result of their efforts, as is the Commission's undertaking to propose 'flying fraud squads' to stop financial loopholes in the common agricultural policy.

The National Union of Mineworkers and the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation have both participated in the work being done on energy and steel policy in the European Communities under the ECSC Treaty.

Proposals for improving the common agricultural policy have also been tabled by the Commission, partly under pressure from Britain.

In the Commission, British nationals have taken a number of important posts, and the two British Commissioners, Sir Christopher Soames and George Thomson, have lent their particular style to the tasks officially allotted to them: external affairs and regional policy respectively.

Since January 1, 1973, citizens of the United Kingdom have had the right to seek work and to benefit from social security arrangements in any of the nine member states of the Community.

Since May 1973 all citizens of the European Community travelling in other Community countries have been entitled to the same medical treatment as the nationals of these countries. (The only exemptions are the self-employed and the unemployed not seeking work in the countries which they visit.) This means free treatment in the UK, Ireland, Italy, Denmark, Netherlands and Germany.

In addition to the commitment on sugar, outlined above, the Community has begun negotiations with 43 developing countries, including Commonwealth countries in Africa, the Caribbean, and the Pacific. At the same time, it has adopted a new system of generalised preferences which involves an increase of 40 per cent in the volume of Community imports from developing countries enjoying preferential treatment and a considerable reduction in the quantity of imports subject to quota restrictions. On December 17, 1973, the Community signed separate trade agreements with India and Brazil: that with India provides for a special joint Indian-Community Committee to review progress, problems and research.

The Community has reached a common position for its forthcoming trade negotiations with the United States, and is represented as a single entity at the talks on energy with the United States and Japan. The Community countries are also coordinating their positions in the conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, and have agreed on a document setting out their common view of the Community's 'European Identity'.

The new tensions in the world have radically altered some of the basic assumptions accepted for the last 10 to 15 years. The prospect of living on cheap goods from world markets now seems less assured. The terms of trade have drastically altered against large-scale commodity importers such as Great Britain. New problems have arisen within the Atlantic alliance. Above all, the world energy market has been transformed by the increase in the price of oil. In such circumstances, united action by European countries may initially be more difficult but is vital both for Europe and for the world.

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The following points provided by the European Communities Commission may be of interest.—Editor.

At the opening of the April council in Luxembourg, the Chairman of the Council, Herr Sheel, urged the Ministers to take urgent action at the next meeting to follow up the communiqué issued after the last summit meeting in Copenhagen. The British Foreign Secretary, Mr. James Callaghan, who followed Herr Sheel, made his declaration on the British terms of entry and subsequently clarified at a press conference that Britain would follow Community procedures and work within the Community's institutions during the process of what he described as 'renegotiation'. He said Britain would not block further integration unless it appeared that a particular step might prejudice this process.

On Monday, April 1st, in Luxembourg, the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Callaghan, made a declaration in which he said his Government was carrying out a major review of Britain's terms of entry into the Community and would make proposals to the Council about changes his government would seek. He received a lively response from the other Ministers including a general consensus that both the Treaties and the preamble to the Treaty of Rome, giving the Community a political character, were not negotiable.

Of the proposed negotiation, Russell Johnston, M.P., Liberal Foreign Affairs Spokesman, writes:

Mr. Callaghan's speech in Luxembourg did not take us much further forward. It remains unclear what precisely the Labour Government mean by re-negotiation and just what, in specific terms, they feel must be changed.

It goes without saying that any British Government must ensure 'a fair deal' for Britain within the Community and the concept of vital national interest has long been recognised.

It goes without saying, also, that the C.A.P. should be reformed, that Community financing needs to be reviewed, and that the 1980 target for economic monetary and political union established by the Paris Summit of October 1972 is now impractical.

All these things can, however, be done within the Community without embarking on a special series of negotiations.

What is most depressing is the absence of any vision of the future and the seeming rejection of any pooling of sovereignty. There is no reference to the need to democratise Community Institutions, for example by strengthening the Parliament and making it directly elected, changes which, in the view of Liberals, are essential if the Community is to survive, but which mean an acceptance of supra national powers.

Britain joined the Community because she realised that she could no longer safeguard her economic and political interests alone and required to do so in concert with other countries of a similar size and similar interests. It is this central concept of the evolution of a common political and economic approach in Europe which Mr. Callaghan seems to call into question.

Even in his references to the Atlantic Alliance, which Liberals accept as a basic element in the structure of the free world, there seems to be a harking back to a time that is past. Britain alone can no longer be an equal partner with the U.S. Europe can.

In short, what we still do not know, but which must be made clear, is whether the Labour Government's approach is positive or negative. Are they seeking to improve the cohesion and the effective working of the Community or to rationalise Britain's withdrawal?

NOTE:

On June 4th, 1974, Mr. Callaghan again addressed the E.E.C. Council of Ministers in Luxembourg, giving further details of changes in the terms of membership sought by the British Government. It was agreed that Britain's demands would be given full consideration.—*Editor.*

TESS IN THE OPERA HOUSE

An episode in the life of Thomas Hardy

by Desmond Hawkins

EARLIER this year four letters from Thomas Hardy to Baron Frederic d'Erlanger were deposited in the Hardy Memorial Collection at the Dorset County Museum by the Baron's nephew, Mr. Leo d'Erlanger. There they joined the Baron's letters to Hardy, which Hardy preserved and his widow eventually gave to the Museum. A correlation of the two groups of letters, for which I make grateful acknowledgments to Mr. d'Erlanger and the Hardy Trustees, throws an added light on a little known aspect of one of Hardy's most famous novels, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*—its adaptation as a grand opera in the Italian style.

This was an event that Hardy considered worthy of inclusion in his third-person autobiography, *The Life of Thomas Hardy*. Here he recalled that in July, 1909, he 'was at rehearsals of Baron F. d'Erlanger's opera *Tess* at Covent Garden, and on the 14th was present with Mrs. Hardy at the first performance'. And he added that 'it was a great success in a crowded house, Queen Alexandra being among the distinguished audience'. There were further performances in the following year, coinciding with the Birthday Honours in which Hardy's Order of Merit was announced.

D'Erlanger's opera has long since disappeared from the repertoire, which is regrettable as he was a not inconsiderable composer and his opera prompted an interesting correspondence with Hardy. Looking now through their exchange of letters one can piece together the relationship between composer and author which culminated in that glittering first night when the Queen watched the curtain rise on Emmy Destinn in the role of Tess—Destinn who, four years earlier, had first introduced Puccini's *Butterfly* to Covent Garden.

The first approach to Hardy came in a letter from Baron d'Erlanger in July, 1902, requesting an interview with Hardy to discuss the use of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* as the subject of an opera. Rather surprisingly, his was not the first such proposal to reach Hardy. In June, 1900, Charlotte Pendleton, an American spending a week in London, wrote to say that she had based a libretto on *Tess* for Walter Damrosch's assistant, Gilbert Schenk, who was composing the music for it. It appears that she had sought to adapt the dramatisation in which Minnie Fiske had had a theatrical success in New York. Hardy advised her to work directly from the novel and not to take liberties with the version prepared for Mrs. Fiske and which Mr. Fiske might not approve. So far as Hardy himself was concerned he offered no objection to Miss Pendleton's enterprise but made it clear that he would take no responsibility for the outcome. And there the matter apparently lapsed.

The proposal from Baron Frederick d'Erlanger was a more serious and professional project from the outset. He had already had preliminary discussions with the Italian librettist, Illica, whose successes included *La Bohème* and *Tosca,* for Puccini, and he assured Hardy that 'we think that Tess would make a wonderful book for an opera'. In suggesting a meeting he was hoping not only to secure Hardy's permission to adapt the novel 'but also to submit to you our ideas and intentions'. He concluded by saying 'the matter is one of art and of business'.

Whether or not they met at that time is uncertain but Hardy apparently responded with more than the non-committal permission that he had given to Miss Pendleton. In October, 1902, he wrote to d'Erlanger outlining his views on the possibility that his name might be incorporated in some appropriate way in the libretto when it was completed. Correspondence between the two men then lapsed until February, 1906, when Hardy received a long letter from d'Erlanger conveying the good news that *Tess* was accepted for production at San Carlo, Naples. The Baron now outlined the final treatment that he and Illica had made, mentioning regretfully that no English translation of the libretto was yet available and, adding 'if I remember right, you told me that you do not understand Italian'. This made it difficult, or indeed impossible, for Hardy to endorse the work in any terms of co-authorship, and he was later to comment that it was 'Italianised to such an extent that Hardy scarcely recognised it as his novel.'

Perhaps the nuances of Wessex life were ill-suited to the conventions of Italian opera, but d'Erlanger at least made a gallant attempt to ensure some measure of authenticity.

> Nothing has been neglected that could contribute to giving the Opera a truly English character, and I have gone to the expense of having the costumes designed by Percy Anderson, who is considered the best artist in that line. The models of the scenery have also been made in London, as well as the dresses of the principal artists.

In his reply to this letter Hardy apparently asked for news of the *première* to be sent to him, with the thought that the London Press might make something of it. D'Erlanger promised to write without fail from Naples and to supply 'reliable information for publication'. He little suspected, poor man, how sensational his news was to be. The opening performance at San Carlo was arranged for April 10, 1906, a date which would have had no unusual significance if Mount Vesuvius had not at that moment erupted. Not even the grandest of grand operas can compete with an actual volcano in full song. It was a cruel blow. Sadly d'Erlanger wrote to Hardy

> Mount Vesuvius behaved most unkindly to me and upset all my calculations. I had spent a month in Naples working like a slave to ensure a fine performance of my opera when the terrible eruption took place . . . The opera was given on the very night of the worst catastrophe and consequently before a small audience, the state of which it is hardly necessary for me to describe . . . The theatre had to be closed the following day by order of the municipality.

In spite of these disastrous circumstances, the audience gave the opera a 'most hearty' reception and the judgment of the newspaper critics was

generally favourable. Hardy was quick to offer sympathy and encouragement when d'Erlanger's account reached him. Writing from 1 Hyde Park Mansions on Athenaeum notepaper he expressed his regret that

> the production of the Opera should have so strangely coincided with the eruption—was there ever such a coincidence before! It may, however, be a blessing in disguise, if the changes it permits you to make turn out to be improvements.
>
> I cannot help feeling that, for an opera to have won any sort of approval in such circumstances, it must have been an unusually strong one, and really one to build high hopes upon. I wish it could be brought to London.
>
> The volcano was all of a piece with Tess's catastrophic career!

Hardy's wish that *Tess* should be brought to London would have been strengthened in 1908 when he heard that the opera was to have a new production at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan. On this occasion the title-role was taken by Tina Desana—at Naples Giachetti had sung Tess—and the conductor was Tullio Serafin. As soon as he returned to London from Milan d'Erlanger wrote to tell Hardy that the opera had been successfully produced despite a strike of orchestral musicians in Milan. And now he was able to say that a production at Covent Garden was planned for the following spring.

It was in fact July when rehearsals began in London. At the beginning of the month d'Erlanger gave Hardy a general invitation to attend any rehearsals he chose and also asked him how many stalls he would like for the first performance. By his own account, Hardy took the opportunity to see the opera in rehearsal and on July 14, 1900, he was in the stalls with his first wife, Emma, for the opening performance. On the following day he wrote a letter of appreciation to Covent Garden; to which the manager of the opera-house replied on July 16, thanking Hardy for his message of appreciation. And the following day d'Erlanger wrote gratefully to Hardy, 'Allow me to tender my warmest thanks for the charming letter you have addressed to the management of Covent Garden as well as for the invaluable support you have given me throughout. I cannot find words which will express adequately my gratitude for your great kindness'. He then invited Hardy to the dinner-party he was giving at the Savoy to those principally concerned with the opera's performance.

However, Hardy returned to Dorchester on the 17th 'very much depressed with London, and, alas, with life generally', as he wrote in a letter to Florence Henniker on the 19th, which continues—

> Yet I suppose I ought to have felt lively last week, for, as you may have seen in the papers, *Tess* was produced as an opera at Covent Garden, with such success as (so the management tell me) they have not had for years. It is to be done again tomorrow night. I wish you had been in town and could have accepted a stall or stalls that I could have offered you.

Possibly Mrs. Henniker was in London for the third performance: if not, there were other friends to whom Hardy wanted to give seats. On July 21, Hardy wrote from Max Gate—

Dear Baron d'Erlanger,

I see that "Tess" is to be done a third time next Monday. Would it be convenient for you to send me two stalls for that evening? I hope last night's performance went off well.

Sincerely yours,
T.H.

There can be little doubt that the success to which Hardy referred was not just wishful thinking but was genuine and substantial. The Press critics certainly gave the work a cordial welcome. *The Times* combined praise for Emmy Destinn's 'wonderful acting and magically beautiful singing' with a recognition of the music's 'very considerable charm and organic beauty'. *The Morning Post* judged that 'in its general effect the work is extremely pleasing by reason of the wealth of its melody, the gracefulness of its handling, and the sincerity of its representation of passion'. *The Daily Telegraph* carried a particularly interesting notice by an anonymous critic who implied that he had also attended the original production in Naples, which had been directed by the same conductor (Panizza) and with the same Alec d'Urberville (Sammarco). Additionally he had discussed the libretto with Mr. Hardy who assured him that he was satisfied with the way the story had been simplified and curtailed (the final act ends with Tess committing suicide after her wedding-night confession to Angel Clare)—an assurance which, if given, was more politic than sincere in the light of Hardy's later comment. The *Telegraph* critic also noted that 'the applause of the enormously crowded house was very generous, the calls for all concerned being both frequent and hearty'. There were a dozen curtain calls after the third act and similar scenes of enthusiasm at the end. For Destinn it was a personal triumph. Hardy had reservations about her physical appearance but thought her voice 'suited the title-character admirably'. *The Manchester Guardian* wrote that 'As Tess Mme. Destinn surpassed herself, and her singing in the third act was quite magnificent'. But the final word must rest with the critic of *Truth* who summed up the occasion as a *'succès destinn'*.

At this time Hardy and d'Erlanger were on closer and more personal terms than *The Life of Thomas Hardy* suggests. They certainly met socially in 1909, if not earlier. In June, 1910, the Hardys invited the Baron to visit them at the flat in Maida Vale where, according to the *Life* 'they received their usual friends as in previous years'. In accepting their invitation d'Erlanger wrote 'I shall be delighted to avail myself of Mrs. Hardy's kind invitation and to have the opportunity of congratulating you *viva voce*' (presumably on Hardy's Order of Merit, announced a few days earlier). He then explained that he was a bachelor, 'though no longer a very gay one', and that Madame d'Erlanger whom Hardy had met with him the previous year was not his wife but his sister-in-law.

After 1910 d'Erlanger's music continued to hold its place in the general repertoire of the period. His violin concerto was played by Kreisler and Mischa Elman; his 'Requiem' can still count among its admirers so distinguished a conductor as Sir Adrian Boult, who likens d'Erlanger to Gabriel

Fauré and thinks both composers 'equally undeservedly neglected'; but *Tess's* run of success had come to an end. Writing to Hardy in 1912, the composer explained that 'the percentage of grand operas which enrich their authors and publishers is such a small one that I really cannot complain of not having drawn the winning number in that great lottery—but I sincerely regret not having proved more worthy or rather less unworthy of such a partner as you'. He enclosed a cheque for £34 as Hardy's share of royalties up to date and admitted regretfully that 'my work now has little chance of ranking among the favourites'.

In the course of his acknowledgment of the cheque Hardy championed the opera more cordially than politeness would have required—

> I am not at all sure that you are right in accepting the verdict in financial terms so far as final. The music grew upon one very distinctly, especially in the second year, as many musical people told me; and judging from my experience in the sale of books, the British public nibbles a long time before it takes hold. In the case of other new operas I have often thought the Covent Garden management (not realising this sufficiently) drops an opera too soon. And in the present case the *subject* is coming more and more to the fore. Another trial or two would therefore be an interesting experiment.
>
> The death of King Edward at the beginning of the season that was the crucial one, seemed to check the opera at the moment when it might have caught on, I think.

At this point the relationship between composer and author virtually ended, but the London stage-production of *Tess* in 1925 brought a charming post-script. D'Erlanger sent Hardy a message of congratulation in the most pleasant and modest terms: from Max Gate Hardy replied, on 13th September, 1925—

> So far from having forgotten you I can say that we were talking of you and your beautiful opera within the last few days, and wondering whether it would ever be revived, accidental circumstances having cut short its career at its first appearance in London. The music was very haunting and I for one should like to hear it again.
>
> Many thanks for your congratulations on the present production of *Tess*—though as you probably may know, the play is one I wrote a long time back.
>
> Yours very sincerely,
>
> Thomas Hardy.

Will d'Erlanger's *Tess* ever be revived again? Not in one of the great opera-houses, perhaps. But it would be a novel and imaginative project to prepare a concert performance of at least some representative parts of the opera—a thought to be commended to the Directors of the Bath Festival or the next Thomas Hardy Festival. It is at least a reasonable suspicion that d'Erlanger is too good a composer to be abandoned to total obscurity.

[Desmond Hawkins, former Controller BBC South-West, whose new study of Thomas Hardy will be published by David and Charles, has also written *Hardy The Novelist* and *Sedgemoor and Avalon*. During this month (July) Bristol University is to confer on him an honorary LI.D.]

Our Music Correspondent writes:

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger was born in Paris of a German father and French mother in 1868. He came to London in about 1890 and spent the rest of his life there as a merchant banker, becoming a naturalised British citizen. He died in 1943. Opera composition was rather more than a hobby for him, and in addition to *Tess*, his *Iris Mendo*—written under the pseudonym of Ferdinand Regal—had been performed at Covent Garden in 1897, and *Noël* was given at the Opéra-Comique in Paris in 1910. There was also the Requiem for soloists, chorus and orchestra, first performed in 1931. According to *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* 'clearness of form and elegance of idea and expression are the distinguishing marks of d'Erlanger's music'.

Had d'Erlanger written his *Tess* in 1891, the same year that Hardy published the novel, the opera could have followed Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* (from Sir Walter Scott) at The New Opera House, built by Richard D'Oyly Carte as a citadel of English opera. *Ivanhoe* opened there on 31st January, 1891, but the composer of *The Mikado* failed to meet the demands of grand opera and, despite a splendid opening night attended by most of the Royal Family, the work was poorly received. There were no other indigenous operas to follow it, so that by 1909 *Tess* had to open at Covent Garden, and the New Opera House at Cambridge Circus had become the Palace Theatre—today the home of *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

SINAI: THE WILDERNESS BETWEEN

by G. H. Blake

THE Sinai peninsula is a wedge of barren territory, rather smaller than Scotland, lying between the continents of Africa and Asia. Although only about six per cent of the area of Egypt, the occupation of Sinai in the Six Day War of June, 1967, trebled the area of Israel-held territory. Sinai has never supported a large population, largely on account of its aridity, at least 80 per cent of the peninsula receiving less than 100mm. of precipitation, and over 50 per cent less than 50mm. Opportunities for agriculture are further limited by the scarcity of suitable soil, so that the bulk of the population have usually been nomads or semi-nomads engaged principally in pastoralism and a little fishing. Permanent settlements are few and have generally remained very small. Most have been associated with communications or with the exploitation of minerals. In the 1920s there were estimated to be 25,000 nomads and semi-nomads in Sinai, mostly offshoots of the great Arabian tribes. The only settlements of significance at that time were El Arish with 7,000 inhabitants, and Tor on the Gulf of Suez, a quarantine station for pilgrims returning from Mecca, with about 1,000 permanent inhabitants. The total population of Sinai was thus no more than 40,000. In 1967 the Egyptians put the total population at about 130,000, but an Israeli census at the end of the year counted 33,400 persons in northern Sinai (of which 30,000 were in El Arish), and a 'few thousand' elsewhere. Even allowing for the exodus of refugees during the June hostilities, estimated at 30,000 by the United Nations, there is still a large discrepancy between Egyptian and Israeli figures. Nevertheless, it seems certain that Sinai had fewer inhabitants than, say, Oxford or York or Norwich.

Throughout history the real value of Sinai has been largely as a passageway between the populous Nile valley and delta in the west and the Levant and 'fertile crescent' in the east. Thus for short periods in time of war the permanent population of Sinai has been swollen by the passage of armies, occasionally resulting in violent confrontation along the low-lying Mediterranean coastal plain. Since 2,500 B.C. invading and retiring armies have used this route—Syrians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Hittites, Babylonians, Israelites, Persians, Greeks and Romans. The Islamic conquest of north Africa was launched via northern Sinai. In later centuries Crusaders and Ottomans, the French under Napoleon, and Turks and British in 1916 all fought for its possession. For long periods Sinai was part of an Egyptian empire and at other times it was in the hands of the ruling power in Palestine. From 1517, when Selim the Turk conquered Egypt, Sinai was administered as part of the Ottoman possessions. Britain occupied Egypt in 1882 and in 1906 an Anglo-Turkish Convention fixed the boundary of Egypt and Palestine from the northern end of the Gulf of Aqaba to the Mediterranean

coast near Rafa. The alignment of this boundary proved to be an important factor in the subsequent inclusion of the Red Sea port of Eilat within the State of Israel. Israel's desire to have free access to Eilat has given the Gulf of Aqaba and the Strait of Tiran great strategic importance, and was one of the causes for Israel's occupation of the Sinai peninsula in 1967.

Israel's occupation of Sinai was also undertaken more generally to secure the state from the possibility of Egyptian attack. There were about 1,000 Egyptian tanks and 100,000 troops in Sinai on the eve of the 1967 war, and Egyptian forward airfields posed a serious threat to Israel's densely populated heartland around Tel Aviv. The Israelis believed that possession of Sinai would reduce the chances of armoured penetration, and guarantee the passage of Israeli ships to Eilat. The war of October 1973, however, changed much of this thinking, since Egyptian forces have successfully recrossed the Suez Canal. It has also been shown that if the Arabs wish to interfere with Israeli shipping it is possible to mount a naval blockade of the Red Sea itself, at Bab el Mandeb, making control of Sharm el Sheikh irrelevant. Permanent peace with Egypt might remove the military argument for remaining in Sinai altogether, subject to its demilitarisation, or the presence of a screen of United Nations forces. Now that disengagement around the Suez Canal has been achieved, it is sometimes assumed that Israel's withdrawal from the whole peninsula will be equally easy to achieve. This is hardly the case.

Israel has some very powerful non-political reasons for wishing to remain in Sinai for as long as possible. By far the most important of these are the oilfields situated in and around the Gulf of Suez. In 1966 Israel's own oilfields produced only six per cent of the three million tons required for internal consumption, the balance being imported from Iran.

Oil production in Egypt and Sinai 1967-1973

(thousands of metric tons)

	Egypt	Sinai	Total
1967	2,100	4,900	7,000
1968	8,995	2,000	10,995
1969	13,466	2,000	15,466
1970	16,404	4,500	20,904
1971	14,706	6,000	20,706
1972	11,000	6,000	17,000
1973	10,500	5,500	16,000

(Source: Petroleum Press Service, London)

Since then, Israel's domestic consumption has greatly increased, but oil from the Sinai wells has been sufficient to satisfy all demands and leave a small surplus for export. This clearly gives a great boost to the Israel economy, probably worth between £30 million and £40 million per annum. A serious fire in the Abu Rhodeis oilfields (which produce 60 per cent of Israel's needs) was a serious setback late in 1973 and early 1974, but output

is expected to recover. Known reserves of oil in Sinai amount to 120 million metric tons, but there are good prospects for further discoveries, particularly offshore in the shallow Gulf of Suez and along the Mediterranean coast of the peninsula. Together these could amount to more than known reserves. Israel is in the process of enlarging a tanker fleet and a new refinery has just been completed at Ashkelon, supplied by a pipeline from Eilat completed in 1970. Eventually the Israelis hope to enlarge this pipeline for the transshipment of oil to Europe. Thus Sinai oil, most of which is shipped by sea to Eilat, is enabling Israel to become an oil transporting and processing country.

There are also other important mineral resources in the Sinai peninsula. Manganese has been mined at Umm Bughma since 1918, and the Israelis continued production for a time before concluding that it was uneconomic. The Egyptians were also mining kaolin clays in the same vicinity, and lignite was mined by about 1,000 men in north-western Sinai for use in the iron smelters at Helwan. There are valuable deposits of gypsum, copper and bentonite, while the seabed of the Red Sea is thought to contain zinc, copper, lead and silver in recoverable concentrations. Clearly, if Israel was going to exploit these and any other mineral deposits yet to be discovered, there would need to be some guarantee of a long period of occupation to justify the capital investment necessary, particularly for the improvement of roads.

Most Israeli investment in Sinai so far has been of the kind likely to yield a reasonably quick return, but not involving too much of a loss when withdrawal takes place. Some modest tourist accommodation has been built at Nuweiba and Dahab on the Gulf of Aqaba, while Neot Ophira near Sharm el Sheikh is developing as a major tourist resort served by a modern airport, and linked by a surfaced road with Eilat. There are also some Israeli settlements in northern Sinai, including two experimental farms near Wadi Arish, and Nahal Yam, whose principal occupation is fishing in the Bardawil lagoon. Some expenditure has been made on schools, clinics, and labour exchanges for the benefit of the bedouin population. All these commitments together constitute further inducements for the Israelis to remain as long as possible. Sinai to the Israelis is also an incomparable addition to an otherwise scarce resource—space. Israel is a small country, surrounded by closed borders, but Sinai provides the possibility of travel. The Egged bus company operates coach tours throughout Sinai, and St. Catherine's monastery, founded in about 550 A.D., is a tourist attraction of immense popularity in a setting of spectacular volcanic mountain scenery.

At present, less than one tenth of one per cent of Sinai is under cultivation. Egyptian plans for agricultural development in northern Sinai before 1967 are now being revived as part of a massive plan to re-open the Suez Canal and rehabilitate the canal zone. One scheme just east of the Suez Canal was to have used Nile water for irrigation, piped *under* the canal. Another was for the extension of irrigation around Wadi Arish using local groundwater. It is interesting, therefore, to recall that between 1899 and

1913, there were persistent Zionist attempts to acquire land in these areas for large scale Jewish settlement under joint British and Egyptian control. The idea was strongly supported by Theodor Herzl himself who, at that time, was not having much success in his negotiations with the Turkish administration for large scale Jewish colonisation in Palestine. The scheme failed because of the opposition of Lord Cromer, ostensibly on the grounds that there was no surplus Nile water available to irrigate parts of the Pelusian plain west of El Arish.

In due course it seems likely that Israel will be obliged to withdraw from Sinai, perhaps with some minor adjustments to the pre-1967 boundaries. When this occurs, Sinai could become the scene for the normalisation of relationships between Israelis and Egyptians. This could take the form of co-operation on modest development projects, possibly associated with the settlement of Palestine refugees. Freedom of movement for the citizens of both countries and for international tourists could lead to the kind of contacts in Sinai that can generate mutual understanding between peoples. Sinai gives both the Egyptians and the Jews much to reflect upon. For the Jews, it contains the site of the mountain of revelation where the people received the Ten Commandments and committed themselves to one God. For the Egyptians, it contains many relics of a long and distinguished association with the land, possibly the most remarkable being the temple and barracks at the copper mines at Serabit dating back to 1,580 B.C. Since regaining part of Sinai in October 1973, the Egyptians have shown a keener interest in developing it than ever before, and integrating it into the economic life of the rest of the country. Recent plans for western Sinai have spoken of forestry, agriculture, and international airports all linked with Egypt by five road and rail tunnels driven under the Suez Canal.

If the geo-political advantages of Sinai as a natural buffer between Egypt and Israel are properly exploited, the region could become a keystone in creating permanent peace in the Middle East. If it is allowed to remain the setting for the confrontation of two powerful armies, it will inevitably become the scene of a fourth, more savage campaign.

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IN DATE ORDER

by James Morton

ONE of the more irascible Old Bailey judges said to an inexperienced and blundering young counsel, 'Can't you put the facts in some sort of order Mr. Smith? Chronological, historical or if you can't imagine that, alphabetical.'

I feel rather like that counsel with the present crop of films. Should they be in the sequence in which they were released or that in which I saw them? Not necessarily, I regret to say, the same thing. Or should they be in alphabetical order of director? Or should they be in my order of preference? Under the circumstances I propose to put them in the historical order of periods in which they were set.

Easily the first of these is Walerian Borowczyk's *Blanche,* set in thirteenth century France. The film has all the cruelty of the director's earlier *Goto* and is just as obscure. The plot itself is simple and timeless. An elderly count (Michael Simon) entertains in his castle the King (Georges Wilson) and his page (Jacques Perrin). Both lust after the Count's beautiful wife (Ligia Branice). She for her sins is in love with her stepson. There is a certain amount of comedy, as there is always, in folk drama, but the overall message is one of fatalism. This is a morality play carefully worked so that not only are honour, revenge, fear, envy and lust, all represented in the characters singly, but throughout the film they change their stances and attitudes so that the sins and virtues intermingle in each separate actor.

On a purely visual level the film is outstanding. From the first shots of the castle and the high ringing tone of the *castrato* Borowczyk composes beautiful scenes, with the texture of a richly coloured miniature painting. But one, seemingly, which if it is held too close to the eyes, releases a trick spring with blinding spikes. The playing of the cast, notably Simon and Wilson, is of the standard one expects and gets from them over the years. The former seems not to have changed since his role as the mate in *L'Atlante.* The latter seems to look more and more like the immortal Jouvet as he ages.

For the pure composition of his scenes and the placing of his actors Sam Peckinpah's *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* is required viewing. His films are so often criticised on the grounds of unnecessary violence and the content is so disturbing that one forgets the love which goes into the construction of the film. At the end of *Pat Garrett* there is a fleeting frame of a table of half eaten food. The composition of those shots and the lighting effect on it bring the film into a class of poetry as opposed to the dime novel film such as Robert Aldrich's *Emperor of the North*[1]. The film is one of Peckinpah's elegies to the dying West and more importantly to dying loyalties. This has always been the key theme in his films. The loyalty betrayed and then revived by Randolph Scott in *Guns in the After-*

noon[2]. The loyalty shown by the *Wild Bunch* to each other. The lack of loyalty of Susan George and Ali McGraw at times in *Straw Dogs* and *The Getaway* respectively and the loyalty shewn by Dustin Hoffman to David Warner in that latter film represent a strong thread running through Peckinpah's films. So far as one can tell it is no less strong in Pat Garrett, although this film has been savagely slashed for distribution. Apparently, the last twenty minutes have been removed thereby seriously weakening the film and in addition the cutting makes parts of it incomprehensible. Nevertheless it remains both visually and in content a fine film. The story of Billy the Kid has been one of the staple diets of Hollywood since the thirties. Johnny Mack Brown, Robert Taylor and Paul Newman are among the better known names who have appeared as the eponymous hero. The latest, but probably not the least, in the line is the folk singer Kris Kristofferson. Pat Garrett, his former companion turned lawman, is James Coburn in his best film for some years. The story is confined to the fortnight following Billy's final escape from custody (suggested by the film to be with the aid of Coburn), to his death by the latter's gun. The film is within limits an honest one. Robert Taylor and to a lesser extent Paul Newman played the Kid as an innocent caught up in the range wars which were, at that time, destroying the West. By concentrating on the last days of his life, Peckinpah shews us the vicious killer the Kid has become.

The company players, L. Q. Jones, Jack Elam, Jason Robards, Slim Pickens are all so good in their parts that one appreciates what depths there is in the stock Peckinpah has around him. Kristofferson offers charm as the Kid and Bob Dylan, another folk singer, provides an interesting part as Alias. Unfortunately he also provides an obtrusive score. Overall however, the direction and the camera work are the points which remain in the memory.

Breaking the 'date order' rule I set only a few hundred words ago it is convenient to look at Peckinpah's other film recently released, *The Getaway*. Steve McQueen as 'Doc' is paroled from a long sentence thanks to his wife's seduction of the parole officer. He makes one last killing in all senses before he tries to get to Mexico which for him, as it did for *The Wild Bunch* and for Billy the Kid, represents release and freedom. As a straight thriller the film is excellent entertainment with so much action, excitement and violence that one is tempted to ask the question, 'What is better than one bank hold up/car chase?' Answer two bank hold ups and three car chases. We are back to out-bulleting *Bullitt*. This time the honesty or lack of it is an intensely personal one. McQueen clearly resents the apparent betrayal by his wife although his freedom has resulted from it. As a counterpoint in the film there is the betrayal by his wife of a young veterinary surgeon. The couple are captured by one of the men chasing McQueen and are taken with him as hostages. From the first moments the girl humiliates her husband. We are intended to, and we do, laugh at his misfortunes. Indeed the biggest laugh from the audience was when we saw he had hanged himself in the motel lavatory. Peckinpah has been criticised for playing on our emotions in their relation to the use of force. I found

that totally acceptable in *Straw Dogs* which seems to me to have been a wrongly attacked film. However, this play on our sexual fantasies of personal humiliation I find totally unacceptable. Having said that it is right to add that the acting of the members of the menage is of the highest standard.

Going back in time there has been a cluster of films set in and around the American depression. Two of them are on the subject of the hobo, the third, *Sounder,* looks at the life of a poor negro family in Louisiana. This will surely be a classic film involving children. The story is extremely simple. The father who has failed to shoot game the previous evening steals a ham from a white family. For that he is sent to prison for six months. His son, David, finds out to which prison he has been sent. In this he is aided by the white lady for whom his mother does the washing. At that time coloured women were neither permitted to see their husbands in prison nor indeed to know where they had been sent.

David sets off with his dog, the eponymous Sounder, to see his father. He fails to find him and is beaten by one of the prison guards. On his return journey he comes across a village school for coloured children, where the teacher not only cleans his wounds but also recognises his intelligence. He goes back home and his father, crippled in a prison accident, later returns to the smallholding. The film ends with David leaving for the school for some proper education at no small sacrifice by his parents.

Martin Ritt, the director, has always had a strong line with the maltreated and underprivileged. *The Great White Hope* and *The Molly Maguires* are two now half forgotten examples and it is sad to think that *Sounder* may well be on its way to following them. It is really such a good film. The music, as opposed to the obtrusive score of Pat Garrett reflects accurately the field blues of the depression. The acting particularly by Cicely Ticehurst, as the mother, is most touching. At the end of the film, which should carry a glimmer of hope, one is left in the depths of depression. There seems to be no reason to suppose that things have changed in the last forty years. It is interesting to compare the ending with that of Bogdanovich's *Last Picture Show* which despite the complete despair of its ending did carry moments of hope.

Both the other films in the depression era concern poor whites. Of the two *Box Car Bertha* is infinitely superior. This too has a marvellous soundtrack of jazz and blues. It tells the supposedly factual tale of a girl whose father is killed in a crop-spraying accident and who takes to riding in box cars on trains in the mid-west. At first the film is little more than a series of picaresque adventures à la *Bonnie and Clyde,* but half way through it takes a completely different stand. A haphazard attack on the offices of the railroad boss (John Carradine) is successful, but not surprisingly gains Carradine's undying enmity. The money is intended to finance the trade union movement, at that time growing in stature. The quasi-philanthropy is rejected and the gang finds itself in a trap. The leader (David Carradine) is sent with another member of the gang, to prison. The most likeable mem-

ber is killed and Barbara Hersey is reduced to life in a brothel. In a brilliant switch of mood never attained by *Bonnie and Clyde,* all the jokes and adventures have ceased to be funny. We are brought face to face with the degradation of prison and poverty.

David Carradine escapes from the prison camp and is briefly reunited with Bertha. Their reunion is only for a few minutes before, in a scene of appalling clarity, he is nailed to the side of a boxcar and crucified. If the end of *Sounder* is depressing this is physically shattering. The film was directed by a young protégé of Roger Corman who also put Bogdanovich on the map. This film is now well established in the semi-underground circuit. It should not be missed.

The only reason for seeing *Emperor of the North,* unless one is completely devoted to Lee Marvin, is as an example of contrast with *Box Car Bertha.* The film is basically the old old story of personal conflict. Can Marvin, a rail riding hobo, run for free on a train whose guard is the brutal Ernest Borgnine? Do we really care? The film is much more commercially acceptable than *Box Car Bertha* and as such will no doubt be with us for years. More is the pity. Whereas the violence of the end of the latter film is totally justifiable in its context this seems to be wholly gratuitous in the *Emperor of the North.*

Graham Greene never seems to have been well served by the cinema even when he has done the script himself. This is particularly true of the more recent glossy productions such as *The Comedians* and *Travels with My Aunt.* It is therefore very satisfactory to report that *England Made Me* is a much better example. Elegantly photographed in Yugoslavia, the film is set in Germany rather than the elliptical Sweden of the book. It carries the desolation and despair of Greene's books of the thirties. It is almost wholly faithful to the story. The semi-incestuous relationship of the twins is well portrayed. Hildegarde Neil is excellent as the go-getting mistress of Peter Finch who rarely puts in a poor performance and has not done so on this occasion. Ultimately her protection of her feckless brother (Michael York) is the downfall of them all. Michael York has now played the innocent abroad in pre-war Germany in three films in the last few years. Enough is surely enough. This continual casting seems to me to be the weak link in the film, which in sequences with York seems to be déjà vu. We saw him go through the same grimaces and little boy lost looks in *Zeppelin* and *Cabaret.* It detracts from the film. On the other hand Joss Ackland and Michael Hordern as the catalyst stand out amongst the many good minor roles.

The Ragman's Daughter is an hybrid. Part of the film is set in present day Nottingham and part in a fairy dairy Nottingham which never existed but which for the purposes of the film is aimed in the early to middle fifties. The principal character is sacked for stealing a piece of cheese from his workplace and over the next few hours looks back on an idyll he had ten or fifteen years ago with the daughter of the local ragman. She accompanied him on thieving expeditions and it was her lack of discretion which finally

landed him in Borstal. On his release he finds she has been killed in a car accident. As a cruel fairy tale it cannot be bettered.

The remainder of the current crop are all modern and can be dealt with in any order. *A Touch of Class* is an extremely funny and ultimately painful account of a swinging affair between George Segal and Glenda Jackson. The film wavers between pure farce and realism and it is in its second half that the knife is turned. The first half is too long with repetitive jokes of luggage carrying and a protracted golf sketch. When the couple return to England the film does begin to bite. On any level it is a good Saturday evening away from the television.

Sad to relate, *Charley Varrick* is a big disappointment. In his last film (*Dirty Harry*) Don Siegel persuaded us to emotionally encourage a police officer to beat up a suspect. This time he pushes his luck too far in asking us to side with a criminal, Walther Matthau, whose gang quite deliberately kills a perfectly good police officer and then his own wife, in the getaway from robbing a bank. He is a small time robber and has hoped to make a few thousand dollars. To his dismay he finds he has robbed a Mafia *cache*. The film follows his twists and turns to escape nemesis in the form of Don Joe Baker as the Mafia killer sent to recover the money. In his earlier film Siegal persuaded us to like Dirty Harry. In this film he never persuades me to like Charley Varrick despite all Matthau's charm. For me he remains a vicious killer. My friends tell me I am wrong. It is a difference of opinion which makes horse racing interesting. Try and see the film: whatever else, it is never boring.

That is not the position with Nicholas Roeg's *Don't Look Now*, which needs a good twenty minutes clipped from it. Roeg has amplified the worst of Peckinpah's slow motion effects in the adaptation of a Daphne du Maurier story of a man with the gift or curse of prescience. The film is beautifully photographed and contains a wholly erotic irrelevant and hard core pornographic sequence. It also contains one really genuine moment of horror. For that the film is worth seeing. It will be more so when it is cut for distribution.

Last but by no means least, the latest Chabrol to arrive is *Les Noces Rouges*. This is the story of a bourgeois couple who have to kill to sustain their relationship. It is amusing and horrific by turns. It is also very derivative. He has borrowed heavily from *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. *Chabrol* has said that this will be his last foray into small town French life. Let us hope so. He seems to have been reworking the same film for the last five years. There seems to be a newish Chabrol in France at the moment with Belmondo and Mia Farrow. Perhaps this, when it arrives, will show us an extension of this director's undoubted talents.

Notes

1 American title: *An Emperor of the North Pole.*
2 American title: *Ride the High Country.*

A FIRST REPORT ON THE OPEN UNIVERSITY

Review Article by Viscount Samuel

THIS is a concise and fascinating book* of 33 short sections, each by a different author. The first part of the book describes how the Open University got started; the next three sections deal with its implications. Then come five sections on the students and the system, followed by very revealing notes by ten students of widely different kinds. One, Valerie Saunders—a secretary, with two children—started divorce proceedings just before the course began, and it required a superhuman effort to overcome her emotional complications. Another, Barbara Abraham, was 27 years old when she started her studies, having been an adopted child brought up in children's homes after the death of her adoptive mother. She married an Indian doctor who died in a cholera epidemic while on a visit to India, leaving her with one son. She had a second son from whose father she had parted. For her, with no money, and settled in an isolated East Anglian farmhouse, to have started the course at all indicates courage; to have satisfactorily passed the first year's examinations shows an indomitable will. It is for such people that the Open University provides a way out, and a future.

The teachers involved are equally dedicated, and the fifth part of the book has notes by nine of them. This is followed by three sections on the University and the media, and the volume ends with a selected bibliography. All in all, it is a model of what such a book should be.

I, personally, am a strong supporter of the idea of the open university and first got into touch with its organisers when they were still a small group working in a flat in Belgrave Square. I visited the site of the new University near Milton Keynes when its main buildings were being put up. Later, I managed to persuade the new Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Walter Perry, to write an article on the whole project for the 1973 issue of my *Public Administration in Israel and Abroad*. In a House of Lords debate on adult education in May of that year I concentrated all my remarks on the Open University and drew attention to its novelty in the following words:

> 'I consider it to be a unique combination of four hitherto separate educational practices. Other bodies, both in Britain and abroad, have used correspondence courses. Other people have organised seminars outside university walls. External examinations for BA degrees were first introduced a long time ago; and, most important of all, radio and television adult education programmes have been admirably developed, both by the BBC and in other countries. Now, for the first time in any part of the world, all four practices have been combined to form the Open University.'

**The Open University Opens*. Edited by Jeremy Tunstall. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1974. £2.50.

In addition to these four elements, *The Open University Opens*, now under review, stresses that:

— There are no special entrance qualifications.

— Its appeal is nation-wide.

— Its academic year starts in January and not in October, while its examinations are held in November. There are no breaks for vacations.

— Students proceed at their own speed and may graduate in anything from two to eight years.

— It uses the American credit system with six credits required for a pass degree and eight for an honours degree. Each credit involves some 350 hours of work by the student. There are, however, certain exemptions for those who already have professional or other qualifications.

— The preparation of printed correspondence course manuals and recorded broadcast programmes is undertaken by *groups* of teachers at the University, working together with others (BBC staff, in the case of broadcast programmes, for example).

— A part-time counselling staff has been appointed for every region of Great Britain. Local study centres have been set up, usually in premises rented from local colleges. Each student is attached to a course tutor who marks his or her essays, or other written work. These tutors are normally available for organised evening or weekend tutorial classes.

— One-week summer schools, compulsory for some courses, are also staffed mainly by part-time teachers.

* * * *

It seems to have been incredibly difficult to get an Open University started at all in Britain. There were doubts and opposition by the regular universities, and by political leaders. The most revealing part of the book under review is the first chapter on 'An Interim History of the Open University' by Brian MacArthur, editor of *The Times Higher Education Supplement*. He emphasises the tremendous role played by Miss Jennie Lee, when she was Minister of Arts at the Ministry of Public Building and Works (a strange resting-place). Without her vision, drive and influence, it is doubtful if the Open University would ever have got going.

A 'Wireless University' within the BBC was proposed as far back as 1926. In 1962, Dr. Michael Young, then head of Labour Party research, wrote an article on an 'Open University'. It seems that Harold Wilson did not hear of it at the time but arrived independently at similar conclusions. During a visit to Russia, he discovered that nearly two-thirds of all Soviet graduate engineers, for example, got their degrees after correspondence courses, combined with radio tuition and followed by a year's residence at the Universities of Leningrad or Moscow. During his annual visit to

Chicago in 1963, Wilson asked Senator William Benton, then chairman of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* to let him see some of the teaching films marketed by the Encyclopaedia. In September, 1963, to ensure that his speech in the pre-election campaign of the Scottish Labour Party was reported also in England, Wilson launched the idea of a University of the Air. He advocated nationally-organised state-aided correspondence courses and the development of a fourth TV channel for educational purposes. Jennie Lee developed this idea and urged the establishment of an autonomous university with its own charter and proper academic standards.

In 1964, reference to a 'University of the Air' was included in the Labour Party manifesto for the general election. Among the changes made by Harold Wilson after he became Prime Minister was the removal of the Arts from the Treasury. In 1965, Jennie Lee's staff and budget were transferred to the Department of Education and Science. She received much direct help from the Prime Minister, especially when Lord Goodman, his personal solicitor, undertook negotiations with the BBC over the role it was to play in the new scheme. Goodman managed to secure the invaluable support of John Scupham, then the controller of educational broadcasting.

The following year—in 1965—a detailed scheme was prepared for a '*College* of the Air'. But Jennie Lee soon replaced this by a plan for a degree-giving *University*. There seems reason to believe that, in her mind, this was to be a tribute to her late husband, Aneurin Bevan, himself the beneficiary of adult education and a graduate of the National Labour College.

A White Paper issued in February, 1966, proposed the formation of a committee to advise on the new university. This was replaced by an influential planning committee which included university vice-chancellors, of whom one—Sir Peter Venables, vice-chancellor of Aston University and deputy vice-chairman of the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals—became chairman of the new planning committee. There were also three adult education professors, two leaders of local education authorities and several well-known academics.

At a press conference, it was announced that the TV programme would not be broadcast by a new fourth BBC channel (which would cost over £25 million a year to run) but would be included on the BBC's TV II channel. By March, 1966, agreement had been reached with the BBC to allot immediately ten hours of TV time a week up to 7.30 or 8 o'clock in the evening, rising to thirty hours a week in the third year.

By December, 1968 (only eighteen months later), the planning committee submitted its report to Edward Short, then Secretary of State for Education and Science. It was speedily accepted by the Government; this was announced in the House of Commons in January, 1969. A grant of £3.7 million a year was promised.

Dr. Walter Perry (then vice-principal of Edinburgh University and a professor of pharmacology) was selected from about a hundred candidates

as the vice-chancellor of the new Open University. Mr. Anastasios Christodoulu became its secretary. Lord Crowther, then chairman of *The Economist*, became chancellor, while Sir Paul Chambers, chairman of the Royal Insurance and a former chairman of ICI, became treasurer. Staff were appointed, including a director of information. A series of dinners was arranged with influential people to gain their support. The new idea met, however, with strong opposition from the Treasury and from many leading Conservatives. Even the Tory shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer —Iain Macleod—dubbed it 'nonsense'.

Nevertheless, in January, 1971, the first students were accepted at the permanent university centre at Walton, near Milton Keynes. Although a Conservative Government had cut the first triennial budget by £1 million over the three years, they endorsed the university. The approved second triennial budget was £33.6 million.

The Conservative Government, alarmed by the prospect of doubling by 1982 the number of students in all universities, polytechnics and colleges of education, pressed the Open University to accept five thousand 18-year-olds as an economy measure. This number was successfully whittled down to 500 and the trial scheme was due to begin this year.

The final acceptance of the Open University by the university 'establishment' in Britain was symbolised by the invitation in 1973 to Dr. Perry to join his peers in their 'club'—the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals. This is only proper as, in the opinion of many, the Open University, together with the National Health Services, are the two most socially significant achievements in Britain during the second half of the twentieth century.

In 1973, the Open University had 35,000 part-time students; it now has 42,000. Before it began to enrol students, it was expected that the biggest group would be house-wives. Actually, they formed only ten per cent of the enrolment. The biggest group (about a third) was that of school teachers with training college diplomas, who wanted a BA in order to advance in their profession.

To deal with all these students and to process their work there is now a full-time staff of 1,600 at Walton, together with several thousand part-time tutors and counsellors. From the financial point of view, this system of teaching is very economical as it eliminates many of the features of the ordinary residential university. There is no need for a student campus, student residences or even of a lecture theatre and a student library.

The Open University Opens is a first report which should be read by all those—both in Britain and abroad—interested in adult education.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Edward, Edward. Lolah Burford. Cassell, £2.75. *The Young Victoria* and *Albert's Victoria.* Tyler Whittle. Pan Books, 35p each. *From the Diary of a Snail.* Gunter Grass. Martin Secker and Warburg, £2.75. *The Return of the Pagan.* Bruce Allsopp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.25. *Ending Up.* Kingsley Amis. Jonathan Cape, £1.95. *The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane.* Souvenir Press, £2.25. *Staircase to the Sea.* James Turner. William Kimber, £2.50.

If size were the criterion of excellence, *Edward, Edward,* running to nearly seven hundred pages of close print, would rank as a major achievement. Yet there are reasons other than length which single it out for attention. The author, Lolah Burford, is an American specialising in early English history. In this novel her background is pre-Victorian England. A cynical self-regard and indifference to the rights and requirements of less affluent men and women epitomises the central character, the notorious Earl of Tyne; who nonetheless displays remarkable business acumen in the management of his Cumbrian estates. However, the purpose of the novel is not to discuss the general depravity of outlook in the early eighteen hundreds, but to unravel the complicated relationship between the earl and his illegitimate son, Edward Armstrong.

Apart from uncertainty of paternity, the boy twice attempts to murder his reluctant benefactor and has already shot dead his putative father, circumstances which do not make for easy mutual adjustment. Sublimely ignorant of psychological stresses, Lord Tyne could have committed his recalcitrant offspring to Bethlehem Hospital, to rot away his life in chains on a bed of straw; instead he condemns the boy to incarceration in an underground vault, fed and watered like an animal by submissive servants. Only after Edward has graduated brilliantly at Oxford and confirmed his blood relationship to the Earl by a striking likeness to one of the Tyne ancestors, does the bitter relationship between these two burgeon into love. Over a number of years they enjoy—if their nerve shattering passion could be thus described—a physical and emotional affair, unflinchingly recorded and described, as deeply rooted in regard as any heterosexual marriage.

Notwithstanding the absence of any moral guidance, Edward comes to see himself as an 'untouchable', and as his despair deepens he clings ever more closely and irrationally to the object of his affections—to an extent which even the Earl finds excessive. Finally he thrusts his son aside, and into the arms of a spirited young kinswoman of the Armstrong family who fortunately possesses courage and optimism enough for all three of them. And so this saga of muddled values ends with the peal of wedding bells in the spring of 1816. Despite the marshalling of a vast number of sometimes irrelevant characters and lengthy stretches of stilted dialogue between the Earl and Edward, this mammoth novel is seldom dull, and often memorable for its descriptions of early nineteenth century Oxford, London and pre-industrialised Cumberland.

Only two years was to elapse after Edward's marriage to Anne Armstrong before the birth of Queen Victoria. Tyler Whittle has rendered a valuable

service by his study of the young Alexandrina Victoria, including a genealogical tree, with the illegitimate descendants listed in italics, although *The Young Victoria* seems at times to be addressed to a predominantly juvenile audience. Against a carefully documented background, he presents a convincing picture of the young Princess's childhood. The portrait that emerges serves as a useful reminder that the reality was far from the popular image. 'Drina' was often lazy, selfish and violent; struggling as vainly to escape from her governess's coddling as from her mother's domination. The Duchess of Kent was bent on becoming Regent and to this end was even prepared to declare her daughter insane. It was not altogether surprising that when at the age of eighteen Victoria ascended the throne, she did not always use her authority wisely, nor that the peculiarly intense friendship between the young Queen and Lord Melbourne resulted in a lukewarm approach to marriage, belying the popular legend.

That this indecision, coupled with hereditary traits of intransigence, prevented the marriage from being more than moderately successful, is amply demonstrated in the more adult and sophisticated sequel, *Albert's Victoria.* Victoria was temperamentally unable to resist fighting her husband, whether over the management of their large family or the handling of State papers. Yet it is only fair to acknowledge that in addition to their widely opposed dispositions, they had much with which to contend, an unhealthy domestic regimen and more children than the Queen herself wished to bear. At any rate, long before the Prince died of typhoid fever in 1861 they were both docile and prematurely aged; and when death removed her sparring partner Victoria passed the balance of her long reign in a condition of emotional atrophy.

It is interesting to turn from the consideration of a century so near in time yet infinitely removed in attitude and custom, to a novel so much of our own times as to require almost a different wavelength. Gunter Grass is generally accepted as West Germany's most controversial literary figure, varying his career as a writer with painting and sculpture (an exhibition af his prints and drawings is at present on view in London), and recently, as a close friend and supporter of Willy Brandt, with a political campaign on behalf of the Social Democratic party.

In his latest novel, *From the Diary of a Snail,* translated by Ralph Manheim, Gunter Grass unequivocably makes demands upon his audience. To understand his characters they must don the same distorted lenses as himself . . . 'I mean to speak to you by roundabout means . . . '; he exhorts the reader 'do not fidget or bite your nails . . . ' In fact, the reader tends to become resistant rather than restless, oppressed by the surrealist world inhabited by such grotesque creations as Ott, the giant, and the autobiographically inspired hero. However, beyond the Grimm-cum-Hans Andersen decor, Gunter Grass has some trenchant things to say about the G.D.R. electorate. Of his countrymen at the polls he is utterly contemptuous. 'What', he asks, 'has driven the good cheer out of socialism?', the gist of his condemnation being that people are indifferent to true progress and over pre-occupied with a phoney idealism. Sometimes, though not frequently, he throws aside both the didactic and allegorical approach and touches down onto some cruel truth—such as the predicament of the Jews in Danzig. In spite or because of Gunter Grass's confusing technique of switching from fable to politics and from politics to art, considerable perseverance is required to assimilate the message, which, on reflection, more than justifies the effort involved.

This intellectual bomb of an anti-novel could not accurately be labelled a fantasy, whereas *The Return of the Pagan* is unreservedly so. The author, Bruce

Allsop, has described his work as an 'excursion beyond psychology',—presumably because much of the interest centres upon a mental institution. Jupiter, the Greek God renowned in mythology for his descents onto Earth to deflower women, is here seen up to old tricks in contemporary England. Not surprisingly, he is soon picked up by the police and committed to Stingles Asylum, where, after a period of coma, his spirit takes possession of the earthly body of Dr. Echo, a member of the consultant staff.

A Jekyll and Hyde existence follows, during which time the earthbound Jupiter travels many miles and wins thousands of pounds at race meetings, thus providing for a life of freedom and luxury without the necessity to earn a living wage.

The narrative slips briefly into reality. The unsophisticated virgin seduced by Jupiter in a London lodging-house, the beautiful Italian adolescent sold to him by his Italian major-domo—these are identifiable human beings portrayed with sufficient delicacy and insight as to render the fanciful concept of the book irrelevant. Finally, to escape from his mounting involvement, Jupiter takes a plane to Paris and is the sole survivor of an air crash. The first girl catches up with him and announces that she has given birth to twins. Conveniently, he is able to finance her future from his gambling assets before, and not in advance of time, he vacates Dr. Echo's body and returns as a patient to the Asylum.

Those readers who find the fashionable blend of fantasy and realism totally unacceptable will turn with relief and expectation to *Ending Up*. Beyond the 'fairy' talk resorted to by one of the five elderly people who comprise the *dramatis personae,* Kingsley Amis makes no concessions to any glossing over of what is basically a depressing and unattractive situation. At the same time, although these characters lack the *elan* of some of the author's earlier creations, they do not indulge in self-pity, and appear to derive as much satisfaction as possible from their circumscribed existence. It is credible enough that ex-Army, sometime homosexual, Bernard Bastaple should have settled down at Halfpenny Cottage with Adela, his unattractive but resourceful sister and Marigold, Adela's school chum, to be ministered to by 'Shorty', once the object of Bernard's perverted affections. The fifth member of the household, German-born Dr. Zeyer, paralysed after a stroke, is altogether different, but then he is an intellectual and has the abject gratitude of a 'displaced person'. Very little light from the outside world filters through to illumine the daily round of stringent economy, shadowed by the onset of invalidism common to all five in varying degrees. The most rewarding thing that happens is the Christmas festival, when young relatives arrive to make merry.

But all too soon the tinsel and seasonal goodies are swept away; Marigold fears that she is suffering from premature senility, Bernard knows, after a visit to a specialist, that his days are numbered and Shorty, a victim to stomach upsets, finds his condition worsening. Only Adela, resolutely ignoring the ulcer which accounts for a good measure of pain and general debility, seems likely to soldier on. Admittedly, there is little or no future for any of them in the year that lies ahead and within the span of this brief novel it is difficult to suggest what credible solution might have been advanced. Even so, following the meticulous observation and insight of the opening chapters, it is a shock to find *Ending Up* rushing headlong towards a finale of multiple death and disaster in the final pages, following a series of domestic mishaps, both accidental and contrived. The convenient defection of paper boy and milkman, who might have reported the various accidents in time to save at any rate one or two lives,

really is straining credulity too far. And only the most astute reader will have guessed the identity of that last-minute intruder with a North American accent!

Equally grim, yet far more imaginative, is *The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane,* the work of a young American author, Laird Koenig, highly praised by Daphne du Maurier. We first meet Rinn, the 'little girl' of the title, warming her toes before a nice log fire in a rented cottage on America's east coast. Her thoughts and movements are reported with a minimum of embellishment. Outside, the picturesque winter landscape impinges only occasionally. A man calls, the landlady's queer son, Hallett, whom the knowledgable thirteen-year-old immediately classifies as a 'deviationist', and certainly his overtures are as 'off-beat' as they are lascivious. But whether it is Hallett, his mother, a young policeman or the cripple boy, Mario who visit the house, all are as puzzled by her refusal to allow them to interview her father, for whom she is supposed to be 'keeping house', as by her ferocious insistence on her right to be left alone. Nearest to uncovering the truth is Mrs. Hallett, and she pays for her suspicions with her life. With an aplomb similar to the ingenuous poisoners in *Arsenic and Old Lace,* Rinn disposes of this unwelcome intruder by gassing her in the cellar. Now, at last we know her secret, or some part of it, for it is not the first time she has felt obliged to kill in order to protect her privacy, and has already murdered her mother by the same means. As Rinn moves nearer to exposure the suspense mounts towards what needs to be a superlative climax. Unfortunately, this is not forthcoming. Her longwinded confession to Mario, explaining how her beloved father died of cardiac disease, leaving her sufficient financial means to preserve her 'freedom' comes too soon and falls curiously flat. From this point the tension falls away. Mario goes into hospital with pneumonia, the young policeman comes around again and seems on the point of discovering the freshly dug graves, but instead departs to take up an appointment in a neighbouring city without making any serious investigation. And so there is no one left but the repellent Hallett, who blandly announces his intention of 'moving in' with Rinn. She seems about the dispose of him by the well tried method of putting cyanide in the almond cookies, but at the last moment, bereft of hope in a future companioned only by her grisly secrets, she decides to partake with him of the sinister meal.

And finally to a different kind of eeriness, gentle and free from criminal intent —a collection of fourteen ghost stories by James Turner. Although not Cornish-born, the author has spent many years in the Duchy and has thoroughly absorbed the atmosphere of a territory where the supernatural may be accepted as readily as mundane reality. Many of the stories would seem to be inspired by visits to intriguing places ; a tangled copse embedded in the remains of an apple orchard ; a ruined castle or, as in the title story, *Staircase to the Sea,* some spectacular evidence of a past 'folly'. In this story, Julia, a wealthy heiress, is obsessed by a desire to build a series of 'hanging' gardens, held together by an imposing stone staircase from the cliff top to the beach. Much of this, if not all, is achieved with the aid of Martin, a young architect who stands in as narrator. They become lovers, quarrel, are reconciled and continue feverishly with the demanding, though purposeless exercise. Then Julia dies, and Martin lives on alone in her decaying mansion while weeds and the weather quickly undo the attempts at landscape gardening. Much use is made of dreams, which link the two together even after death. In the end, the reader may assume that Julia's spirit draws Martin to his death on the staircase—or perhaps he lives on, eccentric and even demented in his desire to complete the work that meant so much

to her, leaving behind him the written account of their strange idyll. If this is not very conclusive, it must be acknowledged that there is nothing tidy or logical about the actions and demands made by ghosts. These stories are not of the blood-curdling M. R. James variety; they are gentle, and allusive, notable mainly for the evocation of the Cornish countryside.

Also received

The Short Match. Robert Standish. Peter Davies, £2.25. This readable, light-hearted novel will please many people who like to remember the Far East in terms of pre-war Somerset Maugham. The story of a young planter who enters zestfully into the social and business life of the 'colony' is well presented and maintained. Inevitably, comparisons with the author's early success, *Elephant Walk,* are not always favourable to the sequel.

Ultimatum. Richard Rohmer. Canada Books Ltd., £3.25. This novel of the future is no mere science fiction prophecy of a war threat between Canada and the U.S.A. The situation in which the President of America presents an ultimatum to the Prime Minister of Canada is founded entirely on plausible contingencies. Brief and graphic, it reads like a good documentary film.

Spy Story. Len Deighton. Jonathan Cape. £2.25. Inevitably, an established thriller writer such as Len Deighton needs to surpass his last spy story with each new one and this is not entirely achieved with the present novel. Talks in Copenhagen about German re-unification provide a useful background and some exciting moments, but taken as a whole the plot is hard to unravel.

The Rats. James Herbert. New English Library, £1.95. This first novel is written with undoubted talent and power, yet the basic theme, a situation in which giant rats move into a position of ascendancy and murder countless human beings by tearing them limb from limb is so repulsive that not everyone will feel able to read on to the end. Of course, a deeper meaning is intended, that man creates his own horror by providing places in which evil can flourish—yet having made this plain in the first chapter there is little room for development or expansion.

NON-FICTION

STALIN AND STALINISM

Stalin As Revolutionary 1879-1929. Robert C. Tucker. Chatto and Windus. £4.75.

Professor Tucker's new book is not just another political biography of Stalin. He does not claim to have found any new skeletons in the many dingy passages of Stalin's career. Nor is he attempting, despite his impressive mastery of the necessary sources, to use Stalin's biography as a focal theme for a history of Soviet Russia. The key to the author's intention lies in his subtitle, 'A Study in History and Personality', for what Tucker is primarily concerned with is an exploration in depth of the psychopathology of totalitarian dictatorship. The author frankly concedes that no startling revelations concerning his subject's life and work are likely to emerge from Soviet government-controlled sources in the foreseeable future. Moreover, he acknowledges the valuable historical works already available such as Deutscher's classic biography and Medvedev's *Let History Judge.*

Unlike the orthodox biographers Tucker is to a considerable extent engaged in developing a fresh theory of Stalin and Stalinism—'interpretation' would be

too weak a term to convey his bold and ambitious attempt at explanation. In one important sense this massive project (Tucker promises two further volumes on Stalin) is a rejoinder to Plekhanov's *The Role of Individuals in History*. The latter argued that individuals, however extraordinary, could not decisively affect the play of forces of historical materialism. Overall trends, Plekhanov argued, were determined by changes in the productive forces and relations of society. All 'great leaders' were therefore replaceable and the most they could individually achieve was to accelerate a predetermined trend. Tucker is not content to rest with the orthodox Western empiricist historians' position that history is 'one damn'd thing after another'. His study is an attempt to show that, under certain conditions, the personality of the dictator not only makes him what he is, but moulds the very dictatorial system he created and the society he rules. The 'great man' theory of history is thus, elaborated with the insights of modern psychoanalysis, rehabilitated as the key to explaining recent Soviet history.

Tucker's Stalin was not motivated simply by a cynical opportunism, by a desire for power for its own sake. His boyhood rejection of his father and consequent strong identification with his mother gave him a feeling of being a conqueror personality destined for a heroic role. Stalin rejected the authority of the Church and its priests in the Tiflis seminary regime he so hated. Moreover, he grew to despise the Georgian nationalism which would have been his natural birthright. Instead, argues Tucker, he identified first with the legendary outlaw-hero figure, Koba, and later with the heroic revolutionary leader-figure, Lenin. Much evidence from schoolfellows and Stalin's own utterances is cited to show how slavishly Stalin modelled himself on his hero, plagiarising his ideas and even copying his gestures. According to this theory Stalin developed the overriding aim of becoming Lenin II, of inheriting the mantle of his leader not only by succeeding to his office, but by attaining a comparable charismatic power and status as a second Saviour of the Russian people and revolution in his own right. Now this is a most interesting hypothesis, but it remains inevitably speculative because no one can actually claim to have known what was in Stalin's mind. It also needs to be said that Professor Tucker's psychohistorical thesis raises more difficulties than it resolves.

Did Stalin genuinely admire Lenin for the latter's human qualities, for his personal magnetism, for his internationalism, for the sincerity of his Marxist convictions and for his intellectual skills as a theorist and as a polemicist? Or did he rather envy him his power and honoured status? Tucker's own book makes abundantly clear that Stalin itched for Lenin's position, that he tried to gain Lenin's patronage and backing when this was necessary, and that he worked to establish and exploit the charismatic resources of the Lenin cult after 1924 for his own ends. What he does *not* prove is that Stalin had any deep or abiding commitment to Lenin's ideals or personal wishes.

Paradoxically Tucker's study shows conclusively that the reverse was the case. Stalinism was miles apart from Leninism in many crucial aspects. Ideologically Stalin was not internationalist but Russophil. Having early rejected Georgian nationalism, Stalin acquired a greater-Russian chauvinism of a kind Lenin heartily deplored. While Lenin was prepared to tolerate debate and disagreement within Party organs and to treat his colleagues with some consideration, Stalin one by one eliminated all possible rivals as a preliminary to one-man rule. While Lenin had believed that killing 'class-enemies' was only justifiable when the revolution was militarily endangered, Stalin sustained a sanguinary class war of revenge throughout the period of collectivisation and

industrialisation.

Interestingly, Tucker's best chapter is on 'conflict with Lenin'. It examines with great erudition the evidence that Lenin was deeply worried about possible future developments resulting from Stalin's defects of personality. Perhaps Lenin was fortunate that he was unable, at his death, to foresee all the monstrous elements of the Stalinist revolution that was to overtake the Marxist-Leninist movement in Russia and, ultimately, also Eastern Europe.

For this reviewer, Tucker's sweeping psychoanalytical propositions seem an unnecessary and almost irrelevant apparatus. The real interest of this work, and the promise of the trilogy, is the thorough exploration both of Stalin's own political thinking and of the development of the ideology and cult of Stalinism.

PAUL WILKINSON

CONTROL OF PUBLIC FUNDS

The Private Government of Public Money. Hugh Heclo and Aaron Wildavsky. Macmillan. £5.95.

This is by no means the first book written by Americans about British government nor even about the Treasury. Indeed, an admirable book, *Treasury Control* (O.U.P., 1957) written by Prof. Samuel Beer of Harvard has reached a second edition; Sam Beer was a Rhodes Scholar and had written a classic study on British politics. This study is, however, different and the authors have different origins. I met both of them on a recent visit to the United States. Hugh Heclo has studied at Manchester and L.S.E. and taught at Essex University; Wildavsky is Dean of an interesting off-shoot of the University of California, namely The Graduate School of Public Policy. Nuffield College and our own Social Science Research Council gave the authors much help in the financing and research of this fascinating book. Both authors have had wide experience of other countries, including of course the United States: this experience has enabled them to discover de novo the uniqueness of the British Institutions and in my opinion to ask more searching questions than have ever been posed by British political scientists. Why? Do we ask the right questions?

Let me identify the problem. During 1971-72 British public expenditures were estimated at £28,000 million, or over £500 per year for every man, woman and child. Well over 95% of current expenditure is determined by past commitments. Obviously few other governmental activities so consistently affect the everyday life of citizens. These brief statistics suggest to the authors of this book that it is worth while examining how the money is spent, what sort of control is exercised and by whom—the Treasury, a network of senior civil servants, Parliament and its various committees—and who in practice make the decisions.

This examination involves the authors in a searching analysis of British central government, the Cabinet, the Central Policy Review Staff (known as the Think Tank), the role of Principal Finance officers and various other modern mechanisms invented to survey and review this vast expenditure. One is compelled to ask why such an important subject has been largely neglected, apart from such standard books as Lord Bridges on *The Treasury* and Sir Richard Clarke, *New Trends in Government*. The authors have not only consulted all the books and White Papers, but acquired their most valuable information from those who were or are participating in the process. They are rightly critical of the sort of either-or question. Being expert social scientists in the best sense of those words, they have probed into the innermost recesses of the Civil Service—'the tightest club there is'. Their chapter headings are as revealing as they are witty: 'The Nuclear Family—the Treasury'; 'Village Life in Civil Service

Society'; 'The Earthly City—Cabinets, Politicians and other Worldly Men'; 'The Idylls of the Constitution'.

What tentative conclusions are reached? It would seem that Ministers need more outside advisers inside Government with them; that politicians out of office need far more preparatory information; that back-benchers could learn far more about their trade from parliamentary committees, which should have important educative functions. As for the Civil Service itself, partisan neutrality, competence and continuity have been achieved, but changes in the mechanisms which affect policy and decision-making are necessary. In a striking sentence the authors comment: 'The need is not for unanimous agreement, but for better argument'.

They are worried about the future of the C.P.R.S. (Think-Tank) and also about the Cabinet Office and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Department, especially as the Chancellor now has an additional Minister, Mr. Harold Lever, within the Cabinet. The competition between the Treasury and Departments is good for both, but they think the C.P.R.S. could widen its numbers to serve possibly a reformed Cabinet Office and possibly Departmental Ministers who need to get some independent advice. These matters may appear highly technical, but the stakes are high. 'Money talks. It speaks to the purposes of men and nations. Government spending decisions not only affect the public's standard of living, but also reflects the standards by which public men live.' This quotation from the Introduction indicates how important it is for government to be more effective and less secret in the great experiment of a mixed economy.

KENNETH LINDSAY

PURVEYOR OF HONOURS

Maundy Gregory, Purveyor of Honours. Tom Cullen. Bodley Head. £3.

It is a fashionable hypocrisy to feign surprise at the public disclosure of each new hypocrisy as though the devaluation of moral standards were something as new-minted as decimal coinage, or corruption not so age-old as the decencies which it perverts. Mr. Maundy Gregory, 'impeached' in 1933 for his contravention of the Honours (Prevention of Abuses) Act 1925, was the confidence trickster *par excellence*, a man of no official standing who became the official scapegoat of a political sub-system which had recruited him to the role of commission-earning broker, entrepreneur in the sale of honours and titles. His original mandate deriving from Lloyd George, renewed by subsequent Prime Ministers, endorsed by successive Government Chief Whips, protected by a Metropolitan Police Commissioner, was to bring money into the party coffers by intimating to the socially ambitious rich that, for a price, honour could be purchased.

The practice of distributing class distinctions in this way is of ancient lineage. It can be traced back as far as 193 A.D., when Marcus Didius Julianus bought the title of Roman Emperor. Sixteen centuries later, William Pitt the Younger buttressed a time-honoured method of raising party funds with the dictum, 'Any man who is master of £10,000 has a right to a Peerage.' Lloyd George agreed, but indulged in a little tariff reform.

In this remarkably well achieved study, Mr. Tom Cullen has a great many interesting new things to say about Maundy Gregory and his paymasters. The book is an absolute model of the desirable combination of thorough research, thoughtful analysis and well-organised presentation. The author reveals the hitherto unrecognised relationship between Gregory and that other notorious

demirep, the Reverend Harold Davidson, the Rector of Stiffkey. He provides the most persuasive evidence to date that Gregory did indeed murder Edith Marion Rosse, the alcoholic ex-actress with whom he platonically lived. Mrs. Maisie Saunders, a friend of Gregory's, told Mr. Cullen: 'He said that recently he had obtained from South America some curare. Its effect upon the human body if administered in overdose was to relax the abdominal muscles to the point where breathing stopped. If the body were then immersed in water, all trace of the poison would disappear.' And when Mrs. Rosse's corpse was exhumed from its water-logged grave, Gregory, by then living in exile in France, inveigled his friends into taking part in mock trials in which he was the defendant charged with the murder of Edith Rosse. 'Obviously he expected to be extradited to England to stand trial for murder.'

Mr. Cullen has also succeeded in piecing together the first clear picture of Maundy Gregory's final years, interviewing Madame Anne Yvinec, in whose Hôtel Belle-Vue, at Châteauneuf-du-Faou, he acted out his last rôle—'Monsieur de Grégoire', unsuccessful fugitive from the Gestapo. He died under their auspices in 1941, aged sixty-four, poor in worldly goods, but strangely rich in redemptive courage.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

PERSONAL LANDSCAPE OF A WARRIOR POET

Keith Douglas, 1920-1944. Desmond Graham. Oxford University Press. £5.50.

The first full length critical biography of Keith Douglas, perhaps the finest English poet of the Second World War, is carefully and perceptively written and handsomely produced. Desmond Graham has had access to much private information and unpublished material for its production. Many of those who knew Douglas at Christ's Hospital, at Oxford and in the Middle East, have been generous with their recollections. But the book is chiefly remarkable for the full attention which the author gives to the poems in their relation to the events of the poet's brief life and for the critical acuity he brings to some of the *juvenilia.*

On his third day in Normandy, on 9 June, 1944, Keith Douglas was killed at the age of twenty-four. He was already beginning to make his mark as a poet. In the months before the opening of the Second Front, he spent all the time he could in collecting together his poems for a volume to be called *Bête Noir,* writing to Tambimuttu: 'I can't afford to wait because of military engagements which may be the end of me.' The planned collection was never published as such; and it was not until 1951 that his *Collected Poems* were brought out, edited by John Waller and G. S. Fraser, so that his work remained largely unknown to all but assiduous readers of wartime publications where occasional poems appeared. How much of it was circulated privately to friends like Edmund Blunden, his Tutor at Merton College, Oxford, and to fellow poets including the 'paternal' T. S. Eliot, becomes clear in Mr. Graham's meticulous account. Along with Sidney Keyes and Alun Lewis, the other two most notable poets of World War Two, Keith Douglas is only now receiving the attention he deserves.

Mr. Graham's description of Douglas's life is wholly delightful to read, showing as it does the unlikely combination in one personality of military passion and sensitive devotion to poetry, painting and natural beauty. With its reproductions of manuscripts and line drawings, the volume provides a fitting celebration of gifts both early matured and tragically lost.

BETTY ABEL

A MISCELLANY OF THOUGHTS ON MAN

The Seduction of the Spirit: The Use and Misuse of People's Religion. Harvey Cox. Wildwood House. £3.50.

Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis. Erich Fromm, D. T. Suzuki and Richard de Martino. Souvenir Press. £2.50.

Psychoanalysis and the Occult. Edited by George Devereux. Souvenir Press. £3.00.

Erich Fromm imaginatively describes the 'maladie du siècle' as 'Awareness that life runs out of one's hand like sand, and that one will die without having lived; that one lives in the midst of plenty and yet is joyless.'

There are many and eagerly read remedies: Harvey Cox is an influential Harvard theologian, whose *The Secular City* was a best seller. In *The Seduction of the Spirit,* he writes a most extraordinary, varied and allusive book about the modern situation. He is not an easy, popular writer, although his sometimes colloquial style, as when he illustrates his own spiritual development from boyhood in a dusty, backwater town, may be deceptive. In fact, he is alarmingly widely read, seems to have experienced everything, been everywhere, and thought about everything worth considering. It is difficult to imprison, within the web of his teeming ideas, his own absolute beliefs and standpoint; and one would suspect that one is observing a thinker still in midflight and midflow, whose position will change many more times in his life span. He has often been 'controversial' and has been associated with the 'God is dead' school; he employs a sometimes perilous dialectic, and his thoughts dart about like impassioned mayflies. He does not really keep to his avowed theme of 'Testimony, people's religion and the value patterns promulgated by the mass media'; favourite hobby-horses are brought out champing and full of life. In one memorable chapter, designed to illuminate his stance as a 'radical' theologian, we quarter the world—'In the last few years I have tried to chip away at my own provincialism by immersing myself in the folk religion and Hispanic Catholicism of Latin America . . . I have swayed and sung at Chilean Pentecostal rallies . . . I have been blessed by a dark-skinned holy man in the blackness of a Rio *favella's* lurid Umbanda ritual.' In short, this book is thoroughly recommended as a stimulating experience; it is a commentary on most things that matter now, and it has a curiously dangerous flavour.

Erich Fromm, pursuing the theme of Western man's insecurity and aloneness, concludes that Zen Buddhism 'helps man to find an answer to the question of his existence, an answer which is essentially the same as that given in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, and yet which does not contradict the rationality, realism and independence which are modern man's precious achievements.' Interestingly, too, his study of Zen Buddhism led to a considerable enlargement and revision of his ideas, especially those relating to the problem of what constitutes the unconscious, the transformation of the unconscious into consciousness, and the ultimate goal of psycho-analytical therapy.

In *Psychoanalysis and the Occult* we are back inside the safe, warm walls of a fine anthology of classic psychoanalytical essays, from Freud to Eisenbud. The occult is defined here to mean 'correspondences' between the thought of the analyst and the patient, between thoughts of the patient and events external to the actual analytic situation, and between thoughts of the analyst and external events. We see how Freud enlarges his viewpoint from an anxious disbelief, to 'I must suggest to you that you should think more kindly of the objective possibility of thought transference and therefore also of telepathy.' He qualifies all,

however, of course, with the immortal words, 'At least I have not grown religious.'

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Money Motive: A Study of Obsession (Hutchinson, £3.25). It was an original and worthwhile undertaking to analyse the motives which compel men and women to devote time and energy to amassing wealth which may bring them all too little benefit. Inevitably, the idiosyncrasies of the money-grabbers are often frankly comic, yet the objective of this book is by no means light-hearted. As the author, Thomas Wiseman, points out documentation and research on this most powerful of human urges is almost non-existent. This is surprising, as the urge to become affluent has its origins in such varied psychological conditions and is at the root of nearly all criminal activity. 'Keeping money in the family' is to many people as important as laying by sufficient funds on which to retire in comfort and many a blameless *pater familias* will devote his waking hours to this end. Although in general the lure of 'gold' may be classified as stronger than the sex instinct there are many instances when the two merge, i.e. as in the case of a man or woman who marries without love for money and security. Inordinate display of wealth in the way of gifts intended to ensure gratitude or docility is just another way of using money to establish ascendancy and is often, alas, resorted to by the parents of young children. All in all, the role of money in our Society turns out to be surprisingly significant and this forthright discussion of the theme provides excellent reading.

The Akenham Burial Case (Wildwood House, London. £3.95). Mr. Ronald Fletcher's latest book is concerned with the controversy following the burial of a two-year-old unbaptised child, Joseph Ramsey, the son of a Baptist agricultural labourer, in August, 1878. The father was unable to afford the cost of burial in a distant public cemetery, then few and far between; and he applied for his son's burial in the graveyard of his parish church at Akenham, Suffolk. The Rector, Rev. George Drury, an extremely high Anglican, refused, as he was entitled to do, to allow any service in the churchyard. This was already the subject of great soreness in the Free Churches; and no doubt with a certain amount of provocation, the local Baptist Minister, Rev. Wickham Tozer, organised a funeral service just outside the churchyard. This infuriated the rector, and threats and altercations followed. Then on the 26th August, the East Anglican Times published a long account of the affair from material supplied by Mr. Tozer, attacking the rector for his inhumanity and unchristian behaviour. The fire was alight. Mr. Fletcher publishes a selection of the bitter correspondence and articles which followed in the press generally. This was followed by a libel action, brought by the rector against the East Anglican Times' Editor; and a large part of the volume contains long extracts from the High Court proceedings. The jury awarded the rector forty shillings damages. The effect of the controversy was to increase pressure for legislation; and eventually the Burial Laws Amendment Act, 1880 was passed allowing for burial services by any denomination in Anglican church graveyards. The author brings the whole issue alive, with some drama, by making the press and the legal proceedings speak

for themselves, with comparatively little annotation.

Churchill, a Photographic Portrait (Penguin Books, £1.50). This portrayal 'in a single photographic volume' of 'something of the variety and span of Churchill's life' is of particular interest, being compiled by Martin Gilbert who succeeded the late Randolph Churchill as Official Biographer, responsible for the years from 1914. This volume contains 364 photographs and cartoons: 'nearly half of the photographs . . . come from Churchill's personal photograph albums'.

UFOs from behind the Iron Curtain (Souvenir Press, £3.00). In this English translation, first published in Dutch in 1972, the authors Ion Hobana and Julien Weverbergh, Scientific Editor of the Bucharest daily, *Scinteia,* have brought together in one volume for the first time descriptions and photographs of unidentified flying objects seen in Soviet Russia and Eastern Europe, including particularly Rumania. They find the reports in this general area similar to those in other countries, including America. There is some technical discussion, in relation for example to the great Siberian explosion in 1908. However, 'we consider ourselves to be "laymen" unqualified for explaining UFOs which is not our task'. It is a fascinating subject, in which it is still impossible to separate fact from fancy.

Found Naked and Dead (New English Library. £1.95). It was inevitable that, sooner or later, the peculiarly unpleasant series of killings which took place in London in the 1960s, known as the Nude Murders and compared with the Ripper killings of the 1880s, should form the subject of a book. One might have wished, perhaps, for something rather more sober and less highly-pitched than Mr. Brian McConnell has in fact produced.

The circumstance that the victims were all women of the lowest class of prostitute and that their deaths were all seemingly concomitant with sexual perversion, makes some degree of luridness unavoidable, but it is possible to deal with even such distasteful material in a more tasteful style than that which Mr. McConnell has elected. He has provided little more than a descriptive catalogue of horrors, replete with intimate clinical detail and culminating in dubious theorisings. Although it can hardly be considered seriously, this book must be duly noted, because it is the first full-length treatment of the subject, and as such has a place on the criminologist's shelf. (R.W.-E.)

Mention should be made of three historical studies recently reprinted in the Pelican Books series. Correlli Barnett's **Britain and Her Army 1509-1970** (Penguin Books, £1.50), first published in 1970, received recognition as an important study of the British army as an institution since the sixteenth century, 'alternatively neglected by the nation, or trustingly looked to in moments of fright'. Mr. Barnett describes his work as 'a study of the influence of war on [illegible] British history'. **The History of Germany since 1789** (Penguin Books, £1.50), by Professor Golo Mann has been translated from the German by Marian Jackson. It has been revised and expanded for this English edition. It is a masterpiece of concision in covering since the French Revolution the whole field of German political, social and intellectual development and change. Germany is, of course, also closely involved in **Total War** (Penguin Books, £1.50). This history of 'the causes and courses of the Second World War' by Peter Calvocoressi and Guy Wint is widely regarded as one of the best one volume account in English of the war. The reprint contains over 900 pages and is illustrated.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

August 1974 Vol. 225 No. 1303

FOCUS ON OIL

by The Rt. Hon. Patrick Jenkin, M.P.

IT is a truism that the future has never been so uncertain. Uncertainty is the true slayer of confidence, and whatever confidence there may have been after the election has now vanished. Never has the business world been so gloomy and depressed.

I believe that far the gravest uncertainty lies in the impact of OPEC oil money upon the world's monetary system—coupled with widespread fears that the system as it stands will be quite unable to cope with almost whatever does happen.

All oil importing countries are faced with huge balance of payments deficits. Despite brave promises earlier this year many are already reacting by taking deflationary measures to correct their deficits, even though such action can lead only to a sharp downturn in world trade. Some see in this only a world recession—not a world depression. I suppose we must be thankful for small mercies!

But what surely must be clear is that if the growth of world GNP *does* fall to the 2% figure postulated, the hope that individual countries' exports can rise by anything like enough even to dent their balance of payments deficits, is doomed to disappointment. If everybody is cutting back on imports where do the exports go?

The only way out of this appalling dilemma is to ensure that the OPEC money is used with a real sense of responsibility to sustain stability by financing the consumer countries' deficits in some way. It must be a matter of the gravest concern that so little headway seems to have been made so far.

I have started by referring to this problem partly because I regard it as constituting perhaps the most serious threat hanging over the world economic scene in the next few years, and partly because I want to make it clear that everything else that follows is conditional upon some solution being found to this over-riding monetary problem. If the world monetary system collapses under the strain, then all our forecasts, all our assumptions, fly out of the window.

But on the assumption that we avoid the worst calamity, what can we expect? More particularly, what impact will the huge new discoveries of oil on our continental shelf have on our economic future?

It is already clear that in the 1980s we will be one of the world's largest oil producers—perhaps sixth in rank after the Middle East and the USA. This represents a very significant accretion of wealth (though, of course, proportionately far less than many of the sparsely populated oil-producing countries have experienced).

There has, in these circumstances, been an inevitable tendency as each new discovery of British oil follows hard on the heels of the last, to see off-shore oil as some kind of permanent salvation for Britain. It is certainly not that—if only because at any likely level of output the life of the reserves will be measured in decades rather than centuries. What the oil does is to hold out a firm prospect of relief to our balance of payments just at a time when our difficulties would otherwise have seemed utterly insoluble.

The latest assessment is that if all goes well, Britain will be self-sufficient in oil by 1980. One immediately has to qualify this for, almost weekly, news of delays, decisions postponed and downright obstruction must be pushing the date of self-sufficiency back and back.

It really is a tragedy that inter-union disputes, that planning quarrels and that steel shortages should lose companies as much as a whole year of oil production.

News of a one month's inter-union strike at Ardersier in June meant that the consortium concerned may well miss this summer's 'weather window' and so cost the nation up to £300 million next year in importing oil which could and should have been produced here.

Failure to decide on sites for deep-water concrete production platforms is also losing precious time. The Drumbuie site in Wester Ross is a case in point.

I sometimes wonder whether those in Government responsible for these matters recognise the huge importance of getting our oil flowing as swiftly as possible.

But our aim is still self-sufficiency by 1980. That, of course, does not mean that we will stop importing oil, as our refineries are designed to process heavy crudes which will remain significantly cheaper than the high-grade light crudes produced from the North Sea. We can therefore expect to export a fair proportion of our crude oil at a premium and import cheaper crudes for our own use. So even if we achieve no more than self-sufficiency, ton for ton, we shall earn a net balance of payments surplus on oil account.

Indeed, we must do better than that. We must aim to sell as much as possible of what we do export in the form of oil products. The higher the added value created within the UK, the greater the benefit to the UK economy.

The really difficult question is—how much further beyond self-sufficiency should we go?

Oil is a finite resource. Furthermore, I do not accept the view that current high oil prices are simply a temporary phenomenon: the Arabs and other major oil producers are going to continue to ensure high prices—by limiting output if necessary. And it will be *many* years—if ever—before alternative sources of supply of oil (or indeed other energy sources) enable the world to achieve independence from OPEC suppliers.

So Britain will face—quite early in the 1980s—some very difficult decisions.

Should we seek to limit the rate of depletion of our oil reserves to the level of our own needs? Or should we seek to maximise output so as to provide the biggest possible boost to our balance of payments?

The first point that must be made is that unless we have a continuing tally of *new* discoveries, the maximum output of oil by 1990 will have fallen to about one-third of the level of 1982. In other words, without fresh finds, we will not sustain self-sufficiency for more than two or three years at the most.

Therefore—and this becomes of critical significance when considering the whole question of taxation, Government 'take' and State participation—it is essential that, whatever regime is finally decided upon, it should continue to provide strong incentives to the companies to continue exploration. And that means encouraging the smaller, entrepreneurial producers as well as the international giants.

Only a few weeks ago we had the Chairman of one medium-sized company warning that uncertainty over Government policy was already leading to difficulties in raising finance for further developments.

By the time this article appears we may have had the announcement of the Labour Government's policy for off-shore oil. In advance of the statement, I cannot comment except to say that I earnestly hope that the Secretary of State will resist blandishments to go for massive State participation.

Had my Party won the election last February, our March budget would have spelt out our policy: legislation to ensure full liability to Corporation Tax on profits from the continental shelf (this was foreshadowed in Mr. Barber's 1973 Budget Statement); legislation to establish an Excess Revenue Tax—over and above Corporation Tax—to ensure a proper return to the UK Exchequer from this British resource. These taxes together could represent between 70% and 80% of the anticipated profits from North Sea oil, and would still leave the companies with a fair—even generous—return on their risk capital.

And finally, we would need legislation to strengthen the licensing terms to give the Government the necessary powers over rates of production, exports, imports and so on to ensure an adequate degree of Government control.

As it is, we have had to wait months longer—with the threat of at least partial nationalisation hanging over the industry. Even now it is threatened with majority State participation—though I remain to be convinced that this would serve any useful purpose whatsoever.

But the Government's statement must be judged primarily by the realism with which it faces the need to encourage a continuing effort of exploration and development into the future.

For the moment, let me assume a reasonably sensible regime; sustained exploration; and a steady stream of further discoveries, so that output during the 1980s, instead of falling away, *could* go on increasing towards say 200 or even 250 million tons a year.

The question we would then face is—should we in fact produce at that rate? Or should we seek to extend the life of the fields and so preserve the oil in the ground for future generations?

My own view is that it would be unwise to assume that we would want to produce significantly more than we need to sustain self-sufficiency. In other words, I believe it would be wrong to plan on the basis that the UK will, from the early 1980s, enjoy a substantial balance of payments *surplus* on oil account.

It is, of course, perfectly true that we can look forward to a steady increase in the proportion of our energy needs met from nuclear power. This is now some 40% cheaper than power from fossil fuels, so that almost all future power stations ought to be nuclear. The development of Fast Breeder Reactors will ensure that the world's resources of fissile fuels will be enough to last us until controlled nuclear fusion becomes a commercial reality.

It is true, too, that the world's reserves of coal are vastly greater than the reserves of oil. This is especially true of Britain. Whereas our oil reserves can be measured in decades, our coal reserves will last us for centuries. Indeed—and this is a fact not yet widely appreciated—the new reserves found at Selby in Yorkshire are worth more than the entire discoveries of oil so far found in the British Sector of the North Sea.

If, one might argue, we are going to have nuclear power providing a growing proportion of our energy needs, and if we can rely on huge reserves of coal, why should we not sell all the oil we can while the going is good?

It will be a dangerously beguiling argument, to which continuing balance of payments difficulties will lend weight.

But I am fairly sure—one cannot, of course, be totally certain—that it would be wrong to yield to these temptations. For within a few years oil is is going to be too precious to burn. Instead, it will have to be preserved primarily as a source of raw materials for industry—to be piped to the ethylene cracker rather than to the power stations. Although coal-derived chemicals are well established and will no doubt be further developed, oil is a much more flexible feedstock than coal: the real breakthrough into plastics,

synthetic fibres, and other man-made materials did not come until the chemical industry switched from coal to oil as its feedstock.

But there is another, more basic, reason why Governments in the 1980s, and beyond will be reluctant to export more oil than they have to. Exporting energy is going to be increasingly unpopular politically. More and more, people are going to be opposed to 'their' natural resources being 'filched by foreigners'. Look at what is happening in Canada even today: the Canadians have established a system of dual pricing of indigenous oil, and are earning valuable foreign exchange by selling oil to the USA and elsewhere at world prices while continuing to supply oil internally at much lower prices.

But already Canadians are beginning to mutter against these exports. Partly, this is linked with the Provinces' case for a larger share of the royalties; but partly it is straight opposition to exporting energy. Fossil fuels are finite resources and any nation lucky enough to possess them is going to deploy them carefully. What conclusion should we, then, draw from this? Surely it must be that the development of off-shore oil does not spell an end to the UK economic problem. Rather will it provide a powerful stimulus and also a useful breathing space. It is upon how we react to the stimulus and use the breathing space that our future depends.

The oil will massively relieve our balance of payments and for a number of years will largely remove the constraint which the pressures of the current account have imposed on our growth rate. Oil will also bring considerable revenues to the Exchequer—perhaps up to £2 billion a year.

This is perfectly feasible if, as I have already mentioned, we tax the profits properly. A Government 'take' of oil revenues in the range of 70-80% of net profits would still leave the companies with a very satisfactory return on their investments.

But even so, valuable as all this will be, it does not—repeat *not*—make the rest of industry irrelevant. On the contrary, what it *will* do is to give the rest of industry the first real opportunity it will have had since the war to go for a period of sustained growth. It will provide a prolonged spell during which firms can invest, modernise and expand, secure in the knowledge that the balance of payments will not force an early stop. With investment will come innovation, and with innovation will come the real productivity gains that have eluded us for so many years.

That is the real bonanza to which I look forward—not the lotus-eating idleness of living off the proceeds of oil revenues instead of working for our living, but the opportunity to do what, despite several brave attempts, we have never yet succeeded in doing in recent history, namely, by a sustained effort of investment and innovation, raise the long-term rate of increase of Britain's productive-potential to the level of our main competitors.

It was in 1948 that I first joined a political party—over 25 years ago. For 25 years—10 of them in Parliament, 3½ of them as a Minister—I have longed to see—and indeed tried to create, the conditions where this could be

achieved. At last, through our own oil, hope is given to us that it *can* be achieved. Whether it *will* be achieved—that remains to be seen. But the opportunity is there for us to seize.

[The Rt. Hon. Patrick Jenkin, M.P. for Wanstead and Woodford since 1964, is Shadow Minister for Energy. He was formerly Opposition Front Bench Spokesman on Economic Affairs, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and Chief Secretary to the Treasury. He was Minister for Energy at the time of the February 1974 General Election.]

CORRUPTION IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT

by F. D. Littlewood, O.B.E.

FOR those who have spent their professional lives in British local government and who have described it as 'a pretty clean place' and the 'envy of the world', the instances of flagrant dishonesty that have recently come before the criminal courts of the country have been a sad shock. At the time of writing further prosecutions are pending and even more enquiries are reported in the press as being in hand. However, enough can be seen of the general picture to frame some thoughts on the situation without risking comment on matters that are still *sub judice*.

In May 1974 the whole subject was highlighted by the publication of the Report of the Prime Minister's Committee on *Conduct in Local Government** set up by Mr. Edward Heath in October 1973 under the Chairmanship of Lord Redcliffe-Maud in the wake of what might be termed 'the Poulson affair', a heading under which the business dealings of Mr. John Poulson, architect and company director, exposed in his bankruptcy proceedings led to his conviction for corruption, and also to the subsequent conviction of Mr. T. Dan Smith, a prominent northern and Newcastle local government figure, and of Mr. Andrew Cunningham, former chairman of the Durham County Council, who were sentenced to prison for six and five years respectively at Leeds Crown Court at the end of April. Mr. William George Pottinger, a senior civil servant, an associate of John Poulson, was convicted at the same court last February for conspiracy and corruption and sentenced to five years imprisonment, reduced to four years on appeal.

It is tragic that all this comes at a critical time for local government with the wholesale reorganisation based on the Local Government Act, 1972, taking full effect on the 1st April, 1974. The new authorities have quite enough difficulties to face, especially those that will arise from the inevitable substantial increase in the rates that will be required, without the public's confidence in their members and officers being undermined by legal proceedings of this kind and by the actions thought necessary by the central government, a situation which the general public, no lovers of local government in any case, may easily magnify without justification in their search for sensation.

A few weeks before the Committee reported, Mr. Harold Wilson, now Prime Minister, stated that it was only an interim measure and he thought a Royal Commission was needed with wider terms of reference. Great care would be taken in settling these, and there would be consultation with all aspects of business and commercial life. [The Commission, however, could draw on the work of the Redcliffe-Maud Committee, and would also have at its disposal all the material arising from the judicial proceedings. When the

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*HMSO Cmnd. 5636. Vol. I. 23 May 1974.

Commission was set up all allegations of corruption would be a matter for the police who could indicate new practices for study.] The three main local government associations, representing the Metropolitan Authorities as well as the County and District Councils welcomed this statement especially in view of the proposed wide ranging terms of reference.

On 2nd July, 1974, however, Mr. Wilson in a written answer to a question in the House of Commons explained that the Government had decided to restrict the inquiry to the public sector 'except in respect of the overlapping between the public and private sectors'. He also announced that the chairman of the Commission would be Lord Salmon, a Lord of Appeal since 1972. Mr. Wilson said that now the Government had decided to restrict the inquiry his original proposal for consultation about the terms of reference outside the public sector was unnecessary. The Prime Minister explained the Government's decision was based on five points. These were, briefly, that the Commission could not be an investigative body, this was a matter for the police; the terms of reference should not be circumscribed too precisely; that the Commission's task should be kept within reasonable bounds; that the Commission might become a standing body and lastly the extent to which the Commission might wish to re-examine the Redcliffe-Maud Committee's report should be left to their discretion.

In the meantime, what exactly did the Redcliffe-Maud Committee find and what did they recommend? It accepted that there was widespread disquiet about conduct in local government and they warned that corruption, if it was not stopped, would spread. On the other hand they were quite clear in their judgment that conduct in local government was essentially honest. The Committee pointed out that any opinion about honesty must to a large extent be subjective, but they quoted some hard facts. In the period 1964-72, the latest for which details were available, and when there were some 48,000 members and over two million employees serving local authorities, a total of 10 members and 22 employees were convicted under the Prevention of Corruption Acts and 16 members convicted of failure to disclose a pecuniary interest under the Local Government Acts. Against this the scale of local government operations was very large. In June 1973 it employed 2.7 million people and in 1971-2 the total expenditure by local authorities in England, Wales and Scotland was well over £10,000 million—compared with nearly £1,600 million twenty years earlier. It was equivalent to 30% of all public expenditure. In this light, the very few instances of transgression, even if account is taken of undetected cases and those where no proceedings were taken the overall picture is of an honest service.

After pointing out the considerable growth in the value of contracts placed by local authorities for goods and services the Committee emphasised the increasing financial significance of land use planning and that local councils were themselves now in the business of comprehensive development. The Committee underlined that 'those, who as members and employees of local authorities control the deployment of such large resources bear a heavy responsibility to the community and are at permanent risk from the less scrupulous elements in it.' In the pursuit of honesty in a democracy the

classical problem is how to secure the disinterested exercise of power by those who themselves necessarily have certain interests as individual citizens or as employees of an organisation or as members of a particular geographical, social or economic group, and the Committee asserted the first safeguard must be founded on 'the honesty of the individual' and that further this 'must be visible if it is to win public confidence. The second essential safeguard for honesty in local government is therefore maximum openness'.

The Committee stressed that 'rules of conduct cannot create honesty; nor can they prevent deliberate dishonest or corrupt behaviour'. Nevertheless existing rules which emanate from the general statute law, standing orders of local councils and conditions of service of employees, as well as the specific provisions for the disclosure of pecuniary interests and the keeping of registers, should, however, be strengthened with increased penalties, including imprisonment. The Committee went further than recommending these legal changes; they proposed a national Code of Conduct and offered a draft of such a Code in an appendix to their report, expressing the hope that some local authorities might adopt it forthwith as an interim measure. It is pertinent to draw attention, as does the report, to the fundamental distinction in British local government, unlike that in some other countries, between the elected councillor and the appointed employee.

> The councillor is responsible to the electorate and serves only as long as his term of office lasts; the employee is responsible to the authority and the period of his employment is not determined by the electorate. The councillor usually owes allegiance to a political party; the employee's allegiance is to the authority as a whole. Thus the roles of councillor and employee are separate but complementary; but the growth of party politics, however, makes more important than ever the political impartiality of the authority's employees, especially where their work is in any way connected with the development and implementation of policy.

As to the Committee's draft Code of Conduct itself, one cannot quarrel with one word but perhaps express regret that its provision should be thought necessary. The Code advises that whenever councillors have a private or personal interest in any question 'You must not do anything to let that interest influence the decision' and 'Do nothing as a councillor which you could not justify if it became public'. After pointing out that the law requires disclosure of financial interests, whether they are direct or indirect, the Code deals with the difficult problems of relationships that cannot be covered by the law but in some ways are just as important; these include such matters as kinship, friendship, membership of a society or a trade union and other instances where judgment might be influenced or give the impression that this might be so. The Code suggests 'A good test is to ask yourself whether others would think the interest close enough to influence someone in your position' and goes on 'If you think they would or if you are in doubt, treat the interest as if it were a pecuniary one, disclose it and withdraw from the meeting.'

The Code also deals with the delicate problem of unofficial relations with other councillors, including meetings on informal and social occasions, casual conversation and most important of all at present and increasingly so in future, party group meetings. On this last topic the report itself points

out that policies are discussed and often settled at meetings of this nature open neither to the public nor the press, and these meetings may include people other than elected members of the authority, and who are not therefore subject to local government law and the Council's standing orders. Further, such meetings are hardly ever attended by officers of the authority. In their report the Committee stated 'Recent prosecutions for corruption have shown how the law requiring a disclosure of interest . . . can be evaded by taking the real decision beforehand at a party group meeting'. The Committee emphasise with strength that 'the political parties at the national as well as the local level have a major and continuing responsibility to ensure that standards of conduct at group meetings are no less strict than those at meetings of the authority and recommend they should seriously consider what action this responsibility requires of them'.

The Code tenders firm advice on the use of confidential information; affirming that 'it is a grave betrayal of trust' to use such information for the 'personal advantage of yourself or of anyone known to you'. On the more everyday but far from trivial matters, councillors are told to 'Treat with extreme caution any offer or gift, favour or hospitality made to you personally by any person or organisation that is doing or seeking business with the council or is applying to the council for any planning or other kind of decision' and, 'Working lunches . . . may be a proper way of doing business, provided no extravagence is involved'; also 'Nor can there be any hard and fast rules about acceptance or refusal of tokens of good will or special occasions'. In these decisions, which councillors themselves must make, they are to avoid 'the risk of damage to public confidence in local government'. The draft Code ends with advice on Council facilities; a small detail perhaps but in the light of modern attitudes can be justified especially in the hope that the advice may have a bearing on greater matters. Councillors are told to be scrupulous in making their legitimate claims for allowances and expenses and to make sure that 'any facilities—such as transport, stationery or secretarial services—provided by the council for your use in your official duties are used strictly for those duties and for no other purpose'.

With all its naivety the Code is obviously an admirable guide to conscience; there are those, however, who feel that this is not enough and there should be further regulation with legal apparatus to match it. In its evidence to the Redcliffe-Maud Committee *The Times* newspaper, which has interested itself to a considerable degree in this topic even before the Poulson affair became public knowledge, suggested there should be a general inspectorate of local government established as an arm of the central government. The Committee felt unable to endorse this suggestion, which, however, they described as an important one. The proposal which was thought might be on the lines of the inspectorates already existing in education and in the constabulary, had in its favour that it would be speedy and could be geared to the special requirements of local government. The Committee, however, took the view that an inspectorate of this kind would be contrary to the declared policy of successive governments to maintain local authorities as substantially self-regulating bodies, subject only to the very minimum of

central control and would add a further piece of investigative machinery to that created by the Local Government Act, 1974, in the shape of Commissioners for Local Administration—the 'Local Ombudsman'.

The Times, clearly not satisfied with the situation, in a specially contributed article, have pursued the idea of an 'anti-corruption agency'. Does the suggestion spring from the USA where experience of the evil of corruption has been considerable over the years? The use of the word 'agency' to describe the organisation suggests this. It was proposed that it should have a jurisdiction somewhat wider than local government.

The terms of reference of the Redcliffe-Maud Committee did not include the police, but the Committee felt impelled to make recommendations directed at improving detection and repression of corruption as well as giving further powers to the police and the Director of Public Prosecutions. *The Times* article takes the view that such extended powers would not be strong enough to deal adequately with cases like the Poulson affair and in support of this quoted Mr. Justice Waller when sentencing Mr. T. Dan Smith and Mr. Cunningham 'The very, very serious aspect of this case is that this corruption was done so discreetly. If Poulson had not gone bankrupt, none of this would have come out. This is the evil of the situation.' There was also a commitment of police resources and personnel on a most extensive scale; it was said that more senior detectives were drafted into the investigation than ever known before. An agency such as was being put forward would avoid such dislocation; it would have a specialised staff 'drawn from police, accountancy, legal, local government and other appropriate sources and reinforced from outside for any particular case load'. Would not such an agency simply add to the initiative-sapping bureaucratic over-sight by Whitehall, and might indeed itself become an obstacle to proper and full press and media activity? Lord Hailsham, who was notably outspoken about morality in high places at the time of the Profumo affair, interviewed and quoted by the *Radio Times* (25th May, 1974), stated 'As Lord Chancellor, it was my duty to read the entire transcript of the Poulson bankruptcy hearing, and decide what to do about it'; he also gave it as his opinion, however, that corruption was 'almost impossible to prevent', and publicity was 'the ultimate sanction'.

At the time Lord Hailsham spoke there had been a debate in the House of Commons on the declaration of members' interests, and it was announced that the Government proposed to set up a Select Committee on how best to establish a register of interests and what should go in it. The House, reflecting the public mood of the day, accepted the proposal gracefully enough, being only really concerned as to whether the register should be voluntary or compulsory. Enough emerged from this debate, both from inside the House and outside it, to indicate serious concern with present day standards of probity of the country both in private, business and public life. One wondered too whether the current finger-pointing at local government for special condemnation because of the dishonesty of certain individuals, mainly in one area, was not being overdone.

Living conditions are very different in the various parts of the country,

and have a bearing on outlook and the way of life. The Poulson affair seems mainly one of the North-East, where life is far from easy. Mr. David Peschek, a well-known and responsible writer on local government affairs, asked in the *Local Government Chronicle* (3rd and 10th May, 1974) that, whilst Dan Smith's criminalty should not be defended in any way, those who condemn should not forget what this man achieved and the good he had done. Smith, before he became Chairman of the Northern Economic Planning Council, saw the significance of regional affairs in the improvement of life in the area, and sponsored the formation of the N.E. Development Council and the N.E. Association for the Arts. Beginning his working life as a painter's apprentice, educating himself at night school, he did much for Newcastle where, when Labour took control in 1958, there was a critical housing situation with a waiting list of nearly 10,000 families. In tackling this and the local administration to match it, there were successes as well as failures and whatever can be said against him—and there is a great deal—he was a man of action. Local government is not so full of these that the good things they achieve should be readily overlooked. David Peschek's views have been the subject both of criticism and appreciation, but there is no doubt about one point he made that, as in the case of Profumo, over-exposure to condemnation in course of time brings a degree of sympathy.

Unfortunately, such little comfort as was brought by the hope that this outbreak of dishonesty was confined to one set of circumstances in one part of the country, where conditions of life were hitting hardest did not, however, last long. On 21st June, 1974, Alan Maudsley, formerly the City Architect of the Birmingham Corporation, was sentenced at Birmingham Crown Court to 2½ years imprisonment and the payment of a substantial sum in costs for his part in what has been termed 'a corrupt web' involving two other architects who were sent to jail for lesser periods but with larger sums in costs. All three had changed pleas of 'Not Guilty' to 'Guilty'. Clearly this case presents another and severe kind of shock; a professional man with a substantial salary found to be in league with and accepting bribes from other members of the same profession. Maudsley, a man of drive under whose direction Birmingham's house building had reached a peak of 9,000 houses in one year, controlled a budget of £32 million and had been appointed a C.B.E. It is significant, however, that many of Birmingham's big contracts were never put out to tender but were negotiated. The leader of the present responsible local authority has promised in relation to a statement made by counsel at Maudsley's trial that the case was 'only the tip of an iceberg', that the fullest co-operation would be given to the police in any further investigation, however far back it may have to go, because until everyone is cleared no one can be content. The leader continued in his statement that 'it is in the interests of everyone, either elected members or officials to demonstrate publicly that there is nothing to hide. We are quite prepared to put up with any inconveniences in such an inqury, for it is not individuals who are on trial, but the whole of the authority'.

As mentioned earlier, the police have in hand investigations in other parts of the country. On 25th June, 1974, the Warwickshire police announced the

names of men they have charged before the Leamington Magistrates in matters linked with corruption, local government and business contracts.

A few days before the Redcliffe-Maud Report was issued, a new and important book by Lord Redcliffe-Maud and Bruce Wood, *English Local Government Reformed,* was published by Oxford University Press. As can be imagined from such a source, the book has both authority and clarity. Comprehensive yet concise, it is essential reading for anyone taking a serious interest in local government. Though notes of regret are struck and pitfalls are pointed out, the authors are stout-hearted in their optimism for the future. In the light of what has been written earlier in this article, the last chapter of the book, *The Repute of English Local Government,* has a special significance. It is accepted that 'by its very nature local government will always attract as candidates persons with business interests in land, commerce, housing and many other subjects with which, if elected councillors, they will still be personally concerned', and further that in dealing with recommended improvements in procedure, Lord Redcliffe-Maud and his co-author sum up the situation when they conclude that 'no legislation or administrative device can in the end safeguard the public against dishonesty; only the character of the councillor and the vigilance of his constituents can do that'.

What can be done about the situation? If we are to preserve democracy, it must be kept on a worthy basis, and men and women of sound character must be persuaded to stand as candidates for election to local councils. This will be even more important now as the new councils are so much larger than the old, and there is a danger of remoteness with all that that can mean. If national politics are to dominate local government, then surely the national parties must take to heart the Committee's indication of their responsibilities. If the temptations in local government, where actual decisions are made about the spending of money, are greater than those in Parliament, then greater care must be exercised. The Liberal Party, during whose period of dominance in the past local government saw some of its best days, and in which it has now had some recent successes, have just set up a local government office. The Conservatives have had one for some time, and the Labour Party after debating as to whether a 'party inquiry' should be undertaken into their affairs in the North-East, have been recommended not to do this but to set up a special committee who would among other things advise on what further safeguards are necessary. It is relatively easy to secure men and women for appointment as magistrates, to government and regional boards and committees, but to get people to contest an election with all its disagreeable canvassing and embarrassments, is an entirely different matter. Local government has not got a good image; it is unlikely ever to be among the best, but it deserves a much better one than it has, and the main political parties could do a great deal to help in this direction.

At the same time encouragement must be given to young men and women with ideals of service to make local government their vocation and livelihood. Unfortunately it will take a good deal of courage for those

helping the young in their choice of career at the present time to point out local government to their ablest and best or even their most steadfast pupils. A pity, because at this critical time in its history local government needs them badly—a need which it is just as much in the nation's interest to meet as the individual local authorities.

The Redcliffe-Maud Committee asked for more openness and this has been more than warmly welcomed. Local councils, however, together with their individual members and responsible officers, must do more than merely give lip-service to this. They must act upon it and be seen to do so —whatever the embarrassments or difficulties. Is it too much to ask that in return the press and other media should maintain their professional responsibility to the utmost—avoiding sensationalism and not being backward in giving credit where due to those large numbers of men and women who give up much time, and often much of their substance, in the service of others by way of local government?

[After holding similar appointments in other towns, Frank Littlewood, OBE, retired from the Town Clerkship of Cheltenham in 1965 and became the Hon. Secretary of the Non-County Boroughs of England and Wales, and also of the West Country Writers' Association. He was a member and Vice-Chairman of the Association of Municipal Corporations for a number of years.]

THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

by Dorothy Pickles

THE French Presidential election of 1974 is an important milestone in the political history of France, as well as in the life of the Gaullist party. When General de Gaulle resigned in 1969, the immediate necessity was to ensure that the regime should survive the departure of its founder. Thanks to the availability of an almost ideal Gaullist candidate, the transition was achieved smoothly—almost imperceptibly. M. Georges Pompidou, a close associate and adviser of General de Gaulle for many years and his Prime Minister for six of the ten years of his Presidency, fought the 1969 Presidential election on the theme of 'continuity and change', but with sufficient emphasis on continuity to hold together the different strands of Gaullism.

The three years of M. Pompidou's Presidency worsened the position of the Gaullists and improved that of the opposition in several ways. The first change was the increasing dissension visible within the ranks of the Gaullist party, once it had been deprived of the unchallenged authority of General de Gaulle. The gap widened between hero-worshipping disciples, such as MM. Debré, Couve de Murville and Fouchet, still faithful to what they regarded as the pure milk of the Gaullist word, and the on the whole younger and newer Gaullists, for whom M. Pompidou represented a more modern approach, with its recognition of the need for a well-organised and efficient political party, instead of reliance on the mass movement, or *Rassemblement,* preferred by the 'historic' Gaullists. On the left of the party, the heterogeneous collection of semi-dissident reformist organisations continued to lay their main stress on the General's somewhat vaguely formulated substitute for the class war, the doctrine—if it can be called that—of 'participation', especially in industry.

The second change was President Pompidou's lack of impact in the field of foreign affairs, in which General de Gaulle's role had always been appreciated more by his fellow-citizens than by France's neighbours. M. Pompidou's failure in 1972 to establish the personal leadership within the European Community that he openly sought perhaps weakened his confidence in himself, but whether or not that was so, the result of the referendum, ostensibly asking for French ratification of Britain's, Denmark's and Ireland's accession to membership of the Community, but in reality asking (as he himself explained) for a national vote of confidence in the President as France's spokesman in Europe, was certainly felt by him as a rebuff. For only 61.36% voted, and only just over half of these voted Yes. A few months later, France's partners refused to agree to discuss his proposal for the establishment of a European political Secretariat, based on Paris. The European Community was increasingly divided, and the European idea more and more in the doldrums; the policy of detente with the East was in limbo since the Soviet intervention in Czechslovakia, and the prospects of France's hoped-for role in the Middle East increasingly remote.

It is possible, even probable, that, if he had remained in office, General de Gaulle would himself have encountered the same obstacles. But two factors helped progressively to weaken President Pompidou's internal position. The first was his own uncertainty of purpose. Although his control of the Governmental machine seemed no less complete than had been that of General de Gaulle, he too often appeared indecisive. There was evident friction between him and his Prime Minister, M. Chaban-Delmas, and though a change of Prime Minister in 1972 improved Presidential relations with the Prime Minister, it did little to improve those of the Prime Minister with the majority party or with Parliament. The second factor was, from 1973 onwards, the growing uncertainty created by the President's visibly failing health. This may have been, of course, a major factor in his apparent loss of grip over affairs, which was being openly criticised. The following are only a few examples of the kind of criticism and anxiety that was by now apparent in the country. After his press conference in September, 1973, a commentator criticised his manner as being too familiar for a solemn affair, and too 'haughty' for one intended to be characterised by simplicity. It was, he said, 'neither a contest nor an aria', the President allowed himself to be irritated too often, and often gave superficial answers.[1] One critic described him as governing now 'in a permanent state of indecision, even of contradiction',[2] and another as 'a sovereign who prefers to conciliate, temporise and evade, instead of deciding and choosing'.[3] A Minister was quoted as saying that France had 'a Prime Minister without personality and a President without purpose'.[4] And in February, a critic commentated on the 'bizarre and painful' situation created in Paris by the fact that political conversation no longer centred on the President's actions, but only on his state of health'.[5]

The immediate effect of the President's sudden death in April was to precipitate a leaderless Gaullist party into a Presidential election for which it was ill-prepared, at the precise moment when the opposition forces were better prepared than they had ever been. For the first time in French political history, the Socialist and Communist parties had committed themselves to a joint 'Government programme', published in book form and much publicised, and on which they had already fought a general election the previous year. The serious disagreements between Socialists and Communists, obscured by familiar left-wing phrases, and the improbability of the document's serving as a practical basis for any conceivable Government in which Socialists and Communists would hold power together, had not prevented the coalition from achieving two significant results. The Left had, for the first time, acquired a platform that appeared to give it enough credibility to claim to be an alternative Government. And in the 1973 general election, it had succeeded in achieving a slight increase in votes and had doubled its representation in the National Assembly (though only in comparison with 1968, which had seen a landslide Gaullist victory; in comparison with 1967, the last elections in normal conditions, the position of the Left was virtually static).

In the 1965 Presidential election, M. François Mitterrand, standing as the

candidate of a united Left, had come dangerously near to shaking the confidence of General de Gaulle, who obtained 43.97% of the votes (metropolitan France only) at the first ballot. In 1974, as the candidate of a united Left, and now leader of a reorganised Socialist party, M. Mitterrand seemed even better placed to defeat the Government side, which was represented at the first ballot by no less than three rival candidates— the official Gaullist candidate, M. Chaban-Delmas; the Minister of Finance, M. Giscard d'Estaing; and M. Jean Royer, a Minister who had piloted a Bill to protect the interests represented by the more vociferous groups of small tradesmen, and who was a fervent spokesman for the more Puritan elements of Catholic opinion, then opposing proposed legislation on contraception and abortion.

The campaign was even more than usual a battle of opinion polls. So much so that the acting President, M. Alain Poher, felt obliged to prohibit the publication of a final poll on the eve of the election. It was also, in spite of the exhausting provincial tours undertaken by the main candidates, predominantly a television campaign. The 90-minute 'Face to Face' debate between M. Chaban-Delmas and M. Mitterrand at the opening of the campaign, and that between the latter and the runner-up of the first ballot, M. Giscard d'Estaing, were each estimated to have attracted an audience of some 25 million viewers—five-sixths of the electorate. It was also an election in which there was an unprecedented number of candidates, and especially of would-be candidates—reduced eventually from upwards of 30 to a dozen who actually fought the election. Apart from the three main contestants, however, only two (M. Royer and a Trotskyite woman candidate—the first woman candidate in a Presidential election) had any importance, and only because their advice to their supporters on how to vote at the second ballot (for they were certain to be eliminated at the first) might have a significant influence on the result of the election.

In the circumstances, the absence of a de Gaulle, and even of a Gaullist 'heir apparent', together with the risk of the dispersion of Gaullist votes at the first ballot, placed the Gaullists in a difficult situation, and there were even speculations regarding the possibility of the Socialist candidate's succeeding in getting himself elected at the first ballot. In the event, M. Mitterrand obtained exactly the same percentage of votes as General de Gaulle had done in 1965 (43.97%), slightly less than the pollsters' estimated minimum vote needed to ensure his victory at the second ballot. From then on, the campaign took on a very different character from that of the three previous Presidential campaigns under the Fifth Republic. For the first time, the contest was not between Gaullists and the rest, but between two candidates, neither of whom was a Gaullist. And each was in fact appealing to categories of the electorate that made the contest look much more like the traditional confrontation between Right and Left. M. Giscard d'Estaing was clearly obtaining his main support from the more elderly in the middle or lower middle classes in medium or small towns and villages, and especially, it was said, from elderly ladies (of whom there are said to be over 4 million). M. Mitterrand was clearly looking to, and obtaining, support mainly from the organised working class in industrial areas—the

traditional clientele of the French Left—and attracting, it was said, men more than women, and especially the younger sections of the population. The sections of the population whose choice seemed in most doubt included a number of those belonging to Centre movements, and some of the more leftward-looking Gaullists (especially in the small dissident movements, or among those who had supported the economic policies of M. Chaban-Delmas), who regarded M. Giscard d'Estaing as too conservative.

The appeal of both candidates seemed to lie less in what they said than in what they appeared to stand for, that is, in the image of himself which each either fostered or acquired. This was in part because, having made their initial declarations, both men inevitably repeated themselves a great deal. But it was due even more to the nature of any Presidential election under the electoral system introduced in 1962, which personalises it by restricting the final stage to a contest between two candidates. Each is, of course, encumbered by the support of extremist elements with which he has little sympathy. Thus, M. Giscard d'Estaing received support from some extreme right-wing groups, while the extremist left-wing movements supported M. Mitterrand (albeit grudgingly and with considerable reserves). Each is, however, at least in theory, unencumbered by party bonds and loyalties, because, whatever his known political and party affiliations, the President of the Republic regards himself as *'le Président de tous les Français'*. In 1974, both candidates paid lip-service to this theory, M. Mitterrand even going so far as to promise to resign from the Socialist party if elected.

The political effects of the theory are twofold. In the first place, since the two candidates are not party leaders competing for a Government majority in the legislature, they do not regard it as their function to put forward party or Government programmes, but only to outline 'fundamental choices', or what are described as *grandes orientations* or *grandes options*. On the other hand, since both intend to play the part of a President of the Fifth Republic, who is *de facto*, though not *de jure*, head of Government as well as head of State, their *options* and *orientations* become indistinguishable from party programmes in the minds of the electors no less than in their own. M. Giscard d'Estaing made it abundantly clear that his *options* were those of the Government coalition in which he had held office for nine of the past twelve years, and the two defeated Gaullist candidates advised their supporters to vote for him. M. Mitterrand tied himself in logical knots by proclaiming that he was not fighting the election on the Socialist-Communist Common Programme, though his own *options* in fact resembled it like a brother, except for those items that he toned down somewhat, either by adding qualifications or vague time schedules, in order not to frighten away those electors who feared that he would be the hostage of his Communist allies. In other words, as the campaign proceeded, both candidates and audiences behaved more and more as if what was happening was a general election campaign in which rival party leaders were putting forward alternative party programmes. In reality, as everyone really knew, whichever of the candidates was elected President would be dependent for the

carrying out of any of his promises or proposals on the assent of the majority of the Deputies in the National Assembly.

This fact gave M. Giscard d'Estaing an advantage that he did not hesitate to drive home. Up to 1974, the coexistence of a Gaullist President and a Gaullist-dominated National Assembly had made it possible to reconcile General de Gaulle's theories of Presidential leadership with democratic Parliamentary theory, according to which Governments are responsible to the legislature. Because the President could always count on a docile Assembly, he could present himself as *de facto* leader, while remaining *de jure* subject to the will of Parliament. But what, enquired others as well as M. Giscard d'Estaing, would be M. Mitterrand's position, if elected, vis-à-vis a National Assembly, which could expect to have a strong Gaullist and conservative majority until 1978? What would his Presidential *options* be worth? M. Mitterrand's replies were not very convincing. If, he said, the National Assembly defeated a Government appointed to carry out his proposals, he would use his Presidential right to dissolve the Assembly and hold elections, hoping thus to obtain a majority for his own views. If he did not succeed, then he would have to abide by the decision of the electorate. Since nothing in recent French history justifies the assumption that a general election will necessarily reflect views expressed in what is, to all intents and purposes, a referendum (as was clearly borne out both by the referendum and following elections in 1962, and also by the general elections of 1968, and General de Gaulle's referendum the following year, which brought about his resignation) this meant that M. Mitterrand risked being rapidly reduced to a choice between resignation and political impotence. For having dissolved the Assembly once, he would be constitutionally unable to dissolve it again for the following twelve months.

M. Giscard d'Estaing contrasted this hypothetical situation with his own position. As a Minister in the Government coalition since 1969, he could hope to establish from the start a Government acceptable to the existing majority in the National Assembly. In reality, the situation was likely to be less simple, and the result of the election, which gave him only a 400,000 lead over his defeated rival, out of an electorate of over 30 million, of whom more than 87% had voted, added to his probable problems as the first non-Gaullist President of the Fifth Republic. The fact that he was neither a de Gaulle nor a Gaullist meant that he might not be able to count to the same extent as his predecessors on the docility of the Parliamentary majority. Especially as he had expressed himself during the campaign in favour of a more broadly based Government, including, along with the Centrists already represented in the Government since 1969, opposition Centrists, led by MM. Jean Lecanuet and Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, and even, he hinted, a Socialist or two (provided such Socialists had not approved of the Common Programme). Gaullists disliked the integrationist Europeanism of opposition Centrists, while the more conservative elements of the Government coalition (whether Gaullists or M. Giscard d'Estaing's own Independent Republicans) disliked their social reformism. In addition,

the acrimonious exchanges between himself and his Gaullist rival during the campaign preceding the first ballot were not likely to be quickly forgotten by some Gaullists, especially those who had resented the quasi-independent position adopted by M. Giscard d'Estaing during his years on the back benches between 1966 and 1969. His *'Oui-mais'*, or critical support, had made him a thorn in the side of some Gaullists (M. Pompidou had even referred to him as his 'cactus') and his unqualified 'No' in the 1969 referendum had never been forgiven by some. Even before the Presidential election was over there were murmurings in the Gaullist camp, including hints that some might prefer to remain aloof from the Government to be formed following M. Giscard d'Estaing's election.

The close result of the election may to some extent ease the tensions that these considerations could create in relation to Government formation and cohesion. For as 'the President of all the French', M. Giscard d'Estaing cannot ignore the wishes of the 49.3% of them who voted for his rival. As a young and ambitious politician, he must take into account, too, the fact that, unless he can win some of these over to his side, he will be unlikely to be elected for a second term. Spokesmen on the Left have already pointed out with some bitterness that, if the Government had carried out its accepted obligation to extend the vote to nineteen-year-olds, he would have been defeated this time, and will certainly be defeated next time. Seven years are, however, a long time, and especially in the conditions in which President Giscard d'Estaing enters on his term of office. In terms of the actual policies outlined in the Presidential 'options', there is not enough difference between the two men to permit of any precise predictions as to which of them is likely to appeal more to the electorate as time goes on. One thing is certain. There will be pressure for immediate social reforms. But both men made very similar undertakings in this field. Indeed, opposition spokesmen have already suggested that, where there is common ground between the two sides, there are no political obstacles to prevent immediate action. There may, however, be economic obstacles. M. Giscard d'Estaing was the more cautious of the two regarding the pace at which social reforms involving great increases in public expenditure could be carried out, because he inevitably saw the problem in the context of a Minister of Finance faced with a whole series of other urgent economic demands on him.

In the field of foreign policy, the differences are those of personality and emphasis rather than of substance. Neither contemplated France's return to NATO nor her abandonment of the Atlantic Alliance. Both expressed their fidelity to the ideal of a united Europe, without spelling out any more than President Pompidou had done exactly what they intended the term to mean. M. Mitterrand watered down somewhat the more daunting phrases of the Common Programme, which had helped to sustain fears that he shared too much of the Communist approach, and he specifically approved of the positions adopted so abrasively by the Foreign Minister, M. Michel Jobert. Both men, that is, reaffirmed the need for French and European independence of the United States, without defining what was to be under-

stood by the word 'independence'. Neither held out any hope of the kind of understanding of British needs for renegotiation of the conditions of accession to the European Community that members of the British Government had expressed hopes of obtaining.

Both the result of the election and the comments during and after the campaign indicate that, for many electors, the two men still remain question marks. M. Mitterrand undoubtedly suffers somewhat from his close association with the Communists, and from the general public's suspicion of the kind of wholesale change indicated by lists of proposed nationalisations of key sectors of the economy. M. Giscard d'Estaing has not entirely succeeded in eliminating his somewhat remote and conservative —even aristocratic—image; that of a man who is, in the words of one television interviewer, 'too young, rich, handsome and intellectual'. He suffers, too, to some extent, from his long association with unpopular financial policies, and from the fact that, as a longstanding and influential member of the Government, he must bear some responsibility for the grievances which made M. Mitterrand attractive to some voters precisely because he advocated radical change. On the other hand, M. Mitterrand remains for some too much the left-wing leader who has been out of power for some twenty years and thinks more in dreams than in terms of what is possible here and now.

The here and now, or today's and tomorrow's economic and political pressures, may be the deciding factor in the success or failure of the new President. He inherits a daunting situation, which neither he nor his country can necessarily determine or control. Three question marks in particular could make or break him, however well he succeeds in taking the difficult step from departmental competence to national leadership. The first is the economic situation, and especially the repercussions of the oil crisis and of inflation. The second is the evolution of the Left, and especially the extent to which the Communist-dominated trade unions will or will not use industrial pressures to gain political ends. The third is the evolution of the Gaullist party itself, at present leaderless and in danger of succumbing to centrifugal tendencies which could lead to a gradual return to the multi-party instabilities that characterised the Third and Fourth Republics. Two things at least are evident. The first is that what General de Gaulle called Gaullism is dead, and the Gaullist party has at the moment no agreed replacement for it. The second is that merely to preserve a regime from collapsing every time a President is changed is not enough. President Pompidou could not, as General de Gaulle did, give the country the illusion of having a personality and a purpose, perhaps because he had none himself, perhaps because he did not have the time and the health to do so. Now the regime must acquire its own *raison d'être.*

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[1] Jean-François Revel, 'Une fausse maîtresse' (*L'Express*, 1-7 October, 1973).

[2] Arthur Conte, 'Le problème Pompidou' (Interview in *L'Express*, 26 November-2 December, 1973).

MOCAMBIQUE

by R. D. Salaman

ALLEGATIONS of village massacres in Moçambique are not difficult to substantiate. Even Portuguese army officers will admit to them. With a little luck one can soon find an English-speaking junior army officer on the patrols around Cabora Bassa who will relate in confidential terms of friends based in a Tet commando battalion who were present at Wiriyamu. The White Fathers, a catholic missionary society, have completely withdrawn from Moçambique as a final protest against such incidents.

Three great defensive circles lie in a 75 kilometre radius around the Cabora Bassa dam project in the north west. The entire area is paralysed by compulsory convoy travel. Each morning at six o'clock a convoy leaves Tet. Skies, sullen as an English November day, succeed a night spent in military police barrack bunks. In the sand bagged well of a Mercedes truck I squeezed in with black and white Portuguese troops wearing an endless variety of battle dress. Everyone huddles below the walls of steel plate and sand bags; the engine struggles under the burden of sand and iron. A swivelling iron shield and machine gun bracket dominate the lorry back.

The only road cutting through the bush is tarmaced to hinder the laying of landmines. In a further attempt to reduce the poignancy of ambush passing troops spasmodically burn this bush to patches of scorched earth and charred stubs. The typical concept of the East African tree, grotesquely twisted and leafless, abounds here in the sort of country that affords views well over a hundred metres into the inner bush, but can obscure shapes a mere twenty metres away.

The guerrillas' ambush record is not impressive. In 14 months the 7220 battalion patrolling this road lost only three men. No vehicles were hit by often badly misguided rockets.

Nevertheless, the psychological threat is ever present. Ahead of the day's civilian traffic the lead vehicle slows to walking pace by a boulder strewn ridge frequently favoured for an ambush site. Schoolboys turned soldiers scan the silhouetted skyline from beneath camouflaged caps in anxious anticipation. After two minutes, a quarter of a mile further on, they breathe again.

By the road, half a dozen resettlement villages house people previously living off tiny nomadic bush clearings. Some come voluntarily, others are brought in by army patrols. Their excitement indicates that many have come to depend substantially on the easy communication and transport of the convoys. Whilst crowds of boisterous children jostle to the buses, stony faced African men climb silently on and off the army trucks. These are native militia, armed to defend their own settlements and small holdings, mysteriously appearing and vanishing through the bush, causing General Arriaga many headaches over their true loyalties during his term as military commander of the colony.

By midday the convoy has disbanded at the heavily fortified base of Changara and relaxing officers in their early twenties retire to a chaotic mess-room to complain of the boredom and their wish to be home once again in Portugal. Certainly, few of these troops would be reluctant to revert to their more familiar way of life.

A sergeant points out the fortifications. Though an attack on so large a base is unlikely, stringent precautions have been taken, such as the installation of 81 mm Portuguese made mortars and German automatic weapons. Searchlights pinpoint surrounding areas of the plain.

Southwards on the road to Beira, troops bound for Portugal on long leave reluctantly pass round sickening photographs of clashes in the extreme north near the Tanzanian border. The photographs also show rows of Soviet Karashenkoff and Simenoff automatic weapons. In a Tet house a mortar shell case used as an ashtray was inscribed with an asiatic script.

Since the last decade of the fifteenth century when Vasco da Gama discovered the Cape route to India, the Portuguese have held colonies down a narrow but extensive strip of the African east coast. During the 1920s their influence extended inland to the present-day borders bounding Rhodesia, South Africa and Malawi. Previously there were not more than 3,000 Portuguese nationals south of the Sahara. From pre-Christian times the Arabs had found slave trading a lucrative occupation and the new European invaders drew on this seemingly endless reservoir of the interior spurred on by further gains of gold and ivory.

The Arabs later reduced the Portuguese-held territories of the east coast to present-day Moçambique. Compared with neighbouring countries the white population is relatively low with 230,000 expatriates out of a population of 8.2 million; 60,000 of these are soldiers.

Traditionally the expatriate population has been centred around the two major city ports of Lourenço Marques and Beira. Transit trade from Rhodesia and South Africa are life-blood to these modern cities. In contrast, vast low-lying malarial areas offer little incentive to retain migrant workers bound westwards to Rhodesia and Malawi.

However, a programme of 'colonates' similar to those of Angola has also aimed to settle European Portuguese from the same home districts in Portugal, in agricultural communities provided with housing, livestock, seed and some 100 acres of land. Virtually from the onset of the Portuguese westerly ingresses into the continent in the 1920s, African groups have evolved with an aim to securing native autonomy rather than colonial domination. These remained ineffectual until several of them conglomerated to form the organisation Frelimo, in the early 1960s.

Always there had been grievances of exploitation by Portuguese colonial legislation as evoked by an 1899 labour contract decree allowing for automatic contracting of Africans unable to find employment by their own means. Priority was given to cultivation of cash crops, like tea and cotton, rather than to lower cost foods which became largely imported.

Though originally dedicated to securing independence by non-violent policies, a far more belligerent attitude was induced by the rapid and harsh

reaction of Portuguese armed forces to an independence demonstration in Niassa Province. As a result of this incident, which resulted in some hundreds of killings and woundings, Frelimo was prepared to resort to armed opposition and by 1965 was well able to confront the Portuguese on these terms in the northern Provinces of Niassa and Cabo Delgado. The European influence, though now substantially felt, was further reinforced by the initiation in 1968 of the massive Cabora Bassa project on the lower Zambesi River.

A gargantuan feat of engineering, power from Cabora Bassa's hydro-electric station, would totally transform the economy of the territory with planned projects for iron, coal, manganese and chrome. The intention that much of this work would be done by further European immigration evoked fears not only of transforming the economy and weighing the ethnic balance but of totally eclipsing any developing political future for the country.

Planned export of power to South Africa has not lent popularity to the project which will be linked directly into the Republic's national grid. The fact that the opening in 1978 of South Africa's first nuclear power station in the Cape reduces its dependence on the vulnerable hydro-station far to the north, did not deter the Portuguese.

In the same year, 1968, Frelimo crossed the Zambesi River and entered Tet Province with supply lines that are destined to be submerged beneath the proposed Cabora Bassa lake, unless Frelimo succeeds politically or militarily in halting its production.

Inevitably, a protracted military struggle has since that time gripped the whole of this north-westerly province.

Before the April 1974 coup in Portugal, the worsening military situation in the colony had forced the Government to consider steps towards an African solution to the country's political future. As a result, in February, an association of largely African Nationalist professional people were given permission to form a pressure group called *Grupo Unido De Moçambique*.

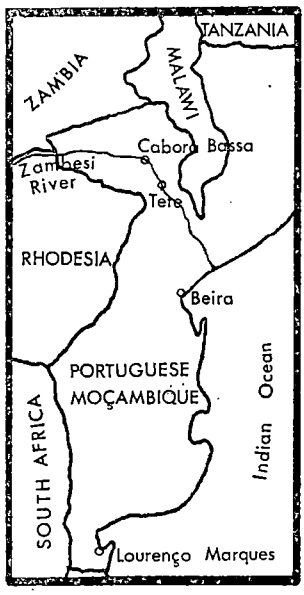
An extension of the country's restricted electoral register was a result, not only of this type of sentiment, but of the dissatisfaction shown by the European population of the colony. Their fears and the Government's fears were probably further enhanced by the tentative guerrilla activities of last year, farther south; now crystallising into an offensive position for Frelimo, whose units have managed comfortably to flank the essential road and rail links from Beira to Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi.

Although such an offensive mood may be hard to sustain, the political and social implications have meant many white settlers either leaving the district for good or fortifying their isolated farms. Of course, such tentative moves to initiate an African Nationalist infra-structure within the political system have been succeeded by the changing hands of power in Portugal. Cautiously, the old Government had been moving towards, if not complete independence, an arrangement within a Commonwealth-type structure. Given the anticipated liberal atmosphere in Portugal, direct talks with Frelimo leaders in Tanzania, and the favourable co-operation of neighbouring heads of states such as that of President Kaunda of Zambia, who said

recently that the Portuguese should be given time to resolve their problems, a new pattern may emerge.

And Frelimo have not been idle in claiming their rights to speak for the African population. In the areas they have effectively occupied, literacy programmes have for the first time reached the bush people. Village communes are now growing food crops for home consumption rather than cash crops for export. A determined assault on the traditional diseases of malaria, leprosy, yellow fever, bilharzia, smallpox and typhoid have followed the formation of health services designed to offset the virtual absence of trained African doctors. Vaccinations, printing presses and schools are aimed to remove poverty, tribalism and creed differences.

Whether or not the throwing off of one foreign yoke will be achieved at the expense of incurring others is a question which should be approached with some trepidation.



[R. D. Salaman, an engineering graduate of London University, recently spent some time travelling widely through southern Africa.]

F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE AND THE SUFFRAGETTES

by Thomas F. Hale

IN our ahistorical age, there is a constant temptation to ignore the continuity which exists between past and present worlds; even the more recent past is often cavalierly excluded from our consideration of contemporary events. This is particularly evident in reference to the Women's Liberation Movement. Some, like Simone de Beauvoir, take the position that in a certain sense women have had no history until very recently when they achieved a consciousness of themselves as free. Perhaps one reason for this is that we mistake new rhetoric for a new message. The novel language of Women's Lib today, which to some must sound like Nietzschean *'wench und überwench'* utterances, disguises the fact that women and men have long striven for the same goals which the liberationists seek to achieve now. When one compares the pre-World War I British suffragettes with today's liberationists, the messages and objectives are strikingly similar, although the rhetoric, emphasis, and methods are indeed different This can be illustrated in the career of a male participant in the 'Votes for Women' campaign of Edwardian England.

Frederick William Pethick-Lawrence, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated on December 28, 1971, although relatively unknown in most circles today, was a major contributor to the success of the British Suffragette Movement. No doubt his activities as a pro-Boer journalist, a member of the Union of Democratic Control, a Labour Cabinet Minister, and his significant role in the conferring of sovereignty on the Indian sub-continent (at the time of which he was created, in 1945, Baron Pethick-Lawrence of Peaslake), would insure that he obtain a place of importance in British history; but it is as a leading militant in the suffragette campaign that he made his most distinctive contribution to the history of the twentieth century. The feminist movement is much more indebted to him than it is to more often remembered figures like Keir Hardie and George Lansbury.

Pethick-Lawrence was himself to some extent responsible for his lack of prominence in the annals of the women's rights movement; he was content to be unobtrusive and to work largely behind the scenes. This was in keeping with Pethick-Lawrence's character, for although he came from a distinguished London family and earned many honours at Cambridge, he was a most unpretentious and amiable person. 'His constant and courteous equanimity' often belied the extent of his affiliations with left-of-centre causes. He was that type of person that can best be assessed by a later generation, for he was not given to self-praise or self-assertiveness.

Although Pethick-Lawrence never captured the public eye as the female suffragettes did, a study of the organisation and structure of the Women's Social and Political Union reveals that he was an extremely active member of the tetrarchy which ruled the WSPU until what *Punch* called the 'Peth-

Pank' split of 1912. Along with Christabel and Emmeline Pankhurst, he and his wife, the former Emmeline Pethick, were responsible for the day-to-day organisation and strategy of this militant suffrage union. At times the tetrarchy was actually reduced to a 'triumvirate' when Mrs. Pankhurst was away from headquarters employing her skills as a 'consummate Evangelist'. The co-ordination within the triumvirate was indeed so close and so constant that Christabel actually made her home in the Pethick-Lawrence flat for a number of years. Nevertheless, in terms of inspiration and overall political 'genius', the lion's share of credit is still rightly ascribed to Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel; but in terms of forging the WSPU into an effective machine for exerting political pressure, the Pethick-Lawrences have not been properly acknowledged. When they were first introduced to the Pankhursts in 1906 by Keir Hardie, the organisation and finances of the WSPU were almost non-existent. As Pethick-Lawrence tells us in his autobiography, *Fate Has Been Kind,* 'they had neither influence nor money; and they and their agitation appeared to be wholly without significance.' Despite the superabundance of enthusiasm and courage of the WSPU, he quickly perceived that these virtues alone would not bring success as long as they neglected 'planning on the business side'.

Although Pethick-Lawrence did not hold any official post in the WSPU until 1909 when he became joint-treasurer during his wife's enforced absence in prison, he was constantly participating in the management of the affairs of the WSPU, the offices of which were once moved to his flat. It was he who installed a paid efficient staff of sixty women in addition to the many voluntary office workers. In 1907 the Pethick-Lawrences founded *Votes for Women,* which soon reached a circulation of 50,000 copies per week. The educational arm of the WSPU, *The Women's Press,* which saw to the publication and distribution of a number of propaganda pamphlets as well as in-depth studies of the problems confronting women, was also a Pethick-Lawrence creation. Although Pethick-Lawrence himself engaged in some fund raising, it was his wife who earned the epithet 'most persuasive beggar in London', for her skill in amassing sums in excess of £100,000. What might be called the 'legal staff' of the Women's Social and Political Union consisted of this one man; he actually made his courtroom debut as their advocate. When he was not defending them personally, he would instruct individual suffragettes on how to conduct their own defence. In these years he stood bail for nearly a thousand militants, risking his own private fortune to do so. So immersed was he in the activities of the union that he could only rarely take time away from the office; he even felt compelled to make appointments with his wife when he wished to see her during the day. For his many services to the WSPU the suffragettes gratefully bestowed on him the title 'Godfather'. In addition to this term of endearment from the rank and file, he fully deserved the sobriquet 'Prince Consort of the Suffragettes', which Roger Fulford confers on him in his book, *Votes For Women.*

Other contemporaries also acknowledged Pethick-Lawrence's position in the militant movement, albeit negatively. His unswerving loyalty to 'The

Cause' brought attempts at censure from established society. Shortly after one of his defences of the suffragettes, some in the legal profession sought to disbar him, though nothing came of it. The members of the Reform Club decided that the proper chastisement for his complicity with militancy should be ostracism. It was the Liberal government of Asquith, however, which dispensed the largest dose of curative. The central role which he played was acknowledged by the public prosecutor. He was among those WSPU notables charged with 'conspiracy to destroy the property of His Majesty's liege subjects'. The government's choice of prosecutors was indeed complimentary; the Attorney-General himself was pitted against the conspirators. Being sentenced at the Old Bailey to a lengthy prison term despite a jury plea to the judge for clemency, he submitted to the 'sub-human status of the prisoner', and for several days endured the savage techniques of force-feeding—an ordeal which, oddly enough, Mrs. Pankhurst herself never experienced. The government's regimen for his rehabilitation was still not complete, however; the court, reportedly influenced by the Home Secretary, made the extraordinary decision to charge Pethick-Lawrence with the financial responsibility for the cost of the trial. A number of West End merchants also received judgment in court for the outrages committed against the windows of their shops during one of the suffragette forays. His steadfast and principled refusal to pay these claims resulted in his financial affairs being placed in receivership while a petition for formal bankruptcy was filed. Thus we can see that his deeds did not go completely unheralded in his own day. But he was not merely a worthy companion of the militant women by his actions; he also effectively championed their cause in his writings.

It is in this sphere of his activity as advocate and apologist for women's rights that we can see the continuity that exists between the suffragettes and today's liberationists. Perhaps it is the suffragettes' emphasis on the acquisition of the franchise which initially causes us to ignore the fact that the social, psychological, and economic goals were largely identical then and now. Although the Pethick-Lawrences and the Pankhursts concentrated on the particular issue of the vote, it was never to them an end in itself. The ballot was an all-important means for accomplishing a far more comprehensive goal—the total emancipation of women. During the Edwardian era, the exclusion of women from the body politic was the greatest obstacle in the way of their goals, and they rightly perceived it as such, but their ultimate campaign objectives were nevertheless multi-faceted.

Pethick-Lawrence and the suffragettes did not espouse a mere revision of the Victorian notion of the ideal woman. They held a fully developed conception of the dignity and equality of womanhood. In Pethick-Lawrence's own words, the militant women of his day were conscious of breaking away from 'the dead-weight of pharisaical respectability'. They saw through the myth that male respect and veneration compensated women for their exclusion from 'male pursuits'. Among the upper classes, Pethick-Lawrence saw only a 'veneer' of respect for women; he saw working-class wives as, quite frankly, 'the servants of men'. Along with Annie Kenney and Christa-

bel Pankhurst, he diagnosed the root cause of the female condition as the 'inferiority of status' accorded to women by Victorian society. In the preface to Christabel's personal account of militancy, *Unshackled*, which Pethick-Lawrence edited, he isolated resentment against the 'stigma of inferiority' as the motivation in her life and the removal of this stigma as her central goal. For the suffragettes like Christabel, the attainment of equality of status was not an abstraction to be deferred until some more propitious time in the distant future. They sought and achieved their own type of emancipation in their own day. In reference to the attitude of the militant demonstrators while being arrested, Pethick-Lawrence recorded that

> Many of the women, to my surprise at the time, were singularly gay and debonair. I realized afterwards that having cast aside tradition and convention, and having dared to take action, they had broken down life-long inhibitions and already achieved a freedom that they had never before known.

Thus, even in adverse circumstances, these daring women liberated themselves from the bonds of inferiority while their physical liberty was clearly threatened by imprisonment.

Looking back through history, Pethick-Lawrence thought he saw the reason for this stigma of inferiority. He believed that in a past more chivalrous age women held equal sway with men, but that by a process of male usurpation and eventual 'male supremacy' a situation ensued which John Stuart Mill rightly and without exaggeration called the 'Subjection of Women'. Pethick-Lawrence maintained that men, not content with the actuality of hegemony, further oppressed women by making female submission a religious imperative, 'a symbol of obedience to God himself', a part of the ethos of their society. This development, he thought, had far-reaching consequences in human history:

> No idea has done more to retard the progress of the human race than the exaltation of *submission* into a high and noble virtue. It may often be expedient to submit . . . but *submission* is not inherently beautiful . . . As a result [of this doctrine] a whole set of ideas necessary for the proper evolution of the human race has been crushed out of existence, and man's point of view has held exclusive sway.

As Pethick-Lawrence further pointed out, it was because these women broke so boldly with these treasured doctrines of the past that they were so harshly derided as 'unwomanly, unsexed', and even as 'freaks'—terms which he tells us were mild in comparison with the ribald sneers then circulating.

In his own life there is evidence that Pethick-Lawrence fully subscribed to the equality of women which helps to demonstrate his conception of womanhood. Vera Brittain in her biography of Pethick-Lawrence, recounts how Christabel's feeling of shame that women accepted inferiority, helped to convince him to share their struggle. His wife Emmeline, in her *My Part In A Changing World*, recalled with evident pride how happy she was that her husband took up the women's cause as a result of their common outlook and not merely his deep love for her. The very fact that he hyphenated his surname with his wife's is a telling illustration itself of the equality of

status which he thought women deserved as a right, not a privilege. Later, on the occasion of his golden wedding anniversary in 1951, he replied to a reporter's enquiry concerning his initial attraction to Emmeline by saying that she appealed to him because she was a 'liberated' woman; ' . . . she smoked cigarettes, could get off buses when they were moving, and didn't wear gloves when she went for a walk'. Thus, he was personally as well as intellectually convinced of the equality of women in terms which remind us of the liberationists.

At a time when many seamstresses worked extremely long hours in crowded garret shops for a wage of sevenpence per dozen shirts produced, the suffragettes could hardly fail to see the economic issue as a vital part of the campaign for women's rights. Although Sylvia Pankhurst made this her particular concern, the Pethick-Lawrences were active in this field as well. In fact, Fred and Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence met and married in the East End of London while engaged there in a 'mission' for working girls. In his writings, Pethick-Lawrence placed a good deal of emphasis on the attainment of equality of economic opportunity for women. His pamphlet, *Women's Votes and Wages*, states that the vote is only 'the key which unlocks reform'—a means of improving the conditions of female labour, of abolishing the situation in which 'we—our world, the whole of our civilisation—are riding as it were on the backs of these women and bearing them down, breaking their bodies, and perchance, too, their spirits'. Stressing this point, he maintained that if his contemporaries continued to ignore the economic exploitation of women they would not only be false to their sense of common humanity, but would be guilty of 'criminal neglect' as well.

When Pethick-Lawrence demanded an end to the impediments which confronted women seeking work outside the home, he was not thinking merely of what the Edwardians would have considered the more genteel professions. He possessed what the liberationists would consider to be a 'modern' notion of what was the proper work for women; in his economic scheme no vocation would be an exclusively masculine preserve. Physical and mental ability would determine in each individual case if a woman had the proper qualifications for a position. Even supposedly protective legislation, he thought, at times did more harm than good. A woman physically capable of being a hackney-cab driver should not be discriminated against by law as she then was. So thorough-going was his thinking on this subject that he even proposed what then must have been a most shocking idea—female clergy.

With the liberationists, Pethick-Lawrence and the suffragettes shared a sense of urgency about the plight of women. In their minds the denial of the vote made possible the exploitation of women in sweated industry and in the white slave traffic and was responsible for the life-and-death issue of infant and maternal mortality. When Pethick-Lawrence was prosecuted at the Old Bailey, he directed the attention of the jury to this very consideration:

> It is a case of saving a thousand lives this week and next week and every week of the year. This is why women are waging this fight. This is what has driven them

> to do illegal things. They think it is worthwhile to take steps which under ordinary circumstances they would never dream of taking, and they do it in order to waken the people up, to draw people's attention to what is urgently needed.

It is most probably this heartfelt sentiment which caused him not only to join the franchise campaign but to enlist in the militant wing of the movement, for he was strongly biased otherwise in favour of what he called 'law and order'. It is in relation to the issue of militancy that the dissimilarities between the liberationists and the suffragettes become most clearly evident.

The extent of militant activities then and now is vastly different. The suffragettes reached the outer limits of militancy during their campaign, whereas the liberationists have avoided extreme tactics and mainly employed militant rhetoric. Pethick-Lawrence would have undoubtedly agreed with the strategy of the liberationists. For, as he explained many times, the suffragettes' outrages were only permissible, and then only most reluctantly, because the oppressed were without the vote and all other means of redress were exhausted over a long period of years. Since the liberationists now have the vote, the ballot box is ultimately their most effective means of reform; the more indirect suffragette tactics of heckling Ministers, breaking windows, firing pillar boxes, and slashing the paintings of great artists like Velasquez would be self-defeating as things now stand. In fact it was over the issue of when an escalation of tactics became self-defeating that the Pethick-Lawrences broke with the Pankhursts in 1912. Surely today this same consideration holds true for the liberationists.

Another contrast can be found in the rhetoric used by the suffragettes and the liberationists. The strong language employed by the feminists today against their opponents is not any more caustic than that used by the suffragettes. For example, some of Pethick-Lawrence's contemporaries would no doubt have agreed with Roger Fulford that he was 'occasionally rabid'. But such liberationist epithets as 'sexual fascist' and 'male chauvinist pig' would have been abhorrent to Pethick-Lawrence. He would have seen in these expressions overtones of inherent antagonism between men and women, and as he told the members of the jury at the Old Bailey:

> I think a battle of women against men is an ugly thing—a thing to be deplored and I say that it is because of the men who have shared in the battle that a sex war has been prevented.

Co-operation rather than hostility (whether conscious or unconscious) was what he recommended as a necessary ingredient for the success of women's emancipation because the suffragette campaign was conceived of as not merely a woman's struggle, but 'a battle for the good of the people of this country'. If Pethick-Lawrence had lived to celebrate his hundredth birthday he would have undoubtedly taken exception to such usages.

There is one important area in which there are no close parallels between the suffragettes and the liberationists. The stress placed today on a new sexual morality did not exist before the First World War. This may have been a result of the legacy of inhibitions which the suffragettes inherited from the Victorians. In fact the feminists then were accused of being

rigorous rather than lax on the subject of sexual morality. As Pethick-Lawrence pointed out in his autobiography, this was used as a stock argument for not granting the female franchise:

> In particular it was said . . . that on sex matters women were narrower and harder than men; and that if they were given power they would impose impossibly strict standards of morality, and endeavour to enforce them by penalties for non-observance.

Although he rejected this line of reasoning on the grounds that the premise was not true and that in any case it was not a cogent reason for disfranchisement, there is some indication that male fear of sexually censorious women was not totally unfounded. As Constance Rover says in *Love, Morals and the Feminists,* Christabel Pankhurst did on occasion give the impression of being rigorous in proposing chastity for men to curb 'the social disease'. Be that as it may, the liberationists are not totally innovative in this aspect of women's emancipation. One of the first substantive books to propose votes for women, written by the unheralded William Thompson in 1825, discussed this subject with all the unabashed honesty of a pre-Victorian age. Like the liberationists he argued that men were guilty of the sexual exploitation of women and that marriage was a mere superstition in which women were relegated to the lofty status of 'involuntary breeding machines and household salves'. Closer to Pethick-Lawrence's own day, the nascent *Daily Herald,* perhaps inspired by Aristophanes' *Lysistrata,* proposed that '. . . a Guild of Honour should be formed by women who should undertake to bear no children until the vote was won'. In addition to this rather veiled reference to female sexuality, there are a few hints in Pethick-Lawrence's writings that he was not totally unmindful of the problem. In one place he expressed regret that 'the mutual attractiveness of men and women for one another is tinged with fear . . . ' and in another place he obliquely comments that the submission of women ' . . . has hindered the exercise of the real functions of the human body . . . '

Even though Pethick-Lawrence may appear to be somewhat outdated by his inhibitions in regard to the new sexual morality, his thinking on the subject of female emancipation and dignity was nevertheless as fully developed as our own. And if Vera Brittain is right that Pethick-Lawrence had the rare gift of being able to empathise and identify with younger generations, and if he had lived to be an active centenarian, then perhaps today's liberationists would find him a worthy campaigner for their cause.

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THE YOUTH OF AN HISTORIAN:

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

Part 4 G.M.T. at Cambridge, 1893-1899

by Mary Moorman

GEORGE settled into rooms in Whewell's Court, a somewhat gloomy region on the other side of the street, opposite the Great Gate, known as 'the Spitoon' because it had a drain in the middle. Later he moved into rooms on the south side of the Great Court, which had been occupied by his brother Robert. His life was a continuance in much more genial circumstances of his last happy term at Harrow. He was at first lonely, and had 'an intense wish to supply the void of friendship that Baker filled for me at Harrow.' 'I shall not feel safe till I have a *friend* here,' although from the first he had 'an immense number of delightful acquaintances.' Somewhat suddenly he found that some of these had turned into friends. Chief among them were the gigantic Maurice Amos, later a judge in Egypt; Ralph Wedgwood of the great pottery family (though he himself went into the management of railways); Eddie Marsh, friend of poets; Ralph Vaughan Williams, the great composer; George Moore, the philosopher. The friendships were lasting, particularly those with Amos and Wedgwood. They were 'all good radicals'—and George had been afraid there would not be many radicals at Cambridge—but '*not* great metaphysicians.' 'All dreaded MacTaggart (the philosopher), that is they are all guided by *heart* and conviction not by *head* and word-logic like him.' 'And,' added George, '*all* the right set of people bicycle.' He himself soon acquired a bicycle and, tireless and swift walker though he was, the innocent machine greatly widened the range of his exploration in the English or Scottish countryside, and later in Italy.

The friends soon discovered that the Lake District was the ideal place for a reading-party, and there, at Seatoller, in Borrowdale, at the foot of the Honister Pass, they spent the Easter vacation of 1895. Maurice Amos drew a sketch of the five for their Log Book (it is reproduced in *Ralph Vaughan-Williams, A Pictorial Biography*) in which one of the party is seen reading *Treasure Island* with his feet on the mantel-piece. George read 'all sorts of jolly books, some connected with history and some not, but none tripos work. I never had a jollier time.' In fact George did his hardest work during term time; the time-table of a Christmas holiday at Wallington shows him devoting only two morning hours to 'work', and that was to 'the struggle with the Muse, invariably resulting in a couple of very satisfactory stanzas of my new poem.' The rest of the day was divided between reading poetry, 'to induce the Muse', walking alone or with his mother or Bobbie, and listening to 'papa' reading aloud. Wallington was a quiet household; late hours and revelry were unknown, and everyone went to bed at 10.30. The poem has not survived, but at this time he was still hoping to write poetry

seriously, poetry of a 'prophetic' nature that would help to give the world 'another heart and other pulses.' But Clio gradually won the victory over Calliope. Perhaps it was his failure to win the prize poem in 1895 which helped to turn him away from 'a poetry and article-writing life' such as he had proposed to himself. And the reading of history, particularly for his special period for the 'Mays' examination, the reign of Louis XI of France, helped him to see both 'how histories are compiled,' and what possibilities lay in it for himself. 'If one could make alive again for other people some cobwebbed skein of old dead intrigues, and breathe breath and character into dead names and stiff portraits. That is history to me! Even as it was to Carlyle.' And to that ideal he adhered until he could write no more.

He was fascinated at the thought of the unknown fields of history. 'Great or small, Macaulay or Dryasdust, one is welcomed to join the great army of miners that have as yet only discovered that there is a city beneath their feet buried . . . It is the problems and riddles and not the answers, that have as yet been discovered.' His enthusiasm was enhanced by making the acquaintance in his first year of 'the third year history man,' G. P. Gooch. 'He has a library of several hundred history books, all of which he has read, and most of which he has analysed and learnt . . . yet withal there is something uncanny about him, something of the hermit—he is not a human beast.' But Gooch was human enough to revolutionise George's ideas of reading for Mays by bidding him 'read endless books and essays.' This George gladly did, and his letters are full of comments on Matthew Arnold (*Culture and Anarchy* in particular), Ruskin's *The Crown of Wild Olive*, and Meredith's poems which became an important study for him when he came to write his one book of literary criticism, *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith* (1906). Ruskin, he said, was 'the real prophet of the age, not so great perhaps as the voice of Carlyle, but truer and more rational because more cultivated and more hopeful. He represents the uncompromising morality of Hebraism allied to the make-life-beautiful ideal of the Greeks, which latter Carlyle absolutely lacked.'

But Carlyle was after all the master influence in forging George's naturally deep moral outlook on politics and on his own environment, and in uniting that outlook with his passion for the past. The past, and the appeal of its reality and its mystery, stirred his compassion and imagination as well as his curiosity and scholarship. In the summer of 1897, when he was working for a Trinity Fellowship, he and a young friend visited South-west Scotland, the countryside and mountains of Carlyle's youth, and the heart of the 'Covenanting country'. 'In the inn in this village (Moniaive),' he wrote, 'the only one within 10 miles, we have just been shown a little back room where the covenanters were hid, while the dragoons ransacked the room in which I am now writing.' He then added: 'We counted 10 sorts of scones and cakes on the table at tea.' They stayed at Brighton near Newton Stewart, first spending a night at a shepherd's cottage 'stowed away under the Cairnsmore of Carsphairn.' Here they found the shepherd and his wife and old mother to whom the raids of Claverhouse's dragoons were still a vivid tradition. 'The dragoons visited every house in the valley, penetrating to the

very head of it, "where there was great sin done," the old woman said.' Two years later, again in Scotland, he walked along the cliffs on the east side of Loch Ryan, watching 'the great steamers flying out from Stranraer, under the woods of Corsewall House, Sir John Moore's home, and steaming off into the distance towards a low black line—the unhappy land. So they go today, and so have gone ever since James I's reign, ships bearing Scotchmen to Ireland . . . the first Pilgrim Fathers of British Ireland, to their work of good and evil, fateful and fated men. Or again one seemed to be a Cameronian, delivered from long persecution, but anxious for the fate of brethren in Ireland . . . where Londonderry is beseiged and so much is at issue. What white sails are those coming round from the South? The English fleet, pork-bearing, barrel-bearing? Can it be? Let us pray so.'

This is Carlylese perhaps, but truly and deeply felt. In sober judgment, he wrote: 'I will offer a prize of heartfelt estimation and worship for any book more *sage* about the past than *Heroes*, more *sage* about the present (1830-50) than *Past and Present*. By "sage" I mean full of the most important truths, as yet unseen by the seers of the time, and now first added to the common stock of ideas and knowledge by the "sage".'

In 1895 a new star arose over the Cambridge horizon—Lord Acton was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History. Although a Catholic, Acton had been educated in German universities and his Catholicism was very different from the ultra-montane, Hibernian variety which prevailed in England. George could submit himself to his teaching and guidance with perfect confidence. In 1896, the year of his tripos, he worked so hard and with such enthusiasm that nature at length rebelled and he was obliged to go for a voyage in the spring to Madeira and the Canary Islands, feeling that he was completely played out. But after walking first in Yorkshire and then round the Cornish coast with Vaughan Williams on his return, and visiting by bicycle the battlefields of Worcester and Evesham, he recovered completely, and in the Tripos examination had the luck to be called on to give an account of the Blenheim campaign for his 'Queen Anne special'. He had visited the battlefield the previous year with Charles Roden Buxton, whereas Roderick Geikie, doing the same 'special', had visited only the Belgian battlefields of Ramillies and Oudenarde.

From the Tripos in which he gained a first—'If I get a second,' he wrote, 'I shall be the most unmitigated humbug since Tolstoi's Napoleon'—he went straight on, in the autumn of 1896, to read for his Fellowship Dissertation. The subject he chose was the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 and the religious movement associated with the name of Wycliffe. When he published it in 1899 he called it *England in the Age of Wycliffe;* it was his only specialised excursion into mediaeval history; after that the Stuarts or the 19th Century absorbed him wholly. His radical sympathies and his dislike of orthodox and established Christianity made the period attractive to him, but he was determined not to make it simply a dissertation on his own inclinations. 'I am beginning to study the state of the Church,' he wrote. 'It will be necessary to be very careful and not state anything on hearsay as it is and always will remain a touchy subject.' It was fresh ground that he was ploughing and

he had all the fighting scholar's delight in the game. 'It is hard inch to inch fighting with the subject,' he wrote, 'for I am the first that ever compared the authorities in detail, and the damned fools disagree as if they were on the school board. (His brother was on the London School Board.) If only some bloody ass of a monk had known what trouble he would give by sticking down the first thing he heard, he might have taken a little more trouble. But John Ball and Co. are worth it.' In February 1897 he read a 'slice' of it to the Trinity Historical Society, which he had helped to found for 'solid papers and criticism of a specialised nature and not for mere interchange of intellectual ideas on History.' Acton, F. W. Maitland, Archdeacon Cunningham (the 'father' of economic history) and 'all the Trinity History men' were there, and Acton was greatly impressed. He advised George to go on, on the same lines, until he had completed the period, and made a publishable book, and George agreed, although this would mean another two to three years' work.

Work was helped and illumined by bicycle-rides into the countryside which had once been the heart of the Peasants' Revolt. On February 27, 1897, he set out for Bury St. Edmunds 'through a country devoid of main roads, a curious net-work of 'bye-roads' and lanes 'where the bicycle never passed before from one old village to another.' The only sign of modernity were the chapels left by 'the indefatigable John Wesley.' The people spoke 'a deep guttural tongue "to me unknowe".' Yet these were the people who 500 years before had 'risen against tyrants—imagine it if you can—and slow-moving Suffolk had rolled down the roads into Bury articulating gutturally to itself of its wrongs, and forthwith finding the Chancellor of England (Sir John Cavendish) loose about the town had put up his head above the pillory, where an elegant fountain and 18th Century urn now stand in place of pillory and bloody head.' In these sentences we again hear the tones of Carlyle. He wandered in the grounds of the Great Abbey, now a public park, and felt that it represented an innocent revenge for the violent deeds of the incensed peasantry of those days against the Church.

In spite of his sympathy with the English rebels of 1381 and 1642, George Trevelyan was never a 'party' historian. The Pilgrim Fathers, he said, had carried to America three qualities—'Civil Liberty, Religious Intolerance, and Prudery.' Religious intolerance had led Cromwell to 'complete indifference to human suffering on turning out the Irish wholesale from many parts of their native land,' and to sell white men to Barbados as slaves. Such things, wrote George, 'seem to me to show the puritans not one whit better than their contemporaries in the essential of Christian philanthropy.' Christianity had nobly organised Europe 'politically and socially in the dark ages . . . yet failed in what it chiefly pretended to do, to make men love one another. It failed in this twice, first in the middle ages, in spite of the desultory efforts of St. Francis and a few others; secondly it failed in the great puritan revival.' This failure, he believed, had brought about the failure of the Puritan movement itself. 'Philanthropy', as a philosophy and principle, had been ushered in not by any churchmen, but by the great agnostics of the 18th and 19th centuries, such as Voltaire.

The progress of his soul, his ethical faith and development, play a very large part in his letters to his brother throughout his Cambridge years. His first visit to Europe on his own in the summer of 1895 was largely a 'thinking holiday'. On the Rhine steamer he devoured Morley's *Voltaire*. 'I had come out with the intention of thinking over in the mountain solitude (he was on his way to Switzerland) the question of my duty to the world, and whether my historical intentions were mere dilettantism and ambition and laziness.' He had 'wealth to do what I like, position and education.' He had besides, 'talent'. He did not want to be a politician, or 'work by personal contact with the masses'—but, was 'scientific work' at history enough? 'No, I answer, after reading Voltaire, for if I put up scientific work at history as the sole ideal, I shall drift into the selfish but worthy egoism which we know as "academical". I will *not* be academical, as I may have been tending to be lately . . . Service to mankind, though it may be the same thing as service of truth, must be put first, in so far as the two are separate . . . I must act,' he concluded, 'as interpreter of history, in its *truest* sense, to all those who can understand it, to those in fact who read books. I believe I am more fitted for that than for going further afield as specialised digger.'

He further resolved to 'do good' in his relations with his Cambridge acquaintance; he would be more 'social', 'give up my precious lunch and breakfast hours which I have reserved for reading, to social life, for the sake of what I may do to others.' His 'set' at Cambridge he felt was self-centred. 'We do nothing except for ourselves, in the way of personal contact.' Many of them were simply 'wrapped in themselves, as a set, and always thinking.' Finally, 'my superfluous cash must go to aid mankind, whether to the Liberal party or how.' In all this he would turn to Charles to be by his side for help and advice.

Few young men nowadays probably would undertake an ethical analysis of themselves in this way. But George Trevelyan had inherited not only the Macaulay genius for historical writing, but more than a little of the evangelical spirit both of his Trevelyan and Macaulay forebears. His grandfather, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, had been a devout evangelical churchman all his life. 'I am forced to confess,' wrote George, 'that we inherit the moral stamina produced in Grandpapa by religion and apply it straight to our infidel sense of duty.' And he added: 'I am now inclined to think that Oliver (Cromwell) and Grandpapa Trevelyan both would have had the same moral stamina even if they had not put it in the form of religion. But their minds were educated to put it in the form of religion.' Macaulay had tacitly rejected evangelical doctrine; George Otto Trevelyan likewise, while finding a moral as well as a political faith in Gladstonian liberalism. His sons, in their generation, were more outspoken in their rejection of Christian doctrine. Certainly there were some aspects of Cambridge life in those days which made atheism and anti-clericalism seem very respectable. Chapel was still nominally compulsory, and in 1897 the Chaplain of Trinity unwisely tried to impose this duty on young Michael Howard, a son of Lord and Lady Carlisle and nephew of the redoubtable atheist Lyulph Stanley. The result was a 'row' in which George took an active part. Many years after-

wards my father said to me: 'If there had been more sensible clergymen in Cambridge in my time I could have been a churchman.' He lived indeed to attend chapel on Sunday evenings regularly during his time as Master, and even once to preach.

Yet through all his rejections, the Bible remained indispensable to him. It was not simply that he loved the ancient stories, historical or legendary, and the beauty of its language. He used some parts of it in a way that must be called devotional. When he was in Cornwall, in the spring of 1896, recovering 'self-respect and will and cheerfulness' after his nervous breakdown, he wrote to Charles: 'Yesterday evening I sat watching the sun set into the sea, and held a quiet thanksgiving with myself, reading David's psalms of repentance and trust. The old shepherd king had different sort of troubles from mine, and sinned different sort of sins, yet what he says is what I want to say.' And to his brother Robert he wrote from Switzerland in the summer of 1895: 'Shelley, Homer and the Prophets keep me company,' while before going to bed he read 'four chapters of the book of Job.' Neither Robert nor his companion on this holiday, Charles Roden Buxton, who came of an evangelical household, could quite share George's love of the Old Testament. George accounted for this by telling Robert: 'It is as impossible for a Hellenist poet like you to feel the O.T. as it is for a Christian like Buxton.'

His resolution to 'do good' and put the service of mankind even before the study of history was a lasting one. It led, in the years following the taking of his degree, to teaching history at the Working Men's College in London and, by his personal efforts, forging close ties between the College and Cambridge, particularly Trinity. And in correspondence with his brother, in which mottos had always played a part, there appeared in 1895 a new one, replacing the earlier 'G.S.I.' ('God Save Ireland') and even 'G.S.T.P.' ('God Save The People'). It was 'Ich dien'—'I serve'—the old motto of the Black Prince.

From 1895 onwards George spent the earlier weeks of the Long Vacation exploring Switzerland and Northern Italy, either by himself, or with a chosen friend, or with Charles. In 1895 and '6 his companion was Charles Roden Buxton; in 1897 a younger Trinity man, Finlay (his former Wixenford friend) who actually brought a copy of Macaulay's Essays with him. George in 1896 brought Plato's Republic, which he said helped him to realise 'the importance of every man's life, not merely of the wisest men's lives'; Shelley and Shakespeare. 'Today,' he wrote, from Fionnay, 'I had a very Shelley-ish adventure. I went out with Shelley and Shaker in my pockets, found myself on one side of a torrent and saw a lovely cave overhung with bushes on the other side. I determined to cross, carrying my clothes on me, was nearly washed away but got across by help of my Alpenstock, soaking. Shelley enjoyed being plunged in the elemental torrent, and Shaker cracked a joke and took a cup of sack to warm him. I had to strip and spent three or four hours naked in my cave and outside it in the sun, reading Shelley.' Shakespeare comforted him in homesick moods; 'he is so very English and makes one feel less lonesome.' He also brought 'Homer in English and

Greek, Mat Arnold and the Bible,' and instructed his brother when he joined him to 'bring me out *two* amusing novels, *one* being either "Peveril of the Peak" or "St. Ronan's Well".'

Besides climbing the Breithorn by moonlight and dawn with a delightful guide, Matthieu, and enjoying 'real democracy' with the Swiss in a remote inn at Gandegg—'we sang Harrow songs and they sang Swiss songs'—he drank deep pleasure from the Val d'Aosta and its tributary valleys, walking up it first in 1896 and returning again the next year. Aosta, the little military city founded by Augustus—the long road up to the Great St. Bernard Pass, down which Napoleon and his army had made their entry into Italy a century before—the whole journey was a feast for the historical imagination. Over the Great St. Bernard Pass they came to the famous monastery, where they saw 'the great hounds walking round it, baying musically,' and felt like genuine pilgrims who might be asked 'whether Hildebrand had allowed the emperor to come in out of the snow yet.'

For in spite of his Protestantism, George found he could both respect and enjoy Catholicism in these democratic regions. At Saas Fee he and Finlay watched from a distance a true Christian festival, when 'the Bishop, for the first time for 12 years, had come up to visit and to confirm.' The procession of villagers with banners wound up the hill, while the church bells were sending out sounds that 'echoed through the vast mountains around and seemed to consecrate them and make them the Cathedral for the little community to worship in.' In the evening, however, they sat by their window and 'read Macaulay's essay on the Papacy (i.e. on Von Ranke's Popes) aloud', to re-awaken their critical faculties. Macaulay, thought George, had exaggerated both the decline of the Church in the eighteenth century, and its revival in the nineteenth.

But the culminating event of this year (1897) was his first visit to Rome at Christmas. He went with his parents, and there, standing on the Janiculum at the foot of Garibaldi's statue, with the Tiber and all Rome at his feet and in the far distance the Alban hills 'in all the glory of a crisp winter day of bright sun,' he listened to his father telling the story—which he had never yet heard—of Garibaldi's defence of the Roman Republic. After visiting Tusculum and Veii and viewing thence the whole arena of the wars and policies of ancient Rome, he plunged across Campagna—still unindustrialised, the haunt of shepherds and their flocks—into the Alban hills. From Frascati he climbed Monte Cavo, and thence fought his way through the trackless woods to the top of Monte Algido, discerning thence with pleasure how well Macaulay, in *The Battle of Lake Regillus*, described the landscape which sent troops to the fight.

'I am supremely happy,' he wrote to Charles from Frascati, 'and drinking in delight and new ideas every hour.' He returned to finish *England in the Age of Wycliffe* and arrange for its publication, and to sit in the autumn for his Fellowship examination. Having gained the Fellowship he settled down to regular teaching at Trinity. But Italy became henceforward the field of his vacation wanderings more and more, and, long before he became or even intended to become the historian of Garibaldi, he had traversed on foot

most of the country between Rome and the Adriatic which had been the scene of Garibaldi's retreat.

Parts 1, 2 *and* 3 *were published in Volumes* 224 *and* 225, *nos.* 1300, 1301, 1302 *respectively.*

The September issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Loch Ness: the Monstrous Zoological Problem* by Richard Whittington-Egan, *A New Era in South Africa* by Esther Roberts, *Why the Health Service is Collapsing* by Norman L. Goodland and *Pidgin, Just My Pigeon: Teach-English in Cameroon* by Michael Kelley.

HAUNTED

A short story by Athelstan Ridgway

THE poet stopped at the middle of the bridge; looked down at the leaping current; saw the weeping willows with their jonquil tags drooping, the oriflamme of sunbeams, the magic of a hawthorn hedge, a leafy lane, a three-barred gate, a field . . .

God's handmaid, Nature, has created vision, he told himself.

He heard the lullaby of birds, the muffled stir of fallen leaves, the tranquil sound of a sanctus bell, the clink of an empty bottle jostling with the stones . . .

God's handmaid, Nature, has created sound, he told himself.

He caught the faint, delicious coolness of summer vegetation, subtle-scented odours of wild rape and towerwort and meadow saxifrage and ploughman's spikenard, the lingering smell of burning wood . . .

God's handmaid, Nature, has created odours, he told himself.

He was beginning the third stanza of his idyll when up hobbled the tramp, a rootin'-tootin' gentleman of the road, with jovial eyes and an ale-crummed nose. His hair was twisted and flaky-tangled, his beggar-patched jacket the colour of cow-dung.

He leaned against the parapet; opened a red handkerchief; exposed a long salt horse roll. He tore it in two; grinned and began to guttle it.

'Where under God's canopy have you sprung from?' the poet said.

The tramp went on eating the salt horse roll. The poet's cheeks reddened. 'L-look, old thing', he stammered, 'y-you can't stand there eating that kind of thing. . . . I mean to say . . . ' He shrugged, not quite knowing how to handle the situation.

Now the notes of the nightingale rose upon the air. Thrice a-dream, he listened. Then his eyes went to the tramp, who was still wolfing the salt horse roll.

'Can't you eat that somewhere else?'

The tramp's hand went to his pocket. He brought out a bottle of beer; opened it; began to drink.

The poet grimaced. 'Listen, old thing. I thought I told you not to do that kind of thing.'

The tramp put his bottle, half empty now, on the parapet of the bridge. He shoved it over to the poet. 'Drink her down, boyo', he said.

The pet turned; ran his eyes up and down the tramp; saw the battered hat, the shapeless jacket, the tously bags, then up to the face, flabby-jowled, earthy.

'Oh, my Godfrey!' the poet said.

A shaft of sunlight slipped through the trees to fall upon the racing waters, opalising the spray with a rainbow sheen.

'It reminds me of the sea-smoke at Santa Cruz', the poet mused. 'It shoots up from the rocks. You can see the rainbows of light there through the spoondrift. It's marvellous.'

He gazed down at the river. 'This is better though. It's more . . . more English. You can't beat the English countryside, can you?'

'Ah.'

'What d'you mean . . . ah?'

'Ah.'

'Have you no soul?' The nightingale was still singing. 'Poets have raved about this kind of thing. Milton, Byron, Shelley, Shakespeare, Keats . . . yes, Keats . . .

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing
But divine, melodious truth.

'D'you get the message? No, of course you don't. Y-you dehydrated drag.'

The tramp sniffed; brought out his baccy; lit his pipe; exhaled smoke.

'Message?' he droned.

'Yes . . . message . . . purport . . . motif.'

'Ah.'

'Is that all you can say . . . "ah"? . . . Oh, you bright article! Oh, you prize hick!'

Abruptly he turned away; put his elbows on the parapet of the bridge; cupped his chin in his hands; watched the river again, the greensward, the wildwood, the foliage, the flowers, the pageantry of the poet's world.

After a while he turned to the tramp again, who was picking his teeth with a corkscrew. The poet's voice rose to a crescendo of horror.

'How you can stand there and get that ghastly glop down you . . . and d-drink that ghastly bilgewater, I just don't know. Oh, you ghastly, beer-swilling hog, y-you copper-nosed tosspot, y-you gutter-blood.'

Once more the poet swung round to face his heavenly paradise, and, closing his eyes in a kind of trance, murmured, 'This, this is the pageantry of God.'

His fey heart swelled in ecstasy.

'You got something there, mac,' the tramp said.

'And please, please, God, get this tormentor to hell out of it!'

Unignited, the tramp began to peel an apple with his jack-knife. 'How near to God can a guy git?' He cut a slice off the apple and began to chew it.

The poet stared him in the face. 'What're you prating about?'

'Nothing . . . absobloodylutely nothing.'

'Then shut up, you flea-bitten vagabond!'

The tramp cut another slice off the apple.

The poet said, 'All your mind can reach to is corned beef, bread and beer.'

'You forgot the apple.'

The poet said, 'You're assaulting my privacy, that's what you're doing. You're a spectre . . . haunting my privacy.'

'Ah.'

'And what's more, this spot's mine. Mine, d'you hear?'

With barbed significance the tramp said, 'I bin here before, too, son. In fact I had me this haunt before you were born.'

The poet felt a swift tightening of his stomach. 'Well, of all the insufferable cheek!'

The tramp said, 'Maybe it's you that's haunting me.'

'Me haunting you! Well, if that isn't the outside edge!' Then, after a pause, and very slowly, punching each word, 'I am here by Divine right.'

'Ah.'

'And I don't want any more lip from you. Y-you . . . '

He stopped. His attention had turned to a movement below the bridge. A beaver, soft-coated, sleek, had stolen from its bankside lodge of stones and mud-plastered sticks. Unperturbed but watchful, it slid into the stream.

An intoxicating languor seeped through the poet's body, at once tormenting and delighting his senses. He swung round to the tramp. 'Bet you can't even see it! Bet you don't even know what a beaver is.'

The tramp's eyes were on the river's edge. After a while, without a word, he took the book out of his haversack; put it down on the parapet of the bridge. Then he said slowly, 'Maybe I don't know anything at all, son. Maybe I only feel.'

He pang-wangled off up the cotted hill.

Not without curiosity the poet's gaze fell on the book. It was *Poems by W. H. Davies*. On the inside cover was a picture of the tramp.

DOES KABUKI HAVE MEANING FOR YOU?

YES? OR NOH?

by Catherine Barth

FOR some foreign visitors to Japan Kabuki does have meaning: too slow and a bore. For others it has a different meaning that includes a ticket to another world, 'the half-dream world of Kabuki'. The very word means unusual.

Kimonoed ladies and business-suited gentlemen pour into the foyer of the Kabuki-za Theatre in Tokyo (the traditional home of the Kabuki) to see this art that goes way back to 1586 when a dancer-priestess, Okunini, started it all.

She performed a dance in which she surreptitiously ridiculed religious devotion and just as surreptitiously injected some erotic movements. This was the beginning of its popularity which increased rapidly when it was adopted by prostitutes and became known as 'Women's Kabuki'. After years of undergoing many changes from 'Men's Kabuki' to Bunraku, the puppet theatre, it developed as an art that includes pantomime, chant, dance, orchestra. Whereas in the past, audiences enjoyed seeing puppets act like human beings in the Bunraku, they now delighted in watching actors perform like puppets. And did those audiences delight? From eleven in the morning until nine at night!

Today Kabuki offers a pictorial experience rich in colour and action. The performance about to begin, an invisible hand pulls the massive curtain across the stage at an ever-increasing tempo, a wooden clapper sounding simultaneously and crescendoing until the entire wide stage is open to view and the set for the first act is revealed.

On the right, high above the proscenium, sit six musicians each playing a samisen and one man without an instrument. He is the narrator, chanting and telling the story of the play so that the audience will understand what took place in the story before the play began.

However, the play is not the thing that a Japanese audience comes to see. It is the actor. The plot is unimportant. How will the actor perform this role the Japanese audience knows so well? Perhaps it has been acted by his father, grandfather or great-grandfather. This is an hereditary art, passed down to generation after generation, sometimes with the name of the actor changed, but always followed by a seniority number proclaiming the family line.

Families follow a pattern in characters. Whatever the type adopted by the family—hero, ghost, woman—a technique has to be learned that requires years of training. Some actors begin at four or five years of age. Standard forms of acting have become established through this tradition. The hero in a domestic drama must appear as well from the back view or side view as he does from the front. A character the direct opposite of the hero, villainous or evil, must be fiery, violent and forceful.

Added to severe discipline is the fact that the actor's work is not judged on the basis of his performance but is weighed against performances of the great ones who have preceded him. His can never be an overnight success as sometimes happens in the Western theatre.

When enthusiastic members of the audience become excited about an actor's performance they shout *'Mie!'* and *'Matte Imashita!'*. The *hanamichi* is the flower walk that leads from the rear of the theatre to the left of the stage. When it lights up and an actor enters, half-way down striking a pose, cries of *'Mie, mie!'* shoot out like bullets.

The convention still holds that all roles must be played by men, a custom that stems from Okunini's time. Because of her, all women were banned from taking roles. The man who plays a seductive charmer is known as an *onnagata*. More feminine than a woman can be, in real life he is thoroughly masculine, more often than not married and with a family. Often he is well past middle age. Graceful movements of the neck and the gliding, pigeon-toed step form an 'S' figure supremely beautiful. The acting becomes a dance. Kimono sleeves and parasol or fan are props which, with extraordinary suppleness and deftness, form an integral part of the whole design.

As a pictorial form of entertainment the play often becomes a dance. A skirmish may fill the stage with *samurai* in armour who battle, but not once does a sword touch a body. The acting is theatre, not life. The plot may be historical and relate tales about such heroes as Yoshitsune, the Soga brothers or the forty-nine Ronin. Or it may portray thieves and gamblers, or be a dance-drama. Whatever the story, it reflects society, for this entertainment is designed for the people. The theme is usually based on revenge or loyalty. Filial piety, for instance, is shown in a drama about the Soga brothers who took revenge upon the man who killed their father.

An entire play is never performed. Acts from different plays form a programme. The first may be historical, then a comic interlude, and a contemporary or dance-drama to end the programme. While all this is going on, the audience eats, strolls, talks, and during the intermission hurries to the restaurant where grilled eel and rice and other delicacies are relished by the Japanese gourmet. At the end of twenty-five minutes wooden clappers sound throughout the theatre as a signal that the performance is about to resume.

Costumes appear to be the most elaborate ever created—silks and satins ablaze with colour and design. A change of costume is made in full view on stage. Black-clothed and black-hooded men are assumed to be invisible to the audience, and so they can attend to properties while the play is going on. They may also change an actor's costume. Such a transformation is known as *hikinuki*. Its purpose is to denote a change of mood in a character. When only the upper half of the costume is dropped to the floor, the new upper half that appears represents a different, and possibly true, nature of the character.

A transformation requires the kimonos to be basted together so that at the moment of change the invisible man, placing himself behind the actor, with quick fingers lets out the basting stitches. The robes no longer required drop off and the 'invisible' man then carries them offstage.

Costumes are as accurate historically, depending upon the period of the play, as they are elegant and rich-looking. When warrior years predominated the men wore *hakama*,—awkward trousers that trail behind, making it difficult to walk. This slowed up progress when confronting an enemy. Wide, angular shoulders were worn in the same period. The colour of a costume helps the audience to recognise different characters. A royal person wears red, an old man tan or grey. Black, green and brown are considered appropriate for the villain.

Make-up receives equal attention. Foreheads are shaved with a tuft of hair left on. White faces are painted with snarling mouths and eyebrows in great diagonals. Lines in red and black around the brow, cheek and eyes emphasise that this actor is a brave, forceful man.

The *onnagata* must paint his own lips over with white in order to achieve the rosebud lips of the female character, and must blacken his teeth. The *onnagata* was important in love-suicide plays, favourites among playgoers.

One such play told of a tradesman and the troubles he got into because of a geisha. He had a wife and two children but fell hopelessly in love with a geisha. Driven by anxiety and fear, he felt compelled to write to her saying that their love must come to an end. The geisha, however, disagreed; she had a mind of her own and decided to use it in revenge. She would play up to another man and make her lover so jealous he would regret for ever after that he had given her up. This she did so effectively that the troubled man went home to his wife angry and dejected. The last half of the play showed what happened when he returned home and unburdened himself to his wife. Tragedy, of course, was uppermost, for eventually the two lovers committed suicide.

A Westerner comes away from Kabuki wondering if he saw reality, scandal sheet or fairy tale. Sir Sacheverell Sitwell says, 'Visually, poetically, dramatically, Kabuki can have no equal'.

But can't it? The Noh drama has contributed a composite of music, verse, song, mime and dance to the world of the theatre. Like Kabuki, plot is unimportant in the Noh. The dialogue might be compared in English with Chaucerian English, which few understand. Even well-educated Japanese bring along scripts which they follow like a libretto. Song is nearer chanting, muffled, and no distinction made between male and female voices. Dance does not leap, mime gestures are subtle. What then is the attraction?

First of all, the Noh theatre is physically different from any other. Of standardised form and dimensions, it is constructed of cypress wood, open on three sides. At the back of the extremely wide stage is a permanent backdrop of wood on which is painted a green pine tree; no curtain, no scenery, no props.

At the extreme left a long passageway forms a bridge between the green room through which the actors enter and leave the stage. Seated onstage at the audience's right is a chorus and at the back, three musicians, one a flautist, the others with hand-drums.

The story of the play is always simple. For example, long ago two young girls living in a small village fell in love with a nobleman who had come

there to live in exile. A wandering priest happened to come along one day and evoked the ghosts of the two girls. The sorrowful experiences they endured while on earth comprised the play. This relating of past events differs from our 'flashbacks' in that it depends upon the poetry of language and words rather than pictorial dramatisation. The Philistine would doubt that with such a sheer thread as plot anything dramatic, theatrical or even convincing could be achieved. Besides, he would point out, it isn't realistic; it veers on the supernatural.

Actually, much more is achieved. A lyric poem comes to life in dance form. The directness of prose is forgotten and the beauty of half-revealed truths are mimed and sung. As in all things Japanese, meaning is not directly stated, but for the knowledgeable spectator meaning is there in the slow, elaborate movement. The walk that does not permit the soles of the feet to leave the floor, the spectacular costumes that have not deviated for centuries, the masks worn by a few characters, a fan symbolising a wine cup or a sword carried by a character to establish his identity, the handling of a kimono sleeve—all this, and in stylised movement, is rich with implication. It is an art that demands training from childhood and long years of study ever after.

Backstage in a dressing-room the actor who is going to play the part of a young girl is being made ready for his entrance. A tall, middle-aged man stands before a long mirror while three dressers, squatting and kneeling, pin, tuck, pleat and baste folds and layers of kimonos he is wearing. One kimono is of brocade with a woven design of golden autumn leaves. Another has pink and yellow peonies on a cream-coloured silk, another chrysanthemum designs on a mellow green. All are gorgeously embroidered or woven. Obviously, only glimpses of the kimonos can be seen, but it is vital that the right glimpse and a certain angle be the ones chosen.

As he stands there, patient, immobile, privately and silently assuming a feeling for the role, another man attends to the tresses of dark hair that fall below his shoulders. Then comes the mask! No longer is he a middle-aged man but a richly gowned young girl. Still immobile in front of the mirror, he stands quite a while as though to become imbued with the full spirit of the role he is to play. There is a mystery in those few moments as silence like a heavy mist fills the room.

A stomp on the floor twice is an indication that the play has come to an end. Is this old, aristocratic art 'an experience rather than an entertainment?' Are prunes nourishment or a sweetmeat? For some they are an acquired taste. And Noh? Try it. *Maybe* you'll like it.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MAHLER AND SCRIABIN

Mahler. Michael Kennedy. J. M. Dent & Sons. £2.75.
The New Scriabin—Enigma and Answers. Faubion Bowers. David & Charles. £3.95.

It may be that the massive scale of Mahler's music leads biographers towards copious research and documentation, or simply that recently a fashion has grown for meticulously researched and minutely detailed books so that scholarship will always be acknowledged, even if readability has to take second place. Thus a book on Mahler, published earlier this year, by Henri Louis De La Grange takes nearly 1,000 pages to deal with Mahler's life up to his marriage to Alma Schindler and the completion of the 5th Symphony in 1902. A second volume on the remaining years of the composer's life, doubtless in similar detail, is under way. I am bound to say that it is a work which, to date, I have been unable to summon the courage to read. Any pricking of my conscience was stilled by the appearance of Michael Kennedy's book in Dent's 'Master Musicians' series. Mr. Kennedy in his preface pays tribute to his predecessor in the series, Hans Redlich, at the same time rejoicing that he has been allowed a whole book for Mahler, while Redlich had to share him with Bruckner—a measure of the increased esteem of both composers. Nevertheless he has managed to contain his book within 200 pages, and that includes a splendid parallel events calendar of Mahler's life and a comprehensive catalogue of his works, as well as a bibliography and index. To assume from this conciseness that the study is in any way superficial would, however, be entirely wrong.

Mahler's life is vividly chronicled, and one sees, for example, how far ahead of his time he was as director of the Vienna State Opera. Though 'the very idea of an independent producer would have horrified him', he was nonetheless responsible for pushing forward Alfred Roller, whose designs for *Don Giovanni* were seminal to today's concepts of the staging of opera. Likewise are shown Mahler's exacting demands for standards in orchestral musicians and singers, his refusal to permit 'substitution' in the opera orchestra or insufficiently rehearsed work from his singers. All this brings Mahler very much alive: one can almost hear him in one's mind's ear conducting a rehearsal. At the same time he examines Mahler's tendency to change—or, as he considered it, 'to improve'—the scoring of another's work, as by adding an E flat clarinet to the finale of Beethoven's *Eroica* and telling the orchestra that it was a Hungarian tune and ought to have gipsy music. At least he gave others equal rights with his own work: during rehearsals of his 8th Symphony in 1910, his penultimate year, he told the musicians 'If, after my death, something doesn't sound right, then change it. You have not only the right but the duty to do so.'

There is a similarly vivid picture of Mahler's private life—his propensity to pursue sopranos, and his somewhat turbulent marriage to Alma. The author succeeds in penetrating the posthumous facade to Mahler erected by his widow in her subsequent writings. Where possible contemporary independent sources have been examined, though possibly he is somewhat hard on Alma when he writes 'Much is said about Mahler's neuroses, but the reader of Alma's memoirs cannot fail to notice the hypertension of her own personality . . . she cannot have been easy to live with.' Difficult she may have been, but unquestionably a lady of fascination, to Gropius and Kokoschka as well as Mahler.

The second half of the book contains an examination of Mahler's major works, with a useful first chapter on 'characteristics', and compelling analyses of the Symphonies and *Das Lied Von Der Erde,* as well as a helpful evaluation of Deryck Cooke's 'performing version' of the uncompleted 10th Symphony. The views are balanced and objective and the text is well documented with musical examples and will be of inestimable help to the reader who hears Mahler's symphonies in the concert hall or on the gramophone and wishes to discover more about their structure and the musical influences behind them. This is a most successful study of the composer, and one which every admirer of Mahler's music should read.

Although Scriabin is better accepted today than 50, or even 25, years ago, he nevertheless still needs more persuasive arguing of his case than Mahler. There is no question of Faubion Bowers' enthusiasm for his subject, be it vis à vis Scriabin's sexual mores or his music. But if we are to gain a better insight into the composer and to be able better to appreciate his work, then a less dazzled book than this is needed. Nor are we assisted by the author's prose style which is transatlantic at its most polysyllabic, and makes for wearying, sometimes irritating, reading. As for Mahler we have first biography, then analysis of the music. But here, despite manifestly indefatigable research, the figure of the man remains a caricature, and exaggerated claims are made for the stature of the music, and for its seminal qualities in the development of the Twelve Tone System of the Viennese School. Mr. Bowers tells us Scriabin's 'entire lifetime of sound can be heard in little more than twelve hours of listening.' Much of that sound has its quality and attractions, but it will take a better argued book than this to convince me of its greatness.

DAVID FINGLETON

SOME TORY LEADERS

The Conservative Leadership 1832-1932. Edited by Donald Southgate. Macmillan. £4.50 (Paperback £2.50).

One of the many ironies in British historical writing is that while a vast amount of attention has been devoted to the decline of the Liberal Party and the rise of the Labour Party, comparatively little study has been given to the survival of the Conservative Party. Indeed, it can be argued that this survival is the most important fact of recent political history. This book is an attempt to remedy this gap. It is a species of that academic hobby: the anthology with essays by different authors. The idea behind it is to study the history of the Conservative Party as seen through the personalities and policies of its leaders. This, of course, is traditional Tory history: the emphasis on the 'great man' and it is no accident, therefore, that the books that the authors draw upon for their essays are, in the main, biographies. With the exception of Derby and Salisbury, every one of the leaders examined has been subjected to a major, and in most cases a distinguished, biography in recent years.

The book is of use for the general reader and the student as an introduction to an interesting and an important subject. Many of the essays have considerable value and all of them offer an introduction for the neophyte. Thus, Professor Gash gives an excellent account of the role of Wellington and Peel in the re-formation of the party after the Reform Act. The reader who desires more information is well advised to turn to Gash's definitive biography of Peel. He is a bit more critical of Peel in this essay than in his larger work, particularly in the account of the fall of Peel in 1846. This is, no doubt, partially due to the fact that here the emphasis is on Peel as a party leader not Peel as the great

early Victorian statesman. He concludes that 'Peel had never come to terms with the new party system.'

In discussing the Tories after the end of the Peel Government, J. T. Ward does justice to Lord Derby. He is a much neglected figure in Victorian history because, like Lord Salisbury, he was out of step with the onward 'march of progress'. This essay will be interesting reading for anyone fascinated with the period of the 1850s and 1860s. There is a useful survey of the attitude of various Conservative leaders regarding the Reform Act of 1867. The section on Disraeli is less useful only because so much more is known about that intriguing personality than about his more stolid 'Chief'. However, one of Disraeli's final speeches contains the key to later Conservative history, and to much of the rest of this book, in the statement that 'The policy of the Conservative Party is to maintain the Empire and preserve the Constitution.'

The editor, Dr. Southgate, sees Lord Salisbury as that unusual politician: the natural pessimist. He feels that while Salisbury may be 'over-rated' as a Foreign Secretary, he was better in that position than as a party leader. A great deal of this section is devoted, therefore, to the important, and often troublesome, roles that Lord Randolph Churchill and Joseph Chamberlain played in the Conservative leadership. However, considerable and welcome attention is given also to Lord Salisbury's talented sons and their involvements in party policy and philosophy. Indeed, Dr. Southgate asserts '*they* were Salisbury's principal legacy to British Conservatism.'

Salisbury's nephew and successor Arthur James Balfour is praised by Dr. Gollin for his 'marvellous skill' in holding the party together during the tariff reform controversy. The essay offers a good summation of Balfour's attempts to preserve the unity of the party. When these efforts failed in 1911, Balfour was replaced with 'a damned dissenting Scotch ironmonger' (in the words of an outraged Tory to Asquith's daughter). The Conservative Party had travelled a considerable distance from the Duke of Wellington. J. H. Grainger adds little to our understanding of Bonar Law or Austen Chamberlain, perhaps, because he has little sympathy for either in this period of 'unctionless, at times bleak, Conservatism.' The editor concludes the book with a portrait of Baldwin until 1932. He stresses the importance of moderation as a factor in Baldwin's public image. However, this is more a study of Baldwin as Prime Minister than as party leader.

The book, therefore, will be of use to people who wish an introduction to the role of the leadership in the Conservative Party. It is to be regretted, then, that the only detailed bibliography of any length is one for the Derby-Disraeli era. The terminal date of the book is its major flaw as 1932 does not form a natural end to a period of Conservative history. One would wish that the book had been continued at least to the war or, as Lord Blake did in *The Conservative Party From Peel To Churchill,* until 1955. Centuries are very fine things in cricket; they are not necessarily the same in history.

R. F. MULLEN

SHAKESPEARE'S SUGARED SONNETS

Shakespeare's Sugared Sonnets. Katharine M. Wilson. Allen & Unwin, £5.00.

It was by the fortunate chance that, at the time when Dr. Wilson was studying the musical element in Engish Poetry, she was struck by the suspicion that some of Shakespeare's sonnets were parodies of contemporary originals; and this led to a thorough investigation which amply proved her conjecture. The present deeply-researched volume owes its origin to a contemporary report given on

Shakespeare's sonnets quoted in Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia* in which he says:

> 'As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagorus: so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared sonnets among his private friends.'

Of Shakespeare in general Meres adds that 'I say that the muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speak English.' This comes in a section on 'a comparative discourse of our English poets, with the Greek, Latin and Italian poets', and is an interesting contemporary judgement on the standing of English lyric verse by the side of its continental counterparts. We find 'sugared' often used by Sidney, Giles Fletcher, Watson and others, frequently as indicating 'a liveliness of fancy', and it clearly connotes the derivations of the ancient sources of primitive song, chivalric convention and Platonic theory which may be traced back to the traditional texture of the love poetry of Chretien de Troyes (12th century) lingering into the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. It was thus that the first forms appeared in Tottel's Miscellany and earlier in the poems of Surrey and Wyatt. But it was Thomas Watson who gave a definite stamp to the Elizabethan Sonnet when he produced his *Mekatompathia* of *Passionate Centurie of Love*, though this was posthumously, for he died in 1593. Until then they had circulated in manuscript, as was the case with sonnets by Sir Philip Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, Spenser, Barnabe Barnes, Constable, Shakespeare and a whole group of wits and courtiers who were moved by reciprocal impulses to exchange and compare their works as poets and private friends.

Shakespeare must have had a great sense of humour. Miss Wilson says of some of the sonnets written to the Dark Lady: 'They can hardly have been written to a woman in compliment, and unless one approaches them already convinced, it is difficult to believe that they could have been written about a real woman. Indeed, nothing is easier than to show they are parodies. Some can even be shown to have a particular sonnet in view, and in general their meaning is best unlocked with this key.' The sonnet quoted is No. 130, which begins:

> 'My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
> Coral is far more red, than her lips red,
> If snow be white, why than her breasts are dun:
> If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head: *etc.*

It is an obvious parody, and, as Miss Wilson says, 'Shakespeare assumes a mocking naivety in which he says his lady has none of the wonderful qualities common to the ladies of other poets and yet he thinks her as good as any woman about whom such lies are invented.' Several sonneteers supply probable bases of the parody, Watson, Barnaby Barnes, Constable, Sidney and others. Other examples of imitations and parodies follow, showing Shakespeare at his most ingenious and adaptable, and it is doubtful if any book of Shakespearian criticism and commentary contains a comparable amount of similar research scholarship.

Miss Wilson does not hazard a guess as to the identity of the Dark Lady. She sums up: 'Shakespeare began the sonnets on the dark lady with a parody on Sidney's sonnet. Because Sidney has changed beauty from fair to dark, "therefore" his lady will be dark also, and not only dark in looks, but in her moral character. In this way he leads skilfully into other parodies of that dark aspect of sonnet love, with the lady cruel, tyrannous, a murderer. From the darkness comes the joke of her impurity also, in which he parodies chiefly Greville and Sidney, but not them alone. Thus he created a travesty of the sonnet lady, which highlights the artificiality of the sonneteers when they rave against their mistresses.

A contemporary Italian attack on this aspect of sonnet writing is given by Bruno in Florio's translation: he speaks of a poet who writes down and publicly records 'the perpetual tortures, the heavy torments, the weary thoughts and speeches, the bitter meditations generated beneath the tyranny of an unworthy, imbecile, infatuated, wanton, filthy wretch of a woman.' Considering this in connection with Shakespeare's sonnet No. 129, Miss Wilson says 'Indeed it looks as if a *Road to Xanadu*-like entanglement of memories had coalesced to give Shakespeare his impression of lust.

An important section of the book is the use of the sonnet in Shakespeare's plays. Another is the time-honoured discussion of Thorpe's Dedication.

All in all, this is a book of remarkable scholarship, on a theme which never ceases to be absorbing.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A VINDICATION OF FREUDIAN PRACTICE

Dominique. Françoise Dolto. Souvenir Press. £3.50.

There is no shortage of psychoanalytic journals and psychiatric textbooks in which the theoretical formulations of the Freudian doctrine are propounded and adequately explicated. What is, however, signally lacking from the psychoanalytic literature is the extended presentation of the clinical interview, which lies at the dynamic heart of functioning psychoanalysis. The reason for this is obvious. The psychoanalytic process is an extremely lengthy one, and a total record would occupy many hundreds—even thousands—of printed pages. With certain notable exceptions, such as the case of Hans, or that of the wolf-man, both graphically recorded by Freud himself, it has, therefore, been the economically forced practice to summarise merely psychoanalytic results, with, perhaps, specific supporting segments isolated out by way of illuminating demonstration.

The importance of this book is that it constitutes what is without doubt the most detailed and complete post-Freudian account of a Freudian analysis. It has been made possible because the analysis was conducted and concluded (by parental insistence) within the literarily manageable compass of twelve sessions. Therapeutically, the results, because of the curtailment of the progressing analysis, stopped short of being satisfactory, but they had already achieved a great deal.

The Dominique of the title is a seriously disturbed adolescent French boy of fourteen years of age, diagnosed as psychotic. The psychoanalysis of psychotics —particularly psychotic children—is not a well-regarded area, and the number of child analysts of the necessary calibre are few. Madame Françoise Dolto, a member of the Ecole Freudienne de Paris, is, like Anna Freud, one of a handful of distinguished practitioners to essay such a fraught undertaking, and her book is a unique contribution to the phenomenology of childhood and the interpretation of the inevitable complexities of familial politics. It is essentially and centrally a case study, but it is a case study illuminated by peripheral commentary which sets the emergent clinical factors in their proper theoretical framework.

The analytic encounter was, within the limits imposed upon it by external circumstances, hearteningly successful. The problem of break-through, the establishment of a communication bridge to elicit the tight node of thoughts and worries which isolated the boy, encapsulated him in a busy internal world so that he had neither time nor energy to spare for coping with external realities, was, by dint of slow, patient and simple questioning, overcome. Response and counter-response between analyst and patient were effectively achieved, and

though it would be irresponsible to bandy words like 'cure', there seems no doubt but that transference and counter-transference occurred, bringing in their wake the first glimmerings of intellectual and emotional redemption. Dominique was able to recognise and work out with the analyst old attitudes and feelings formerly directed at various members of his family.

Madame Dolto makes no extravagant claims—'Dominique has been cured only of his psychotic regression,' she reports at the end of sixteen months. 'The elements of his Oedipus are being belatedly structured. His sexuality has been rehabilitated as far as his narcissism is concerned, and his own body as far as its humanness. His critical sense is now finding some expression. His feelings are in communication with others. He has found a new faith in his own future.'

This is the rewarding record of the vindication of Freudian practice, and how it succeeded in handing to a severely disturbed child a passport to normality.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A NEW PORTRAIT OF SYNGE

My Uncle John. Edward Stephens's Life of J. M. Synge. Edited by Andrew Carpenter. Oxford University Press. £3.75.

The provenance of this biography is so unusual that it is well worth recording. Edward Stephens, a lawyer, who was born in 1888, when his uncle, J. M. Synge, was 17 years old, grew up in Dublin in a house next door to Synge, and spent many hours in his company. Throughout his life, Stephens retained an awareness that he was uniquely qualified to be his uncle's biographer. In 1939, on the death of Synge's brother, Edward Stephens became the custodian of all Synge's unpublished manuscripts, notebooks and papers, and during the next ten years laboured prodigiously to prepare a true life. By 1950 the typescript filled fourteen volumes, containing 3,287 pages and nearly three-quarters of a million words. It was thus scarcely publishable, but Stephens died suddenly in 1955 before he could edit and condense. His widow allowed Professor David Greene to use the material in a literary biography, published in 1959, in which Stephens is credited as co-author. A mass of papers remained unpublished, and out of these Dr Carpenter has fashioned a charming portrait of the playwright.

It will be seen that his editorial task was no ordinary one: Stephens had idiosyncratic views on the nature of biography and his attention to detail was obsessional in the extreme. 'He found it difficult, if not impossible, to omit anything which came to his attention.' Stephens believed that Synge's family background (the impoverished landlord class) was of paramount importance to an understanding of his writings, and so strongly was his work based on this assumption that his typescript became, in part, more a history of the Synge family: he transcribed in full many family papers dating back to the eighteenth century. When he came to the personal details of his uncle's life he sought a precision and a particularity, and so he lovingly recorded the views which Synge saw on his bicycle rides or walks, the backgrounds of every person whom he met during family holidays, the books which he read, his daily habits, his conversations . . . While the public and artistic side of Synge's life is hardly illuminated at all, it must not be thought that Dr. Carpenter's selection is either ponderous or superficial: his distillation is both touching and powerful, concentrating, as it does, on fairly long passages in which Stephens was writing from his first-hand knowledge of Synge. How well Stephens can write, too, when valuable passages are quarried out of the monstrous mountain.

Here is a typical lyrical memory—'As we passed the pool where Mavourneen's cows used to water . . . a dark bird fell soundlessly, but as if hurt, on the

lane before us. It fell with the uncertain movement of a blown leaf . . . and then it vanished like a ghost over the gorse hedge. "That was a night-jar," John said. "It does that to draw people away from its young." '

MOLLY TIBBS

SLEUTHING ORANG-UTANS

In Search of the Red Ape. John MacKinnon. Collins. £3.

Mr. MacKinnon must be a rarity among animal hunters. His idea of a pleasant night out in menacing Borneo forests is to sleuth orang-utans to their nesting spots in high treetops, then snooze under the tree till morning so that he can continue to tail them when they move on, for days or weeks if necessary. Armed only with cross-bow, knife, film camera, tape recorder, he had some unnerving experiences there and in Sumatra, 1968-71, having raised enough, while still at Oxford, to finance his one-man expeditions.

He met his first big male, Harold, coming towards him along a thick liana bridging two trees. 'Swinging arm over arm, he moved powerfully forward. It was too late to get out of his way so I crouched low and stayed quite still. His hanging legs can have been no more than a yard above my head as he passed, but he disdained to notice and carried straight on beyond me.' A huger one, Ivan the Terrible, was such a 'terrifying spectacle' advancing towards him that he hopped behind a large tree to let him pass, then followed him, failed to see he had stopped, and almost crashed into him as he sat munching roots. But his most formidable male was King Louis who came crashing down through branches after him and, aware he was afraid, charged whenever they met. MacKinnon retaliated by pointing his large telephoto lens straight at him like a gun, from the foot of a tree, and climbing after him as he retreated slowly upwards, eyeing the lens suspiciously, then stayed sulking at the top like a scolded schoolboy.

MacKinnon found that orangs usually moved around singly or in small groups, feeding on seasonal tree fruits. There was jealousy among the big males; the younger sub-adult ones had more success with the ladies, though often these tended to evade encroaching males, whether already squired or not. 'Wild orangs, despite their reputation, are comparatively restrained in their love-making'—possibly because their bridal beds are in lofty, insecure treetops? He is equally enlightening on the habits of other forest fauna who gave him scares as well as data, from elephant to python and honey-bear, which he engaged in hand-to-hand combat.

As far as I'm concerned he can keep his orangs. Sleuthing them, sleeping out under them, isn't my idea of an agreeable hobby. There's too much discomfort and menace in it, as his bride discovered to her cost, poor dear, when he married on a later Sumatra trip and took her over his rough orang trails on a fortnight's honeymoon. I much prefer the wilds of Kensington and even hippies to apes, though they may be closer than we think. But he makes an engrossing story of his quests, illustrated with colour photos, foreworded by David Attenborough, who deems his discoveries 'of great scientific importance'.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Times Guide to the House of Commons, 1974 (Times Newspapers, London, £5.25). This invaluable volume provides a comprehensive coverage of the General Election results in February this year. Like its

predecessors on earlier elections, the bulk of the book contains an alphabetical list of results by constituencies, with brief biographical notes on each candidate. There are, of course, also cross references linking members with constituencies. Comparisons with the 1970 election are made where possible; but this is greatly restricted by the redistribution of more than 300 seats. There is a short article by George Clark, *The Times* Political Correspondent, on the events immediately leading to the election, and a brief survey by Professor Richard Rose. He points out from the election outcome 'how tenuous is the assertion that Britain has a two party system.' The volume includes the manifestos of the three main parties and extracts from those of the Scottish National Party, Plaid Cymru, Communist Party and the National Front.

The Soviet Air Force in World War II (David and Charles, £6.50). This official Soviet history, originally published by the Ministry of Defence of the USSR, has been translated into English by Leland Fetzer and edited by Ray Wagner. It is concerned with major air operations on the Eastern Front, from the Nazi invasion on the 22nd June, 1941 until the fall of Berlin, and the defeat of the Japanese Kwantung army. The book is written inevitably with a slight political slant and with a view to promoting in the Russian younger generation 'the spirit of a boundless dedication to the Communist party and the socialist Motherland'. Nonetheless this is an important work and, as the Editor points out, it presents a balance to the German books on the Eastern Front. There is no doubt that in the early stages the Russians were ill prepared, without radar and little radio on their planes. Their early losses in planes were enormous. Mr. Wagner remarks that the admitted loss of 7,800 planes in the war's first three and a half months is 'surely the highest aircraft loss of any such period in history.' The book contains 40 black and white photographs of typical aircraft in the campaign.

An Introduction to British Trade Unions (Pelican Books, 45p). At a time particularly when the economic and political power of trade unions is so prominent, a sound objective and concise account for the general reader of their historical background, organisation, methods of wage bargaining, and of industrial action including strikes is needed. This is the aim of the author, Ben Hooberman, a practising solicitor specialising in labour law and industrial relations and Chairman of the Industrial Law Society. The ill-fated Industrial Relations Act, 1971 has been legally, of course, at the centre of industrial relations. With the repeal of the Act, this book thus requires drastic revision to be of much practical value.

In Search of Ancient Gods (Souvenir Press, £2.95). This is the fourth book by Erich von Däniken dedicated to his theory that 'alien astronauts lived on our planet thousands of years ago and our ancestors looked on them as "gods".' Truth was distorted: 'religion came into being. Knowledge and truth were replaced by belief.' In this particular volume, translated from the German by Michael Heron, Mr. Däniken presents 'my historical evidence for the impossible.' He reproduces over 370 photographs of ancient sites, monuments, carvings and paintings, statues and artefacts, across the world, and interprets them as reflecting or depicting, frequently in a crude and distorted manner, the legendary world of the astronauts. It is a fascinating theory, although most people will still react to it as quite unfounded.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.80; U.S.A. and Canada $15.00. Rates for all other countries on application.

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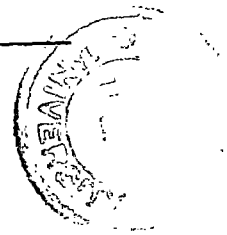
Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

September 1974 Vol. 225 No. 1304



CYPRUS: THE ISLAND REPUBLIC

Background to the Crisis

by Alfred Joachim Fischer

CYPRUS, the small island in the Eastern Mediterranean, with a population of only 680,000—80% Greeks, 18% Turks, the rest Britons, Armenians, Lebanese Maronites, and about 50 Jews—is a land of contradictions. In the tourist propaganda it is lauded as 'Aphrodite's birthplace'. Legend has it that the goddess of Love and Beauty emerged from the sea foam near Paphos, the Cypriots are duly proud of this, but nevertheless preserve a code of sexual morality which by present-day standards must be regarded as no less than draconic.

In the political arena the contrasts are even more striking. On the one hand, Cyprus claims to be a secular republic; at the same time, however, since gaining independence in 1960, its President has been Archbishop Makarios. A majestic-looking figure, over 6 ft. in height, the Archbishop wears his black robe even on non-religious occasions and carries the sceptre crowned by the imperial orb. This is only one of the several documentary imperial privileges hailing back to the 5th century, for the first church state in the world, founded by the Apostle Paulus himself! After celebrating Mass on high holidays, Makarios would step into public view together with other high-ranking clergy, similarly robed, with whom he posed for the cameras and exchanged brotherly embraces.

Rauf Denktash, the Turkish Vice-President, was not alone in regarding all this as part of a well-calculated design. The highly religious peasant population in this predominantly agrarian country—particularly the women —would not vote for any other president but the representative head of their Church (95.45% in 1968). Such power surpasses the merely political status of the Vice-President. In 1973 the presidential election was cancelled because no candidate could be found to oppose Makarios. On many occasions, as for instance in his much-quoted speech before the United Nations in 1970, the Archbishop emphasised that he wished his republic to be included among the non-aligned nations. Yet at the same time he utters remarks which are not consistent with strict neutrality. Such an incident happened in May, 1974, during his state visit to China, where Mao and ailing Chou-en-Lai

wooed their illustrious guest in person, even though he represented a numerically very small population. For such attention, the Archbishop showed his appreciation. During the banquet held in his honour in the great People's Hall in Peking, he gave a speech in which he hailed Mao euphorically as 'that outstanding personality of our time', and stated, 'there is a constant development, a perpetual self-renewal, a never-ceasing revolution which is leading China to higher and higher peaks of fulfilment'.

Earlier, Makarios had often been accused of pro-Soviet leanings. This touches upon some internal political factors, among others. For his parliamentary majority Makarios needed the support of the AKEL party which represented approximately 40% of the Greek Cypriot voters and which was being directed and financed from Moscow while maintaining close contacts with the 19-member Soviet Embassy in Nicosia. A year ago Cyprus established diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China. The new embassy was set up in a large 50-room hotel. The Chinese are more relaxed and flexible than their Soviet competitors, and they also made the most of their world-famous cuisine at receptions and banquets.

Needless to say, the Archbishop with his fixed, ikon-like smile, never showed the masters of the Kremlin anything but his most amiable countenance. This has not prevented him from eagerly courting the European Community, mindful of his main sources of revenue. Great Britain buys 42.2% of all Cypriot export goods. The other members of the EEC represent the second best export market, while the Communist countries account for only 14.2% of exports from the island. Cyprus has succeeded in associating itself with the European Community, and ambitiously envisages full membership within the next 10 years. Traditionally neutral countries like Austria, Sweden and Switzerland feel that such close ties would be incompatible with the status of neutrality. Furthermore, the island republic is already a full member of the European Council. It consistently supported Bonn in questions concerning Berlin and Germany—regardless of its professed neutrality—and maintains an active trade and cultural exchange with the Federal Republic, and the annual tourist invasion from Germany is welcome. (Since December 21, 1972, the DDR also maintains an embassy in Nicosia.)

If ever there should be a United Europe in the form of a Federation or Union of European States, Cyprus would very probably wish to join, even though its geographical location 500 nautical miles from Greece but only 40 from the Turkish coast brings it into the Asian orbit, which in turn has certain political implications. For example, friendly relations have been maintained with the Arab states whose 16 votes or so carry a lot of weight in the United Nations. Even the black day of April 9, 1973, did not change this to any significant extent. On that day, Arab terrorists attacked the Nicosia airport and the residence of the Israeli ambassador who escaped assassination with his family by a hair. Makarios had been demanding the return of the Arab territories occupied by Israel in 1967 long before this course was adopted by many governments during the oil crisis. On the other hand, Israel is still represented in Nicosia by an ambassador, while in Ankara and Athens only by chargé d'Affaires.

Omar Khadafi, President of Libya, offered the Archbishop unlimited material assistance in return for breaking off relations with Israel. Makarios's 'NO' was as courteous as it was firm. The continuation of an independent foreign policy was more important to him than the golden calf of oil riches. Once before he had refused a blank cheque from Khadafi, offered in return for terminating the use by Britain of its bases on the sovereign islands of Acrotiri and Dhecelia (an action which would not even be permissible under international law). The British had made these bases a condition of their willingness to give up the rest of the former crown colony in 1960.

In the past, Makarios rebelliously rejected his republic's affiliation with the Commonwealth as tantamount to 'golden chains'. Now, he has been loyally attending each summit conference. The consummate British-Cypriot reconciliation is perhaps one of the most interesting and significant phenomena of contemporary history. President Makarios has been occupying the former governor's mansion, where Field Marshal Sir John Harding once exclaimed despairingly that the Archbishop's face never betrayed any genuine emotion.

It was at that time that the well-equipped underground movement EOKA was trying to achieve ENOSIS, i.e. unification with Greece, by creating bloodbaths and brutal uprisings against the British. The head of the Church was at the same time the Ethnarch (i.e. People's Leader), the title bestowed on the Cypriot archbishops during the Turkish regime which began in 1571 and ended for all practical purposes in 1878. In the autocephalous Church, bishops and archbishops are not appointed but elected, in a procedure comparable to the American Presidential system. The clergy and the church membership are eligible to vote. As Ethnarch, Makarios used his authority to lead the political struggle for ENOSIS. Even churches were used for holding plebiscites, and he toured the island to deliver fiery propaganda speeches. For years, the Archbishop failed to give a clear-cut answer to the question whether he was in contact with the terrorist EOKA and its leader, General Grivas. Today it is known that these connections did exist. After his return from internment on the Seychelle islands, he adopted a more pragmatic course and thus paved the way to the agreements of Zurich and London in 1960, establishing the island's independence, in place of ENOSIS.

Almost overnight the bitter enmity between Cyprus and Britain turned into genuine friendship. Now that the Turks are no longer trying to learn Greek, while the Greeks have never yet managed to master Turkish, English has become the country's second language and the only bridge of communication between the two ethnic groups. The British Council fulfils the function of a comprehensive cultural centre. The lectures, discussions, round-table conversations, seminars, exhibitions, concerts, theatre and ballet performances sponsored by the Council are the most popular events on the island. This applies equally to the library, the language courses and various adult education classes. It also gives generous support to the secondary schools, in which English is taught as a mandatory subject. When Mr. James Took recently left Cyprus after spending four years on the island as British Council representative, long farewell articles with his photo appeared

on the front pages of the local press. In the absence of a university of their own, Cypriots have not been looking up to the educational institutions of Athens or Istanbul, but continue to aspire to Oxford and Cambridge. Most remarkably, even some former EOKA leaders send their children there. Moreover, the sons and daughters of many leading families attend English schools in Cyprus.

In view of its chronic export deficit—the mineral resources are gradually being depleted, and agrarian products, primarily citrus fruit, represent 60% of all exports—the tourist trade constitutes an important indirect export article for the island. While lately there have been large groups of tourists from Scandinavia and West Germany (a total of 25,000 visitors from West Germany was recorded last year), the United Kingdom still accounts for the lion's share of tourism. In addition, there are a few thousand British pensioners who have been enjoying their retirement in a sunny land where prices are still relatively low.

Even greater financial advantages are offered to Cyprus by the two sovereign bases. Complicated negotiations are being conducted between London and Nicosia concerning the retroactive and future compensation for so-called services. Regardless of this, the two bases provide the island republic with an annual revenue of £35 million. They are centres of indirect, or rather, permanent tourism, and their attractive houses, clubs, pubs and well-groomed gardens and sports grounds give the appearance of a well-to-do London suburb. This idyllic picture, however, is not to obscure their military value, which includes the storage of atomic weapons. This reassurance—which in some way also represents a link with NATO—greatly facilitates the independent course Cyprus has been trying to pursue. British advice, too, is again welcome though such influence is handled in a very tactful and discreet manner so that it is barely noticeable. When 250 members of the American Marine Corps were stationed on the British bases a short while ago in order to assist in clearing mines from the Suez Canal, a big hue and cry was raised in the leftist Cypriot press. However, the government pointed out reassuringly that this constituted a one-time, limited action in support of the high aims of the United Nations.

Since gaining independence in 1960, under guarantees from Great Britain, Greece and Turkey, Cyprus has made remarkable economic advances. Every third person on the island now owns a car—far too many for the streets jammed with traffic, which still moves on the left. Brand new residential quarters have risen up in Nicosia and Kyrenia, and the once quiet sleepy town of Famagusta has been transformed into a second Acapulco. Much of the scenery has been ruined by the overheated building boom, and the demand for residential flats and hotel beds is exceeded by the construction of high-rise luxury buildings and hotels.

The Church has not failed to take full advantage of this building boom. Always in the forefront of real estate ownership, it has recently begun to branch out into all kinds of commercial enterprises. Since the Church is always identified with Makarios, it was often said that 'the Archbishop has bought (or built) another hotel, constructed some new blocks of flats' etc.

and critical voices have been raised against such speculative and profiteering practices. Instead, the critics called on the Church to build working-class homes which are in short supply, and above all, to redistribute land.

Between 1960 and today, the per capita income of the population has risen from £180 to £470 per annum. The Turks, however, do not figure very prominently in these statistics; their sectors have not developed to any great extent, except for a small upper-class residential area, and there is hardly any danger of becoming a traffic casualty, as in the Greek section. The Greek population on the island has always been wealthier and more enterprising than the Turks, and neglect of their interests in the national budget comprised a further financial setback. Without substantial support from Turkey—to the tune of £12 million annually, not counting considerable military aid—the situation would be disastrous, and mass emigration unavoidable.

When Great Britain took over the rule of Cyprus in 1878, nominal Turkish sovereignty continued, and it was not until 1928, following the defeat of the Central European powers by the Entente, that Turkey agreed to give up the island. Nevertheless the Turks believed that they had an option of 'repurchase' in the event of British withdrawal from Cyprus. Between 1955-1958, they fought a bitter and costly battle against EOKA and ENOSIS. At the end of this period, the Turks achieved virtual sovereignty over their own quarters and communities, and this status was confirmed in the agreements of Zurich and London. Moreover, it was stipulated that the President was to be elected by the Greeks, and the Vice-President by the Turkish population of the island, each having the right of an absolute veto.

The Turkish minority, representing 18% of the total population, was granted a 30% share in the island's government and administration, and a 40% participation in the military and police forces. After four years the Cypriots were to decide themselves whether the principles of the 1960 constitution were workable or whether any changes were required. Already, in 1963, however, Makarios submitted a long list of desired revisions to the Turkish minority. This gave rise to renewed bloody clashes in which hundreds of lives were lost and whole streets and villages laid to ruin. 1967 brought another outbreak of hostilities, amounting to civil war, with similar tragic results.

Only one year later, the inter-communal talks were initiated which, at the time of the crisis, had reached the record number of 301. The permanent delegate on the Greek side has been Dr. Glafkos Clerides, and his lawyer colleague and old friend, Rauf Denktash, is representing the Turks. Denktash's election as Vice-President took place in 1973 and he has ruled the Turkish sector as supremely as Makarios controlled the Greek majority. Dr. Clerides was the first and so far the only President of the House of Representatives, and as such had the difficult task of standing up to the all-powerful head of State, in the name of the one-chamber Parliament.

Unlike the American President, Makarios did not require any confirmation of his Ministers by Parliament, and in principle members of the Government are not permitted to belong to the House of Representatives.

Clerides also acted on behalf of the President in his absence. When a review of the situation in 1970 brought out the fact that the two delegates disagreed on far more points than those on which they were in agreement, Clerides broke off negotiations. They were resumed in 1971, through mediation of the U.N. Secretary-General, Kurt Waldheim. Since then they have been attended by the U.N. representative in Cyprus, as well as one expert on constitutional law each from Turkey and Greece. The Greek and Turkish participants delight in endless juridical hair-splitting, which the U.N. representative tries to clear up with a bit of good commonsense. Nevertheless, the negotiations were once more halted for over two months in 1974, again at the request of Clerides.

The Greeks insisted categorically on a united, sovereign state, which had been agreed upon, at least in theory, at the beginning of the talks. The Turkish Prime Minister, Foreign Minister and permanent U.N. Delegate, on the other hand, have recently returned to their earlier demand for a federative solution of the problem. Denktash promptly followed suit. He felt that only under the auspices of a Turkish federal state could the autonomy of the Turkish sectors and villages be safeguarded. Under no circumstances was he willing, recalling the bloody events of the past, to give up his own police force and a guarantee of independence by Turkey. The Greeks, Denktash argues, would be free to ask for a similar guarantee from Greece, as provided in 1960. His own concept for Cyprus envisages a Greek and a Turkish unit which would at the same time constitute a functional federation on a communal basis. He is not greatly bothered by the Greek objection that this would necessitate a triple bureaucracy, the cost of which would be prohibitive for a population of only 680,000. The only concessions Denktash was prepared to make are the renunciation of the veto right, and a 20% participation (instead of the previously agreed 30%) in the central government by the Turks, provided an agreement acceptable to them could be reached.

Clerides, on the other hand—not to mention the even more inflexible Makarios—regarded a federal solution as not feasible since, in his conviction, it would require compact settlement blocks for each ethnic group, which are nowhere in existence. On various levels the Greeks were willing to agree to a general amount of local sovereignty; however, there would have had to be a clear definition of this concept, and government control entirely eliminated. Fear of another form of ENOSIS prompted some of this reasoning. At the first opportunity—goes the Greek argument—a Turkish federal state would break loose and unite with nearby Turkey. Sporadic threats of invasion by this great neighbour—on one occasion its warships were already visible on the horizon from Famagusta—have intensified the feeling of insecurity.

For the Turks, on the other hand, the original ENOSIS continued to be a perpetual nightmare. Each one of the Archbishop's often ambiguous remarks was analysed as to whether he might still uphold the old unification idea, or prefer to maintain his own position of power. This, incidentally, represented a singular exception amongst the leaders of the Greek Orthodox Church and

evoked the opposition of the three bishops who tried to force Makarios to give up his status of unifying both secular and clerical power in his person. As a result, they themselves were defrocked.

Whenever someone scribbles the word ENOSIS on some classroom wall in Cyprus, resulting in a school fight, Denktash and most of the Turks blow it up into a nationalist revolution. True, there have remained some groups and organisations in existence which call for an early union with Greece. Clerides and his party rejected this on pragmatic grounds, since they felt that it would be wrong to pursue any goal which might incite a large-scale war. Many people shared this view and opted for an independent republic, partly in view of the sounder economic situation of the island, and also because they disliked the idea of being under the thumb of the military regime in Athens. However, hardly any one dares to say so openly.

Since the death of General Grivas who felt that Makarios, his former secret ally, was lacking in nationalistic sentiments (in the pan-Hellenist sense) and had become his sworn enemy, the EOKA B_2 a successor organisation of the EOKA during the 'liberation', seemed to diminish in power. Nevertheless it has become more active again and continued to infiltrate schools and—more ominously—the national guard. EOKA B was credited with the frequent ammunition thefts from the guard's arsenals. 650 officers of this well-equipped military formation came from Greece, and many of them were unreliable in the eyes of the Cyprus government. This has been one of the main causes of tension between Athens and Nicosia. Following some new, unpleasant incidents the President announced a 'purge' of the national guard in his declaration of June 6, 1974. Henceforth, the General Staff was to act only in an advisory capacity on the appointment of new officers and officer cadets, with the final decision resting with the Council of Ministers.

Wallenstein's proverbial army camp, incidentally, could not compare with Cyprus in diversity. Beside the national guard commanded by regular Greek officers and in addition to the regular Turkish contingent, there were the militia-style Cypriot 'Turkish Fighters' who can be mobilised with remarkable speed. Furthermore, both ethnic groups had their own military as well as regular police forces. The borders or demarcation lines on both sides were closely guarded. Turks were permitted to enter the Greek sectors, but not vice-versa. The blue-and-white and red-and-white sentry boxes usually flanked by the light-blue post of the U.N. Peace-keeping Force in Cyprus, which also guarded strategic hills and 'buffer zones'.

Each month the U.N. expends $1 million for the maintenance of these 2,341 men under the command of an Indian general. Forty per cent of this amount is contributed by the U.S. However, even countries who are not participating members of the U.N. Force, such as West Germany and Switzerland (who are not even members of the U.N.) make regular contributions. Great Britain sent the largest contingent, and when sections of the Peace-keeping Force had to be flown quickly to the Suez Canal, she took care of the entire transport operation without charging for its cost.

Until the recent crisis, respect for this United Nations Force has helped

to settle minor incidents quickly, and to prevent major clashes. In the words of a foreign diplomat in Nicosia: Every story has three versions in Cyprus —Turkish, Greek, and the truth. The first two versions confront each other during the inter-communal talks, and the U.N. representative may occasionally succeed in crystallising the truth. At any rate, the phrase 'As long as people talk to each other, at least they don't shoot,' might have been coined on the 'Island of Contrasts' until the catastrophe of a few weeks ago.

Since then, as all the world knows, the already smouldering conflict between Athens and Nicosia erupted into an open one. During his monthly press conference on July 5, 1974, the usually very cautious and diplomatic Archbishop Makarios used almost provocative language against the 'ruling military Junta in Greece'. Without mincing his words, he accused them of aiming at the 'undesirable introduction of dictatorship on the land'. In order to be understood without the shadow of a doubt, the Archbishop added 'Athens bears a great responsibility for what has been happening in Cyprus . . . As undisputedly confirmed by written evidence, Cadres of the Greek military regime control, support and instruct the EOKA B organisation.'

Almost verbatim the same sentence was contained in a letter, dated July 2, 1974, and published five days later, by Makarios to the Greek President, Phaedon Gizikis. No less outspoken is the charge of the Archbishop: 'This explains the involvement of Greek officers of the National Guard in illegal and conspiratory acts.' His conclusion leaves no doubt: 'Their remaining in the National Guard and commanding the force would be harmful to the relations between Athens and Nicosia.' Makarios assured his colleague in Athens that 'he had never deviated from the principle of co-operating with whatever government happened to be in office in Athens. I cannot say that I have a special liking for military regimes, particularly in Greece, the birthplace of democracy, but even in this case, I have not departed from my principle.'

The Cypriot President demanded the recall of all the Greek officers from the National Guard, except 50. At the same time, he reduced the military conscription from 24 to 14 months. It can now alternatively be served in a special police formation, whose main task it is to annihiliate the approximately 500 active members of EOKA B.

Reaction in Greece was fierce. Leaflets and posters, apparently with official approval, appeared on walls in downtown Athens, accusing Makarios of 'treason against the Greek nation' and calling all Greeks to unite against him.

Following the invasion of the island by Turkish forces on July 18-19 and the coup which resulted in the departure of President Makarios to plead his case before the United Nations in New York, the EOKA leader, Nicos Sampson was proclaimed President. His reign was short-lived. On July 23, after the resignation of the Greek government, he stepped down in favour of Lefkos Clerides.

The situation is and will remain uneasy, following the failure of the three responsible powers, Britain, Greece and Turkey, to agree on terms for a cease-fire.

A NEW IMMIGRATION POLICY FOR BRITAIN

by Alan Beith, M.P.

AT the moment, immigration is not at the forefront of political debate, and there is a very strong temptation for politicians to 'let sleeping dogs lie'. Certainly, given the trouble which the topic has caused since 1960, our first reaction might be one of grateful appreciation that there is no 'immigration crisis' at present. This, however, gives an important clue as to why the issue must be faced, for unless it is discussed rationally and calmly now, it is almost inevitable that it will be raised again by some scare and 'threat' of imminent disaster requiring panic response. It is for this reason that the recently published report of the Liberal Party's Immigration Group opens with these words:

> If we do not change the nature of the discussion which has held sway for the last ten or twelve years, there is a great risk that we shall be faced with yet another slide towards irrationality and inhumanity, and a new measure of control to 'cut back the numbers of immigrants'—if not, indeed, the Repatriation Bill 1984 or even 1974. We must establish the serious economic and social questions as the real area of debate.[1]

Yet the case for raising the issue now is even stronger, for it is easy to assume that, because immigration and race relations do not occupy the headlines day after day, there is for the time being no problem. The Reports of the Race Relations Board for 1973 and the Community Relations Commission for 1973-1974, however, make it very clear indeed that this is not the case. The work of both the Board and the Commission could and should be strengthened, and Liberals would, for example, like to see more resources put into the work of the Commission, especially in the poorest urban areas; areas where immigrants have been forced to congregate and which consequently have had community tensions added to all the other problems of housing, education, the provision of health and welfare facilities and so on—which they faced before there was any substantial number of immigrants and which would be there in any case.

As far as the work of the Race Relations Board is concerned it is quite clear that there is room for improvement in the 1968 Race Relations Act, in both the scope of the Act and the powers of the Board to obtain evidence. The Race Relations Board appeals again in its Report for such improvements, and it can only be hoped that the new survey on racial discrimination which has been commissioned from Political and Economic Planning will give the government, any government, the courage needed to introduce new legislation and win acceptance for it in Parliament. Liberals will certainly support such proposals, as they have previously supported legislation against discrimination and demanded that it should be as effective as possible.

Extra money and stronger legislation will not, however, solve the problems of race relations in this country. The really crucial issue that we must face is that the aim of creating 'good community relations', which both Labour

and Conservative parties have professed has been entirely vitiated by our immigration policy, identified the immigrants—'them'—as 'the problem'. It is just impossible to be convincing to either the host or immigrant communities that there should be no problems in relations between them when the whole tenor of policy has been to identify immigration as 'the threat'. In effect, Labour and Conservative Governments have been saying: 'They should not be thy neighbours, but love them anyway.' Britain's fundamental need is for an immigration policy which deals with the very real economic and social issues of migration, both within and between countries, rather than one based on racially-prejudiced scare-mongering.

It is, therefore, no accident that both the Race Relations Board and the Community Relations Commission attack, politely but strongly, our discriminatory immigration laws. The Board notes the reluctance of members of minority groups to use the existing machinery, and notes the shortcomings in the existing provisions which have been discussed. The most important factor, however, lies outside the Act and the Board. There exists among coloured minority groups a general lack of confidence in public determination to root out discrimination and in the willingness of society as a whole to accept them as equals.[2] Any changes in anti-discrimination legislation must not only improve the machinery, but must be seen to do so, and politicians bear a heavy responsibility to ensure that there can be no doubt about our society's commitment to root out discrimination. This, however, will only be achieved if it is accompanied by a change in immigration policy: as the Board notes at length in discussing the lack of confidence amongst minority group members:

> . . . of the utmost importance, is the feeling that while official policy asserts the two objectives, meant to be complementary, of tight immigration control and equality of treatment once in Britain, the emphasis that has been placed on the former has led to scepticism about the latter objective. Rightly or wrongly, the immigration controls are seen as discriminatory against coloured people, both in intent and in effect. The Immigration Act 1971, particularly what is regarded as its retrospective element, is seen by many as a stage in the development of discriminatory measures which has been occurring over the past decade. This has created much uncertainty in the minds of some immigrants over ultimate intentions regarding policy in this area . . . while there are abundant public references to coloured immigrants as a 'problem' to be contained, there are far fewer references to the fact that they are individuals of varying characteristics making a positive contribution to British life.[3]

The Community Relations Commission has no hesitation about whether it would be 'right or wrong' to see immigration controls as discriminatory. Addressing his report to the Home Secretary, the Chairman, Mark Bonham-Carter, writes:

> On 28 March this year, speaking in the House you, Sir, said that you would '. . . try to operate what are generally agreed to be necessary immigration controls in a way compatible with justice and humanity.' Black citizens are asked to believe in this justice, in their equality with white citizens before the law, while plainly discriminatory Immigration Rules continue to exist.

> It is this gap between public expressions of equality and the real situation of minorities and their perceptions of life in Britain which the Community Relations Commission must try to close. In our Report for 1972-73, we said: 'We are bound to record our view that the acceptance of these (Immigration) Rules damaged the atmosphere in which we work.' Again this year we found that the job of community relations was made no easier when principles avoided in other areas of English law were applied to minority groups.[4]

This is the real problem of immigration and race relations in Britain. It is not immigration or the immigrants themselves who are the problem; it is the British reaction to the immigrant communities and to the phenomenon of migration, what the Community Relations Commission terms the 'policy gap' between our liberal professions of principle and the harsh reality of the intent and effect of the immigration controls introduced since 1960. Any reverse of the steady erosion of basic freedoms in this area is welcome, and there is no doubt that, as Home Secretary, Roy Jenkins has made a few steps in the right direction, at least towards applying the general principles of English law in the field of immigration. It is well known that he was closely involved with the preparation of the 1968 Race Relations Act, and has been identified with what was somewhat optimistically termed 'the liberal hour' in race relations when he was previously Home Secretary.[5] It is therefore welcome that some families from Uganda who should never have been separated have been allowed to be reunited in this country and that there has been some slight relaxation of the application of the retrospective element in the 1971 Immigration Act. Yet are moves of this nature at all satisfactory?

Sadly, they can only be regarded as minor tinkering in a situation which requires fundamental change. It is not only that, for example, the retrospective aspects of the 1971 Act are 'merely being set aside in disuse by administrative decision (and) a future Home Secretary could still decide to make use of these powers'.[6] The real problem is that the whole of our immigration policy has been based on the premise that immigration should be stopped. 'Control' has been a euphemism for exclusion. Legislative provisions biased in favour of immigration officers and against the individual immigrant, are therefore not just accidental extrusions on an otherwise reasonable body of legislation, but inevitable results of the way in which policy has developed.

Thus, the 1971 Immigration Act applied the procedures of the aliens code to all immigrants into this country. The aliens legislation was initially passed at the beginning of the century, when the arrival of refugees from the pogroms of Eastern Europe was seen as a 'threat' in much the same way as coloured immigrants have been categorised more recently.[7] The rules were tightened up in the emergency of the First World War, and, in the words of the then Quintin Hogg, M.P.: '. . . we established one of the less liberal and one of the most arbitrary systems of immigration law in the world—in the *civilised world at any rate.*'[8] Now, without the excuse of a war emergency, we have extended this code so that it also applies to immigrants from the Commonwealth, the present 'threat' It is clear, therefore, that we need to look at the whole nature of immigration control—and, yet, there is one question which is more fundamental still.

Quite simply, Britain's post-war immigration 'problem' has arisen from the fact that we have not known whom we should 'control'. Normally it is obvious that a nation's citizens have, as one of their fundamental and basic rights, the right to travel freely from and to their own country. But Britain has not known who her citizens are, and thus who should have this freedom and who could be controlled. The problem has been caused by the British Nationality Act of 1948, passed in the fading glow of Empire, when Indian independence was the first indication of the imperial sunset. All the citizens of the Empire had, of course, been His (or Her) Majesty's citizens, and now a new category was created, of Commonwealth citizens, or British subjects. Although they were citizens of independent countries they still could look to the 'mother country', and the new Commonwealth ideal included the freedom of all citizens within it to move freely between its member countries. In effect, therefore, Commonwealth citizens (British subjects) shared with the one category of 'citizens of the United Kingdom and Colonies' the right to enter 'the mother country' without control.

Perhaps it could most kindly be said that there was little, if any, thought given at that time that some British subjects might actually decide to take up their right to enter Britain freely, but certainly when they did so, the Government's answer in the 1962 Commonwealth Immigrants Act was to leave the legal status intact, but to remove its meaning by introducing 'controls' on immigrants from the Commonwealth. The process was taken a stage further in 1968 when the same thing was done with citizenship of the United Kingdom and Colonies: when there was a 'threat' that people who had been allowed to keep their citizenship might actually take up the right attached to it and come to Britain, the Labour Government shamelessly yet shamefully devalued the British passport and created first and second class citizens. The result of all these changes, which were codified in the 1971 Immigration Act has been to create a plethora of different categories of citizens and non-citizens, and to leave numbers of people stranded in the middle of nowhere—citizens of the United Kingdom and Colonies who are patrials, and those who are not (patrials having the really important right to enter this country freely); British subjects who are patrials, and those who are not; British subjects who are not patrials but who were resident in this country when the 1971 Act was passed; aliens who are citizens of other member countries of the EEC and can therefore benefit from its provisions for the free movement of labour, and those who are not; and various small groups of 'British protected persons' and so on.

Not only has Britain betrayed her cherished image of liberalism, the reputation for honourable dealings, by coldly repudiating even her own citizens quite clearly on the basis of colour, but we have been saddled by a series of citizenship laws which were best described as 'a dog's breakfast'. In legal terms, two systems of citizenship have become hopelessly confused, one based upon residence and the other on descent (for patriality disguises racial discrimination by saying that the children of British parents shall continue to have special rights even though their parents left Britain decades ago). And so, before any policy for immigration can be evolved, a

policy which should be based on economic and social considerations relevant to the nature of the migration process, it is essential that Britain should come to some clear understanding of who has the right to come into the country freely as a citizen, and who has not.

The Labour Party, at least in the document produced by one of its policy committees, seems to have grasped the point. The 'Opposition Green Paper' produced by a Study Group in 1973 *(Citizenship, Immigration and Integration—a policy for the Seventies)*, stated that:

> The British Nationality Act of 1948, by revising the traditional idea of citizenship, caused the complexities which have inhibited the development of a coherent immigration policy.

The group could not, however, agree what should be done about it, whether the old categories should be retained and their meaning restored to them or whether they should be abandoned in favour of new categories. It is, of course, understandable if regrettable that the Labour Party is shackled by the memory of its own actions in Government, the 1965 White Paper *Immigration from the Commonwealth*, and the 1968 (Kenyan Asian) Commonwealth Immigrants Act which, in effect, introduced the principle of patriality and discrimination on a racial basis between groups of citizens of the United Kingdom and Colonies. The Green Paper thus implicitly criticises the record of the Labour Government of 1964-70 in a long review of the history of migration to and from the United Kingdom and the various controls enacted since 1962, of the Race Relations Acts, of community relations work, and of Government aid to areas of urban deprivation: but it has little room left after lengthy description for much analysis or positive proposals, and certainly not for any detail of the 'coherent and acceptable immigration policy which is not based on the colour or race of the prospective migrant' which it thinks 'possible'.[9]

The Liberal Party is certainly not inhibited in this way. It calls for a Royal Commission to examine the present citizenship laws and is clearly committed to a new definition of citizenship which should be based on residence in this country. It is only if this can be clearly established that it will be possible for Britain to acknowledge her obligations to the groups of people around the world who have been left in tenuous positions and have a claim upon us because of our past imperial activities. In fact, rather than being scared by 'the threat' of limitless numbers, whom the populist politicians have pictured as clamouring for entry into this country, with the implication that they will 'overwhelm' the natives, such a new definition of citizenship would show clearly that the groups involved are really very limited. In any case, Britain must show that she can still act honourably and acknowledge her responsibilities, for these cannot be legislated out of existence just by removing the important rights attached to the legal status of citizenship, either British subject status or that of United Kingdom and Colonies citizenship, and leaving it an empty, meaningless category.

With a new citizenship law, it would be possible to turn away from the debate which has seen the question of immigration as a problem of how to prevent people from exercising their rights to come to this country, the prime

need supposedly being to keep people out of Britain. We could then think positively and constructively about what migration into and out of Britain is desirable, what economic and social criteria should be applied in the field of migration, and how to ensure the best conditions for humane treatment of migrants. Certainly there would be some chance, at least, of us avoiding the idiocy of an 'immigration policy' which 'controlled' the threat from the Commonwealth while admitting increasing numbers of aliens to fill the jobs for which migrant workers were still needed (in the days when the British economy was still enjoying positive and not negative growth)—because people were not particularly concerned about the numbers of aliens! With a clear, new conception of citizenship, and Britain's obligations, it will be possible to have a decent immigration policy of which we would not need to be ashamed. And with such immigration legislation, the 'policy gap' would be closed and there would be a real prospect of the work of the Community Relations Commission and the Race Relations Board having some real success.

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1 *Immigration and Race Relations, a Liberal Party Report* (April 1974).
2 Report of the Race Relations Board for 1973, para. 59.
3 Ibid, paras 60-61.
4 *Community Relations*, 1973-1974, paras 1-2.
5 *Colour and Citizenship*, E. J. B. Rose et al.
6 Liberal Party Report.
7 J. Garrard, *The English and Immigration*; P. Foot, *Immigration and Race in British Politics*.
8 House of Commons, 22 January, 1969, Vol. 766, Col. 504.
9 Hannan Rose, *The Politics of Immigration after the 1971 Act*, Political Quarterly, April-June 1973.

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The October issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Voices of the Left* by Paul Rose, M.P., *The Political Situation in Italy* by Gino Bianco, *Aims of Industry* by Reginald E. Dunstan and *Edmund Blunden: Poet of Community* by J. E. Morpurgo.

WHY THE HOSPITAL SERVICE IS COLLAPSING

by Norman L. Goodland

SURELY the only criterion by which intention and endeavour can be judged is the result.

The results of recent decades of study, planning, expense, reorganisation, and modernisation of our Hospital Service is, at the present time, chaos at the point of delivery—the patient—such as has never been experienced before. Nor in the view of the person at the point of delivery—the nurse—is there at the time of writing any sign of alleviation of this chaos; indeed, the reverse.

The practical pressures of this state of affairs are finally breaking through the dam of official optimism, haste, ambition, blindness and cover-up in an increasing torrent. This was certainly highlighted in the 'star' area of Southampton University when, in April of this year, six Consultant surgeons wrote jointly as follows in the *Southern Evening Echo:*

> The public should be informed of the serious curtailment of surgical services in Southampton . . . We acknowledge that we could have achieved nothing without . . . the support . . . from the devoted self-sacrifice of our colleagues, the theatre nurses . . . There . . . has been . . . at first a gradual but now a catastrophic fall in recruitment, coinciding with dilution caused by the opening of the new block at the General Hospital . . . We see the appalling effect it will have on waiting lists. We see no solution without recruitment. We see no recruitment without better conditions . . . We beg the Government to improve the salary of theatre nurses and indeed of *all* nurses.

The following week, Mr. John Garfield, Consultant Neuro-Surgeon in the Neurological Unit at the General Hospital, was quoted by this newspaper from an interview he gave in 1969. He listed then the appalling responsibilities thrust on young nurses, particularly at night. For the 'catastrophic nurse situation' he blamed three main groups: the administrators who consistently attempt to keep a crumbling service going on sweated labour; the administrative doctors who have attempted to do the same; and the higher nursing administration. He charged them all with covering deficiencies and failing to 'inform the public of the disastrous situation.'

He also made the telling observation that with the disappearance of traditional titles like 'Matron', pressures have been on nurses to try to acquire higher administrative posts instead of 'continuing to look after the patients.'

Is this the picture nationally? Despite areas of excellence—unfortunately yes. For the turnover today of trained nurses in any particular group of hospitals represents the search for the non-existent El Dorado by which officialdom deceives itself and us all.

Some of the causes of this are obvious from the foregoing. But it now seems clear as far as nursing is concerned, the root cause lies in the premature impositions of the recommendations of the Report of the Committee on Senior Nursing Staff Structure. This began its work under the chairmanship of Brian Salmon in 1963.

It seems true that much recommended by this body has been ignored, misconstrued, and abused. Nevertheless, the Report stands or falls upon the following opinion expressed in it.

> If the senior managerial positions are clearly seen to be of greater importance in service to *more* patients rather than 'to the patient', these positions become desirable to the nurse with a developed sense of vocation.

Here then is another opinion; that this would be largely true if there was general feeling and understanding of what is meant by such specious phrases as 'a developed sense of vocation.' For in furtherance of Salmon's version, every dissentient is invariably reminded that the whole vast exercise still enshrines the cardinal principle of 'keeping in touch with the patient.'

On this theme I think there is too much protestation. For so often and constantly expressed, there must be an accompanying fear that the endeavour itself may be making the object more difficult.

It is never difficult to the nurse—if you define 'nursing' as succour during human breakdown by material and spiritual support. For she knows that the word 'touch' means exactly what it says; and that the art of medicine cannot be satisfactorily worked without it.

Force her away from this basic human situation and meaning and she not only must try to define herself in her new circumstances as still a 'nurse', but must also frequently defend herself against those who have no doubt about it. Nor does it follow that she will always become an efficient administrator.

Nonetheless, the structure suggested by this Report is specially devised to ensure that the right persons do arrive at the right administrative posts: and there are practised at the present time a number of formulae and incantations by which all can convince themselves that this is so. It is not always easy to see how they square with what one might conclude from the Report; but then, like the Bible, it is occasionally couched in such terms that from them one may suppose what one wants to suppose. For instance, it says:

> There is good reason for retaining the title of 'Matron'. It has a long and honoured tradition and has profound significance to the general public.

Then it goes on to say:

> In general we recommend the use of 'Nursing Officer' with appropriate adjectives to indicate the grade of management.

As it turns out, the human touch has been further enhanced by these 'adjectives' being in the form of *numbers:* and we now have in administration an echelon of 'Nursing Officers' numbering from six up to thirteen. It is quite possible now to say that number eight is doing a round on E6 Block 5 Fourth floor; and you may be sure that any member of the general public looking for the 'Matron' at such a time is warmly impressed.

Nevertheless it is possible to read into the Report that the creation of these mathematical non-entities does retain the 'human touch' at a time of necessituous centralisation of resources. It recommends the grouping in the central complex of areas of similarities in suffering; each headed by a Nursing Officer acting as 'Matron'. So that within her area—apart from efficient administration—human contact should be retained.

This necessitates—and it would appear from the Report is acknowledged,

that such Officers, subject to overall policy, might be left to implement progress and ideas as they themselves see it.

Alas, human weakness intrudes. Senior nurse interference has not been abolished by such a system as the Committee thought it may. Excepting a few courageous individuals, the general feeling about the echelon is that of a tier of officers chary of making any move which might offend the one above. It is also felt that there is a tendency to too much suppression of controversial facts from the floor for fear of self-reflection, with resultant disaffection of nurses from departmental, ward, and night sisters downwards, because it appears that their presentments and recommendations are ignored.

Frustrations for the real nurses increase as technology advances. The medical world, as any other, strives to function in an era of expanding science. The avalanche of drugs, treatments, ideas, and equipment changes in the departments and the more intensive areas of the wards, not merely from year to year, but often from week to week, or even hour to hour. It is quite obvious from this that the only persons who know exactly what is going on are the above-mentioned sisters, and the men and women doing the job.

So complicated and so technical can it become, that even the Nursing Officer directly above the departmental sister—number seven—with maybe her own office a few yards away from the scene of action, may miss a great deal more of that action than is healthy for logical administration. And it is obvious from this that the further away from the scene the administrating officer may be, the more impossible it becomes to acquire anything but the sketchiest idea of what actually goes on.

Logical, practical 'seniority' should therefore go to the key persons first: the departmental sisters, and the nurses doing the job. It may mean turning traditional ideas of seniority upon its head, but we are far from such enlightenment at the moment. When pet projects are mooted, the departmental sister may be invited to put her views, or she may be completely ignored. In either case, as the momentum gathers, her thin junior voice will be less and less tolerated as multitudes of difficulties present themselves and have to be resolved. The end result all too often contains the very unworkable features against which she may have originally warned—in the interests of preserving 'human touch'.

The difficulty is that planning on the vast scale is guided by the vision of the greater intellects. To evolve the plan in reality, there must be an assumption that, given time, those required to carry it out will grasp the vision, and all will be well. But unfortunately the demand from a terrifyingly increased and increasing population is such that there is no time. Consequently administrative areas contain far too many of those who have long ago reached the limit of their vision-grasping capacity.

So we have the paradoxical picture of brilliant nurses on departments and wards, who look at this system and say, 'If *that* is promotion, I would rather stay where I am! '—*these being the very nurses* needed to make the system work!

Thus are the lightning shafts of the Olympians dissipated into the clouds just below them, to the disaffection, despair, cynicism of those doing the nursing. Equally the cries of the latter bounce back at them from the same cloud so that the Gods, although they may suspect or choose to ignore, seldom have any idea of the true outcome of their efforts.

In the partnership between medicine and nursing, the dogma still persists that doctors do not 'meddle' in nursing affairs. The result is an abysmal ignorance of nurse feeling, conditions and capabilities in many of the Consultants' own departments, by the Consultants themselves; a position rapidly exploited by their juniors, so that there is often gross over-loading of critically ill patients with whom the nurses are virtually unable safely to cope.

The six Surgeons' remarkable appeal to the public might well be a breakthrough in the right direction. But one wonders how many of them realise how much they themselves may have contributed to the condition about which they complain?

There is not enough time. The consequence is that long-standing abuses which Salmon sought to banish are yet flourishing. One of these was appointment by favour as much as ability, so that, generally speaking, like promoted like.

To offset this, Salmon recommended the institution of 'Management Courses' to prepare a nurse of one number, for advancement into the next: also of 'appraisal' sessions, and selection for vacancies taking their findings into account. But in general the training of nurses in this way has abysmally fallen down, and 'appraisal' makes little difference to the fact that far too often, when vacancies arise, nurses learn on the grapevine who is going to be appointed well before the obligation of advertising has been carried out. This occurs no matter what the quality of the other applicants.

In any case, who, presenting for 'selection' in the proper and correct professional manner, but disagreeing with the professional religion, could hope to achieve a position where her particular ideas might find expression —for the benefit of the patient? It seems to be forgotten that in the forward march of humanity, progress generally initiates from independent thought. But this cannot arise where establishment believes in itself to the exclusion of all else, and gathers unto itself a system which renders its position impregnable. Like encouraging like is not then abolished; it is underlined and reinforced.

There also exists a vast pool of married women, trained in nursing, who would gladly return to the hospitals—given the right conditions, understanding, and encouragement.

This has not been achieved by the present nurse administration. If it had, then one of the first practical considerations when present projects were mooted, would have been the establishment of well-organised strategically placed and adequately-sized creche and pre-school play groups. And of course to co-relate with this, an adequately flexible approach by all to nursing hours would exist, including access during working time by the nurse mother to her child in the event of crisis or need.

But it is difficult, almost impossible, for a predominantly single person administration to fully appreciate such things, simply because you have to be married to understand its duties, especially in regard to the stability and welfare of the children. Furthermore, many single administrators are totally unsympathetic to any such ideas.

Not even in Salmon or any subsequent Report is there a viable career structure for the married or part-time nurse. Almost all of the 27% of marrieds at key points in the practicalities of nursing are there at far more expense to the welfare of their homes and relatives than ever need be.

When will it dawn that if we employ women in great numbers, we must make provision for the fact that almost all of them will marry: that this is an era when more and more married women would like to take up careers whenever they can?

A brief reference to accommodation. In many hospitals, even in the London area, it remains appalling. Nor can it be truly said that in many of the new—and half empty—hospital complexes, anything like the thought which has been put into the working areas has also been put into nurse accommodation. For in many cases the 'bed-sitters', although larger than the uncomfortable cells of hitherto, remain too small for the modern nurse. The same may be said of sitting-room accommodation—and as for privacy, we still have the situation where hospital domestic servants and officials may intrude unannounced with their master keys on their rounds of inspection, or in the absence of the nurse, enter to do their work. For verification of this, refer to any insurance company asked to insure a nurse's valuables.

Even so, and even in ideal conditions, the impossibility has to be faced of providing accommodation for all the nurses required. If the present half-empty palaces are therefore eventually to be fully manned, a great many trained staff—perhaps most—must find accommodation in the surrounding urban area: and this immediately plunges us into the question of wages.

This is still unresolved to everyone's satisfaction, but at the time of writing recent negotiated rates for the staff nurse, who shoulders the bulk of the practical work, is between £22 and just over £23 per week. The third year student, often expected to assume the duties and responsibilities of a staff nurse, is between £19 and just over £21. The second year student, who will inevitably find herself in charge of any ward at night at some time or other, works for between £18 and £21—and even the first year student is occasionally in like situation at £18 to £20.

In Southampton it is almost impossible to find a decent flat at less than £10 per week, and as for a house, even if any were available, the idea of the staff nurse or even a ward sister obtaining a mortgage is laughable. Also, if she is any distance away, she will almost certainly need a car. So it is obvious that, however attractive the job, trained nurses in sufficient numbers are never going to be able to afford anywhere suitable to live.

So we find hospital nurses both trained and in their training deserting to private Nursing Agencies as a result of inadequate pay. For example, in one night shift the Agency nurse can often earn at least half of what she

would earn for a full week with the National Health Service—doing the same job.

What to do about it? With all these chiefs and such decimated numbers of disaffected Indians, we might well ask, like the owl in the coppice, 'Who knows?' But I should think three points may emerge for a start.

Somebody should review the average conditions of service with good private Nursing Agencies; their hourly pay, food allowances, transport allowances and other perks, and at least bring the staff nurses' conditions up to that level, as soon as she has completed her training. And the so-called 'training allowance' for students should be correspondingly adjusted upwards.

The second thing is to reconstitute the Salmon Committee, or form some other, to work out a career structure equally beneficial to all in nursing, including those who would like to re-enter it, continue it, or even take it up. This certainly means the inclusion of married and part-time persons, whose opportunities should not be less than those of single persons. The result of this would be a considerable increase in recruitment and holding, and leavening of the single-person prejudice of present nurse and hospital administration.

And since in the reconstituted National Health Service the old Hospital Management Committees have been absorbed into Area Health Authorities, including representatives of Local Government, it should be made clear to the latter that the Hospital Service cannot possibly provide sufficient acommodation for all the nurses required, to man the Complexes upon which the communities they represent rely.

It is no good leaving the nurse boxes of chocolates, a bottle of whisky, writing letters of thanks, and then, having regained health, forgetting all about her. It is because of this that the point of delivery is also at another point; that of being unable to deliver the goods.

A NEW ERA IN SOUTH AFRICA

by Esther Roberts

CONDITIONS in South Africa are changing so fast that no one can foresee what the country will be like in a year's time. Towards the end of 1973 South Africa entered a new era and, just when the people were beginning to adjust to new ideas and a new outlook, the coup in Portugal aggravated the position and gave it a sense of urgency.

The coup coincided with the results of the General Election which showed that only 56% of the White electorate had voted for the Nationalists and their policy of Apartheid. The conservative 'diehards' in both the Nationalist and United Parties had been defeated and the liberal Progressive Party had now six seats in the Opposition where, for the past fifteen years, Helen Suzman had been alone to express what Black leaders called 'the conscience of South Africa.' The results of a recent by-election show another win by the Progressive Party and confirm how strong are the forces of change.

In the past the tragedy of South Africa lay in the fact that no one, either Black or White, had been able to formulate a policy which, if put into effect, would satisfy all the racial groups.

Anti-Apartheid supporters over-simplify the problem and concentrate on the injustices to the Africans. They ignore the Coloureds and the Indians who, because of their higher stage of development and education, suffered more from discrimination than did the Africans. Until recently, when the African leaders sought a rapprochement with the other non-Whites, the antagonisms between the groups went very deep. Much as they dislike the Whites, the Coloureds and the Indians would have sided with them against a Black dictatorship. The past history of race relations in South Africa shows how much bitterness has to be overcome by all groups who are so interdependent that they have to learn to live together, or perish.

Minority groups, whether White or non-White, have good reason to regard the future with misgiving. Their fears are real and are not lightly to be put aside. In Black Africa the attitude towards minorities is kick them out, or wipe them out. The great authority on Africa, Leonard Barnes, said: 'In Africa, multi-racialism is dead.' The multiracial societies which Britain set up in her African colonies and her attempts to maintain the rights of minorities have been complete failures; so she has no solution to offer South Africa. Even those who, like the late President Kennedy, believe that the 'White man is expendable in Africa', have to decide the fate of the Indians and the Coloureds.

There was little hope of a peaceful solution for South Africa until the Black leaders came forward with their offers of goodwill and co-operation and their plan for a federation of autonomous states with a Bill of Rights entrenched to secure the rights of the individual.

Sheer economic necessity has brought about the beginning of the end of Apartheid, but the principal reason that public opinion has changed so dramatically is because the policy of Separate Development, to the Govern-

ment's chagrin, has produced a number of exceptionally brilliant and surprisingly moderate, African leaders of the Homelands. All of them have urged peaceful change and co-operation between Black and White. The best-known of them is the Chief Executive Officer of KwaZulu, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, who has been hailed as the first leader to speak for all Black South Africa since the days of the late Professor Z. K. Matthews and the late Chief Albert Luthuli, the Nobel Prize winner.

Professor Nic Rhoodie, a leading Nationalist intellectual, wondered why the Black man in South Africa, in contrast with the rest of Africa, was willing to share while he was numerically stronger. He remarked that 'the concessions made by Chief Buthelezi are so much more magnanimous than what the Afrikaner was prepared to do for the English group.'

In November 1973 two meetings of the greatest importance to the future of South Africa took place. The first was at Umtata, in the Transkei. It was the first time the Homeland leaders had met to discuss their common problems and to consider the South African political scene as a whole. Paramount Chief Kaiser Matanzima of the Transkei said that the meeting was to create 'a united Black State in South Africa. We want one Black nation and not weak tribal groups divided along ethnic lines.'

Chief Lukas Mangope, Chief Minister of Bophuthaswana, who had called for the talks, said that he hoped that the South African Government would listen to the combined voice of the Black leaders because they would be speaking for sixteen million people. They decided that their goal would be a federation of autonomous Black States.

The second meeting was convened by Mr. Donald Wood, the editor of the East London (South African) *Daily Dispatch*, 'To establish what common ground existed among all races and political parties in regard to the idea of federation as a solution to the country's race problems.' The conference was attended by most of the Homeland leaders, by Helen Suzman and Colin Eglin, the leader of the Progressive Party, by university professors, political commentators and journalists and leaders of the Coloured and Indian communities. Chief Gatsha Buthelezi said that the Homeland leaders envisaged a federation of Autonomous Black States of Southern Africa with a door open for non-Black States to enter if they wanted to. This federation would guarantee the identity and cultural autonomy of every racial and ethnic group. 'It would be an attempt to create a just society in which Black, White, Brown and Yellow would be enabled to pool their resources in the creation of a truly powerful industrial nation which would be the industrial nerve centre of the needs of the markets of free Africa.' Buthelezi said that the bond of union would be our common humanity, not race, colour, age or sex. This means 'a non-racial society in which every human being will have the right and opportunity to make the best possible use of his life.'

The conference decided that the best form of government would be a federation with a federal link between autonomous states, or provinces, which might be, but need not be, exclusively governed by specific race groups.

Economically all the race groups in South Africa are so integrated that it would be impossible to disentangle them without destroying the economy. Neither complete integration, nor complete separation would work. The only answer lies in compromise and co-operation. The South African situation is unique and while federation may be suitable, it may have to be a type of federation not tried before. For the first time the most brilliant men and women of all races are prepared to work together and they should be able to find a solution, if they are not prevented by forces outside South Africa.

The editor of the *Natal Mercury* pointed out that the time had never been more opportune for the Prime Minister to 'ignore party consideration and initiate non-racial, non-party consultative machinery that could bring peaceful change to South Africa.'

Professor J. H. Moolman, director of the Africa Institute, suggested the creation of 'a kind of General Assembly' in South Africa, 'where Black and White can confer openly, formulate proposals and above all find each other.'

Another outstanding event occurred when Chief Gatsha Buthelezi and Harry Schwarz, a United Party leader of the new 'reformist group', met at Mahlabatini in January 1974 and signed a Declaration of Faith. They set out five prerequisites for racial harmony. 1. Change must be brought about by peaceful means. 2. Opportunity must be afforded to all people for material and educational advancement. 3. Constitutions, blueprints and plans should not be made by only some of the people for all others. 4. Consultation and dialogue lead to government by consent and, with this in mind, as a first step, a Consultative Council representative of all groups in South Africa should be constituted at the earliest opportunity. 5. The federal concept appears to be the best constitutional solution. Any constitutional proposals for South Africa's future must safeguard (a) the identity and culture of the various groups constituting the people of South Africa and (b) include a Bill of Rights to safeguard the fundamental concepts of natural justice. Chief Buthelezi said that he felt strongly about the call for a multiracial Consultative Council.

The significance of the Declaration of Faith was that it showed the outside world that dialogue did take place between Black and White and that their leaders could work together. The Declaration was welcomed by all sections of the community and political commentators saw it as the first meaningful consultation between Black and White. The principles were accepted by most leaders, both White and non-White, and even the Nationalists were prepared to accept them except for federalism. *The Sunday Times* (South Africa) said that the Declaration of Faith showed that consultation in a spirit of goodwill can be the prelude to racial co-operation and harmony.

Professor Hudson Ntanwisi of Gazankulu said that the White man was regarded by most of the world as expendable in Africa and it was only the Black man in South Africa who could bring home the truth of interdependence. White security depended on Black welfare. Another leader,

the Chief Minister of Lebowa, Dr. Cedric Phatudi, said, 'I am a historian by training and it is not difficult for me to see that the Whites will fear us. They will think that we want to overwhelm and destroy them. I put myself in their shoes and I understand them. But this is not what we want. Our fear is that we will not gain the friendship, co-operation and goodwill needed from the Whites in order to build a happy South Africa for all of us.'

The hatred of the whole world is focused on South Africa and it is interesting to consider the importance of the country in world affairs. What would have happened if South Africa had joined the Axis in World War II? If South African troops had not helped to liberate Ethiopia but had fought with Rommel in the Western Desert, if Durban and Cape Town had been bases from which German and Japanese submarines attacked the convoys and Madagascar had been in Japanese hands, would the Allies have won the war? Would there have been any free world today and any Black States to attack us?

The advocates of violent change should tell us what is their goal. If White leadership is overthrown, who will run South Africa, because there are not enough of the Black elite able to do so and the Black States cannot spare their top men. South Africa is a sophisticated industrialised Western society which is finding it hard to provide highly trained executives and workers. If the Blacks are not qualified to take over South Africa, then either Russia or Red China will. Maybe that is what Britain, Holland, Scandinavia and all the other supporters of 'Liberation' movements want? Our Black leaders have condemned terrorism; they know what to expect from their 'liberators.' Paramount Chief Matanzima declared that the world should know that the Transkei had adopted an unshakeably strong attitude against all terrorism. 'All that we stand to gain,' he said, 'is the eventual loss of our freedom, territory and identity.'

Sometimes our critics make themselves ridiculous. Durban is still chuckling over the British government's refusal to allow the crew of H.M.S. Leopard to take part in the celebrations marking the 150th Anniversary of the coming of White Settlers to Natal. Durban is the chief centre of opposition to the Nationalist Government and the celebrations stressed the excellent relations the Settlers established with the Zulus; and the fact that one of them became a great friend of Shaka.

No one can write about South Africa without referring to the World Council of Churches and the All African Council of Churches, one of whose leaders, Canon Carr, recently stated that Christ's death on the Cross sanctified violence. They have done untold harm to the cause of Christianity, particularly to the devout, simple African converts. One old woman asked me, 'Are there two Christian Gods: the one a God of Love and Forgiveness about whom the missionaries taught us, and the new God, the Christian God of Blood and Killing? He sounds more like the devil.' This opinion is summed up in two cartoons. In the one a party of Terrorists is saying to a priest, 'We have just liberated another 50 Africans. What a pity we had to kill them first.' The other cartoon, by Lessing, shows a Bishop of the World Council of Churches saying to a Terrorist, 'Laying a mine that does not kill,

only maims. How clever. After all, we don't want to break the sixth Commandment, do we?'

During the 1960s there was a whole series of Communist plots intended to destroy South Africa. At Rivonia the security police found documents including the notorious 'Operation Mayibuye' which outlined a plan to seize the country by sabotage and guerilla warfare. The last stage was to be a full-scale revolution backed by International Communist Imperialists and with murder and bloodshed the order of the day. The testimony of the secret agent, Janos Hladik, who defected to the West, confirmed that the Communist Imperialists had thought that they could manipulate the Blacks to achieve a Communist revolution in South Africa and to use South Africa as a means of destroying the Free World.

As our Minister of Defence said, 'It is a fight of Communist strategy to conquer South Africa, in the struggle to conquer the whole of Africa, in the struggle to conquer the rest of the world.' Allen Drury warned that these cynical international operators aim at one thing, 'South Africa's gold and mineral wealth with which they could bring down the world's currencies, throw the Western World into instant and complete collapse and enrich themselves and their New Imperialism beyond imagining.'

Foiled in their direct attacks in the 1960s, these Communists have sought other means. Dr. Jan Marais, the chairman of the Trust Bank, said recently that an international, well-organised and financially well-supported campaign is being waged against South Africa, 'the like of which is possibly unequalled in history.' Its aim was not to bring freedom and happiness but to overthrow civilised life in South Africa and to outwit the Free World in international strategy.

Those who pour out money to aid terrorists do not realise that they may suffer as a result. A full-scale attack on South Africa would be the beginning of World War III, not another Korea or Vietnam. Although atomic research is far advanced in South Africa, she has not exploded a nuclear bomb because she does not want to aggravate world opinion, but before South Africa was conquered she would use every weapon she possessed. If South Africa goes down then many of her enemies will go down with her.

[Esther Roberts, journalist and lecturer, is a Foundation Member of the South African Progressive Party.]

LOCH NESS: THE MONSTROUS ZOOLOGICAL PROBLEM

by Richard Whittington-Egan

THE existence in Loch Ness of some large species of unknown aquatic animal has long been the subject of popular speculation and zoological incredulity.

The historical record, some maintain, extends back 1,400 years, for they are of the opinion that the legendary water-monster, said to have been seen c. 565 AD in the *fluvium Nesam,* and described by Adamnan in his *Vitae S. Columbae (c.* 700), is to be identified as the earliest reference to the monster. A continuity of oral tradition is postulated by those folklorists who cite the long-standing local beliefs in the presence of fabled water-horses, water-bulls and water-kelpies in Loch Ness and many other Highland lochs. Certainly as far back as 1694, the enthusiastic Cromwellian angler, Richard Franck, was writing in his *Northern Memoirs* of the loch's 'moveable Inmate; supposed by some, the floating Island', and sporadic sightings of the enigma have subsequently been attested by a variety of people throughout the nineteenth, and the first decades of the twentieth century.

The notion, then, that the monster was a psychological artefact of the 1930s is both erroneous and misleading. The creature's existential pedigree is one of respectable antiquity.

It was not, however, until 1933 that reports of the loch's mysterious denizen began to excite serious attention beyond the boundaries of Inverness-shire.

The sighting which precipitated a world-wide interest, that has continued, occasionally eclipsed but substantially unabated, for forty-one years, was made on April 14th, 1933, by a Mrs. John Mackay of Drumnadrochit, who saw two blue-black humps moving through the water towards Aldourie Pier. The facts of the alleged experience were communicated to the *Inverness Courier* (May 2nd, 1933) by Mr. Alex Campbell, water-bailiff at Fort Augustus, who also served as that newspaper's local correspondent, and it was the *Courier's* editor, Dr. Evan Barron, who is credited with the coining of the term 'monster', with all its emotively unfortunate connotations.

Up to this point, the total evidence for the existence of some strange inhabitant, or inhabitants, in Loch Ness consisted of what might be regarded as the quasi-mythological, no-smoke-without-fire historical record, and the conflicting verbal pictures etched by a steadily mounting corpus of emerging eye-witnesses. Over the years, these reports have added up to a tally of some 3,000, divisible into four main types of sightings—(1) Head and neck. (2) Single hump. (3) Multiple humps. (4) Water disturbances. There is also a fifth category of (rare) land sightings.

This hearsay testimony was soon to be supplemented and reinforced by the production of pictorial evidence of a more concrete, albeit still equivocal, kind—photographs and ciné-films.

The first alleged photograph of the monster was taken by Mr. Hugh Gray of Foyers, on November 12th, 1933. The second, a ciné-film, was shot on December 12th, 1933, by Mr. Malcolm Irvine, a newsreel cameraman in the employ of Scottish Film Productions, Ltd.

A third photograph, very much more distinct and specific than its predecessors, was secured by a London surgeon, Robert Kenneth Wilson, F.R.C.S., on—according to Rupert T. Gould, author of *The Loch Ness Monster*—April 1st, 1934. Two of the foremost students of the Loch Ness phenomenon, Dr. Constance Whyte and Mr. Tim Dinsdale, are convinced as to the absolute authenticity of the surgeon's picture.

I must, however, put it on record that a friend of the late Mr. Wilson's has informed me that he was told by the surgeon that the photograph was faked as a joke. Wilson, he added, had the reputation of being a great practical joker. If that is so, and if Gould is correct in his dating—April 1st—that date is not without a contextual significance. In fact, Gould's dating of the photograph is contradicted by the text accompanying its publication in the *Daily Mail* of April 21st, 1934. It is there stated: 'Dr. Wilson rarely travels without his camera, and on *Thursday* when he stopped alongside the loch, he remembered the stories of the mysterious occupant of the waters of Loch Ness.' The Thursdays in April 1934 fell on the 5th, 12th and 19th days of the month. It could be that the terminal digit of the date given in Gould's book was omitted due to a printer's error. My informant further said that the hoax created so great and totally unexpected a sensation, that Wilson found himself in a situation in which it seemed impossible publicly to confess to his imposition.

From another completely reliable source, I learned that Wilson not only categorically denied ever having claimed to have photographed the monster, but expressly affirmed his entire disbelief in its existence.

Mr. Dinsdale, however, tells me that he cannot think that Wilson's photograph is simply a montage, because it is an exact representation of the monster as he himself saw it on September 6th, 1971.

Between April 1934 and the present time the monster has been photographed and filmed in good faith on approximately twenty-three occasions. Even so, the photographic evidence remains inconclusive, as none of the photographs or films so far secured achieves a satisfactory standard of clarity or definition.

The investigatory record of the last forty-one years is an industriously impressive one.

The first full-scale investigation was financed by Sir Edward Mountain in the summer of 1934. It yielded some twenty sightings, four photographs and a ciné-film, but no acceptable evidence as to the nature of the reputed animal in the loch.

Throughout the succeeding quarter of a century, a scatter of smaller expeditions—teams of university students and private individuals—visited Loch Ness. They seemed to confirm the presence of 'something strange' in the loch, but failed to produce any identificatory data.

The next, and indeed the only, major, sustained and intensive investiga-

tion, was mounted by the Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau in 1962. The Bureau, a private limited company, remained in active existence until 1972. By the time it was wound up, it had expended a considerable amount of money and man-hours on the enterprise. It had employed the sophisticated techniques of the age of technology to the undertaking, but, once again, the type of proof required to bring the extraordinarily reticent and frankly sceptical academic zoologists into the picture had eluded the researchers.

The current situation remains officially unsatisfactory—notwithstanding the collection of sundry fragments of 'scientific' data which have been claimed to point in a positive direction.

There is Mr. Dinsdale's 1960 film of the monster, subsequently analysed by the experts of the Joint Air Reconnaissance Intelligence Centre and pronounced 'probably an animate object'.

There is the underwater evidence of hydrophonic and sonar probings.

In August 1968, the Department of Electronic and Electric Engineering of the University of Birmingham sent a sonar team, led by Professor D. Gordon Tucker and Dr. Hugh Braithwaite, to Loch Ness. A shore-based digital sonar was employed, the scan being directed from Temple Pier in Urquhart Bay, towards the south-eastern side of the loch. Echoes of three puzzling objects were recorded. Object A was large. It rose from the bottom of the loch at a velocity of about 100 feet per minute, then descended to the bottom again, before ascending a second time at the rate of about 120 feet per minute. Object B could have been a shoal of fish, swimming at a constant depth. Object C was large. It ascended from the loch floor, then plunged at 450 feet per minute. All three objects were recorded in a single thirteen-minute series—out of a two-week sonar scan.

It was 1969 that was to be the Year of the Submariners.

In May, Major Eustace Maxwell chartered the drifter *Penorva*. A useful underwater profile of the loch was made by echo-sounder, and the loch bed was trawled for the giant eels reputedly dwelling there. None was taken.

That same month Mr. Dan Taylor arrived from America with his one-man submarine, *Viper-Fish*, which, together with the rather more elaborate Vickers submarine, *Pisces*, which was undergoing freshwater diving trials in the loch, made further contributions to the charting of underwater topography.

In September, Mr. Robert E. Love, Junior, an electronic engineer, came from Illinois, bringing with him a Honeywell Scanner II sonar. More than 20,000 data frames from the sonar screen were recorded on film, but, apart from one problematic contact with a moving object on October 10th, 160 miles of search traverses by the diesel fishing boat *Rangitea* yielded nothing conclusive.

The sonar approach to the problem was pursued again in September 1970, when Dr. Robert H. Rines, President of the Academy of Applied Science, at Belmont, Massachusetts, and Dr. Martin Klein brought a Klein high-definition, mobile, side-scan sonar to Loch Ness. Two large 'intruders' went through the sound-screen, twice, and several 'enormous blips' were

produced on the chart paper of the electronic apparatus, but no firm interpretation of the causal agents was possible.

And so, at the end of three years of intensive sonar research, the over-all results had furnished nothing that could be regarded as any more scientifically satisfactory than the verbal and photographic testimonies of earlier decades. They are as veridically dubious as the humps, bumps and question-begging silhouettes of the human eye-witnesses, as hazily contradictory as the negative records of the camera's eye.

On August 8th, 1972, a large intruding echo appeared on a Raytheon sonar chart recorder scanning the vicinity of a submerged stroboscopic camera—developed by Professor Harold Edgerton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—suspended at a depth of fifty feet by Dr. Rines. In several film frames, coincident with the sonar trace, a large, indistinct body was seen to have imposed itself. Utilising a technique devised to clarify pictures secured in the Mariner Mars probes, the film was computer enhanced, and showed what has been interpreted as 'a huge, paddle-like structure—an obvious limb—6-8 feet long and 2-4 feet wide'. This Rines/Edgerton picture, where sonar readings and strobe photography combine to provide simultaneous phenomena records, is claimed to be the most powerfully persuasive scientific evidence to date. Persuasive perhaps, but still not, so far as professional zoologists are concerned, conclusive. They are not satisfied that the object photographed represents a pentadactyl limb.

What, then, if there is no monster in Loch Ness *is* it that has given rise to this monstrous illusion? The theoretical constructs are multiple and bizarre.

F. W. Holiday put forward in his book, *The Great Orm of Loch Ness* (1968), the suggestion that the creature was an invertebrate. He envisaged a gigantic species of annelid worm, akin to an American fossil species, *Tullimonstrum gregarium*, the largest known specimen of which measures fourteen inches in length. This theory calls for a formidable stretch of imagination, besides which, annelids are anatomically organised on a segmental basis, and it is a matter of morphological impossibility for them to attain to segmental diameters of the required order. Subsequently, in *The Dragon and the Disc* (1973), Mr. Holiday has advanced the most disconcerting proposition that the monster is an occult manifestation.

Dr. Roy P. Mackal, a biochemist at the University of Chicago, also subscribed to the invertebrate theory, considering that the animal might be a mollusc—a sort of 'giant sea-slug'. On further reflection, he came down in favour of some form of sirenian, adapted to a freshwater life.

Dr. Robert H. Rines revived the old notion that the creature was eel-like, and probably a member of the *Anguillidae*.

Popular hazards range from a string of mines laid down by the navy, or the half-submerged fabric of a World War One zeppelin, to an escaped pet crocodile, a rare white whale, a common grey seal, a walrus, a shark, a giant squid, or a salamander.

Dr. Whyte and Mr. Dinsdale seem to incline to the plesiosaur theory: that it is a surviving sauropterygian of the dolichodeiran (long-necked) suborder Plesiosauroidea, represented in the fossil record by such generic forms

as *Plesiosaurus* and *Elasmosaurus*.

Dr. Antoon Cornelis Oudemans (1858-1943), a Dutchman and one of the first of the academic zoologists to bring specialist knowledge to the subject, concluded that the monster was, like the sea-serpent, a species of giant, long-necked, long-tailed seal, which he named *Megophias megophias*.

The Belgian zoologist, Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans, who has assumed the mantle of Oudemans, has also assumed his pro-mammalian view: that the Loch Ness monster is 'a large, long-necked, gressigrade pinniped'. And he has proposed for it the name *Megalotaria longicollis*.

The British zoologist, Dr. Maurice Burton, has, after four decades of studying the problem, arrived at the conclusion that the otter in some shape or form was the *fons et origo*. He writes to me:

> I feel convinced that it was the sight of otters swimming in line astern that first engendered the idea centuries ago of a monster in Loch Ness. Should it happen eventually that a large unknown animal is discovered in Loch Ness it will be the most remarkable coincidence of all time.

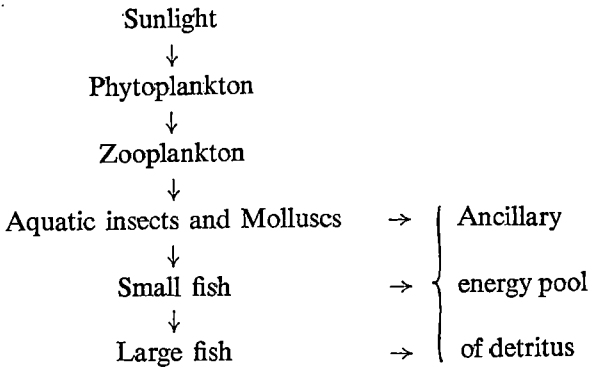
What are the sober possibilities that a large unknown animal ever will be discovered? What is the biological feasibility?

Let us consider first the physical features of the locus.

Loch Ness is twenty-four miles long—greater than the distance from Dover to Calais. Its breadth is about one mile. Its mean average depth is about 430 feet, although in its deepest parts it is 970 feet, which is four times as deep as the English Channel. Its water content is calculated as 263,000 cubic feet. The temperature of the water at the bottom of the loch remains at approximately 42°F. all the year round.

The crucial factor is not, however, its dimensions. All the space in the world is no use if the food supply is inadequate.

The ecosystem may be summarised in simplified terms as



Loch Ness is not rich in plankton, fish or weeds. There is, however, a fairly dense eel population, which could provide the energy requirements of a smallish breeding colony of monsters.

Suppose that there is such a colony of creatures, what could they be? What is the nature of the beast?

The probable appearance of the animal can be constructed from a

statistical analysis of the varying descriptions supplied by those who have claimed to have seen it. The head would appear to be very small in relation to the body bulk, of reptilian aspect and provided with a pair of 'horn-like', retractable protrusions on the top. It is carried on a long, undulating neck, which is about one foot thick, and 9-10 feet in length. Reference is made to the presence of a mane or neck frill of some sort. The body is bulky—about five feet in diameter, and 10-12 feet in length. It displays at least three triangular 'humps', of an estimated 3-4 feet in height. It is possible that these so-called humps are the high point excrescences of a dorsal crest—perhaps a secondary sexual characteristic of the male. Possibly, too, descriptive confusion has arisen between the true structural 'humps' and the vertical undulations produced by the body in motion. The limbs, two pairs, would seem to be in the nature of flippers or paddles. The tail, which is apparently used in swimming, is probably about six feet long. Thus, the over-all length of the monster is between twenty-five and thirty feet, and its colour is variously reported as grey or brown. Again, perhaps a sexual difference.

The interesting thing is that this description accords with the descriptions of similarly enigmatic creatures reported to have been sighted not only in other Scottish lochs—notably Loch Morar and Loch Shiel—but also in a number of Irish loughs and in freshwater lakes all over the world—Iceland, Scandinavia, Canada, Africa and Russia. Moreover, almost all these loci were, like the Highland lochs, at one time arms of the sea. The presumption is, therefore, that the animals are the descendants of marine prototypes, sealed in the lochs and lakes when, after the geophysical changes produced by the last Ice Age, the level of the land rose. That would be in the region of 8,000-10,000 years ago. The transition from a saline marine to a freshwater environment would present certain physiological difficulties—that of osmotic pressure, for instance—but nothing insuperable.

In what form are we to visualise the ancestral stock? Clearly a caudate. Most likely a reptile. Just possibly an amphibian.

Dr. Malcolm Burr, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, in February 1934, cogently argued the amphibian theory. Is there, he asked, any known creature of reptilian appearance, with four flappers or feet, that lives in the water, yet sometimes blows—as the Loch Ness monster has been reported to blow—like an air-breather, sometimes has a frill or mane round the neck, and sometimes a notched crest on its back? There is. There are batrachians—the Caecilians, the salamanders, the newts and the perennibranchiate Proteus.

The Tiger Salamander *(Ambystoma tigrinum)* is especially interesting. Its larval form can remain in the larval stage for the whole of its life span—a biological phenomenon known as neoteny—and it is the neotenic larva of *Ambystoma* that is known as the axolotl, long regarded as a distinct species. The axolotl is provided with external gills, which form a mane-like frill about its neck. If and when the axolotl metamorphoses into *Ambystoma*, it then loses the gills. It is a biological axiom that the young of a species reflect and repeat the ancestral morphology of that species. Could the axolotl

provide a miniature clue to the morphology of some much larger, frill-gilled amphibian of prehistoric times which has survived in Loch Ness?

The largest contemporary caudate amphibian is the Japanese Giant Salamander *(Megalobatrachus)*, measuring a mere 5 feet 6 inches in length. But the palaeontological record supplies a number of gigantic batrachians, such as the Carboniferous *Eogyrinus*, the Permian *Eryops*, and the Triassic *Paracyclotosaurus*, ranging in size between six and fifteen feet. It must be admitted, however, that there is no evidence that there are any present-day amphibians living in the sea. If one should ever be found, it will almost certainly turn out to be a descendant of the labyrinthodonts of the early Mesozoic period. The trematosaurs, for example, tended towards life in the sea, and to gigantism.

On balance, the case for the reptile seems more persuasive. The plesiosaurs were exclusively aquatic. They were ovoviviparous. Their appearance coincided with the descriptions of the Loch Ness creature. On the other hand, all *known* plesiosauri were air-breathers and were under the necessity of surfacing regularly. They are also believed to have become extinct 70 million years ago. But so was the coelacanth . . . until a living specimen turned up in 1938. And the Kraken, like the gorilla and the okapi, was dismissed for centuries as pure myth until the Giant Squid *(Architeuthis princeps)* was conclusively established as a zoological fact in the 1860s. Perhaps the case of the Loch Ness monster will add one more item to the list of zoological absurdities which became binomial realities.

That assumes the enormous premise that there *is* something in Loch Ness. Given that premise, the speculative field is wide open—plesiosaurus, amphibian, gressigrade pinniped, anything that rational ingenuity can formulate and sober argument sustain. But we are not scientifically entitled to accept that premise. The presence has not yet been demonstrated. U.F.O.s —Unidentified Floating Objects—certainly. Vegetable mats, tree-trunks, otters, swimming deer, waves and wakes—without doubt some of the sightings may be correctly attributable to some of these sources. Perhaps not all. But when, and only when, the existence of a large, unknown animal in the loch has been unequivocally established, will speculation as to its nature be in scientific order. Discussion and supposition will not resolve the problem. The true province of research remains in the area where it has lain all these centuries. Not in the library or the laboratory, but at the loch-side.

In the meantime there seems to be no reasonable alternative but to render the venerable Scottish verdict of Not Proven.

PIDGIN, JUST MY PIGEON

by Michael Kelly

CAMEROON is an officially bilingual country in Africa. It is not, as misaddressed mail occasionally implies, in the New Hebrides or Scotland. The two official languages are English and French. There are a multitude of tribal languages. The unofficial *lingua franca* is pidgin, a language with a high lexical quotient of English and a high structural quotient of African vernacular. It is easy to pick up a few phrases of pidgin for greetings and bonhomous market use, but the further you get into it the denser and more difficult it becomes. The immediate apparent closeness to English falls apart, revealing profound linguistic foreignness, really African. Exposure to rapid and intense thick pidgin in homes and bars leaves me with amazed humility and urgent need for an interpreter. Pidgin intonation is different even for the words it shares with English. A taxi driver in Douala asked me once, in French, what language my wife and I were talking. I told him 'English'. He commented that the language was too hard to understand. In my borderline English-pidgin, in other words 'English' of a sort with a pidgin intonation, I asked him: 'Massa, how you no de hear pidgin? Na de same for English. No be so?' He roared with laughter and admitted he 'heard' me now. The borderlines between English and pidgin, French and pidgin, the vernaculars and pidgin are constantly shifting as new expressions become fashionable and are absorbed. For educated 'schooled' speakers the borderlines between, for example, Africanised English and real pidgin waver in the extreme; much to the distress of teachers and taught in school situations. Pidgin is traditionally a language with a buffoon image, about which foreign observers condescend and from which they collect prize items of quaintness with which to regale cronies at the club.

The creative flexibility and innovative powers of pidgin do pack a good deal of humour, but not only humour. As a language buff myself, puritanism about pidgin either by academic pedants (who want pure English or French) or by arrogant nationalists (who pretend to prefer a vernacular—*which*, in a tribal patchwork quilt of a country like Cameroon, is quite unpredictable) irritates me increasingly. It is not, functionally, an inferior language; it is not, politico-racialistically, a white man's low grade hand-me-down; it is a marvellously rich, vigorous and realistic adaptation by voluble people to meet expressive delights as well as needs. It is witty, accurate and pithy. Ultimately of course the laugh will be on the puritans: pidgin does not need apologists, for all the increasing plethora of academics (especially American) who give it pats on the head and say it is a language after all and it was a false dichotomy to have claimed pidgin as an intermediate stage of language-development en route to some mythical peak labelled 'creole'. Not that anyone had noticed very much. Pidgin lives. It serves a purpose in a multilingual community below the level of literacy. It is so definitively an oral language that earnest attempts at pidgin ortho-

graphy have a way of embarrassing. (Some good work with drills and vocabulary has been done, however, by the African Studies Centre of Michigan State University for the Peace Corps in Cameroon: practical; helpful. The Catholic Church has also produced some good straightforward pidgin readings from the Bible which are useful and used. Low calibre foreign priests will, however, treat them as a sort of joke.)

No amount of disapproval from the upright academically and politically, no amount of humorous condescension, can apparently prevent the use, and spread, and increase of pidgin. Which is one of the many compensations for living in Cameroon.

As it is an oral language it has to be heard and spoken. Even in 1974 many expatriates do not mix socially at the levels and on the occasions where and when pidgin is used, much less do they take 'bedroom dictionaries' (language learning by contact, as an infinitely preferable alternative to laboratories and books) as intensive learning aids. The volunteers and the religious workers (priests, nuns, missionary doctors, welfare workers, so unjustly deprecated by liberals and agnostics safe at demos in England or America) pick up and use pidgin most. I have met people doing research for doctorates in pidgin but they are as silly and unhelpful to communication and expressiveness in the field as any other linguisticians or academic anthropologists. Sociolinguistics should be practised, not microfilmed for seminar treatment a thousand miles away on campus. As the missionaries and the volunteers are too busy to disseminate their views and evaluations of pidgin, and academics too jealous of footnote theft, it remains for someone in a privileged position like mine to suggest at a reasonably popular level: 'here is a language phenomenon of quite extraordinary interest, not only within Cameroon, but wherever languages develop in transitional cultures, in semi-modernised sectors of the population, in the interfaces between official, public, internationally intelligible languages and traditional, small scale, tribal vernaculars.'

Since 1971 I have been the English Language Teaching Adviser to the Ministry of Education in the officially anglophone part of Cameroon. Originally (that is to say from the time of the First World War) this part of Cameroon was governed by the English as part of Nigeria. The larger part of Cameroon, also taken then from the Germans, was governed by the French. At the time of Cameroon national independence this anglophone part elected to leave Nigeria and 'reunite' with francophone Cameroon, as the Federated State of West Cameroon. (The literature on Cameroon is small. A readable account is *Cameroon: An African Federation* by Neville Rubin, Pall Mall Press, 1971.) In 1972 the United Republic of Cameroon came into being and the anglophone part was divided into two Provinces.

Owing to transport constraints I am not as mobile as I should be and have been largely confined to the present South West Province of Cameroon. This has, however, been advantageous in forcing me to get to know my own parish, as it were, rather better than I might have done if I had been racing round widely dispersed educational institutions (secondary schools, training colleges, primary schools) all over the anglophone part as I

originally expected. The less visited places thereby retain some of their touristic attractions (the lovely scenery of Bamenda, Nkambe, Njinikom, Widikum, Banso and between Bafang and Bafoussam; the 'metropolitan' delights, so exciting to a country mouse, of the capital, Yaounde, and of the largest city, Douala), and I can get to know my own places in unexpected depth. Curriculum reform exercises and existing state of schooling researches, lead me into some rare old corners. The primary schools, in which I do my most absorbing work, are one thing; the social life near them, once the 'work' is over, is quite another. And it is then, with teachers and their friends and kinsfolk, that I begin to learn and to enjoy, qualitatively as well as quantitatively, as a person as well as a participant observer anthropolinguist, the nuances of life, manners and language.

In order not to spread my net too uncontrollably, I had better stick to pidgin. Diets, dwellings, entrepreneurial initiatives, farming, hunting, boozing habits, had better await description at other times. I live (who doesn't, these days?) in several separate and overlapping worlds: in England, in Cameroon; under the auspices of British Technical Assistance with all its bureaucratic and professional apparatus, within the Cameroon Ministry of Education with its international multilingual work force and myriad aspects of bureaucracy and institutional dispersion; using English, French, and pidgin every day; with a home in England, and a home in Cameroon. My home in Cameroon is in Buea, the administrative centre of the South West Province, formerly the capital of the State of West Cameroon, an almost purely residential and administrative complex about a quarter of the way up Mount Cameroon (3,000 feet up the 13,000 foot mountain) with scarcely any commercial or non-governmental distractions, a most agreeable climate (in the dry season) and beautiful scenery. My work out of Buea takes me to several schools some distance geographically and a much greater distance psycho-socially and cross-culturally; in villages and, in two cases, in the largest predominantly indigenous town in the anglophone provinces, Kumba.

I doubt whether anyone is monoglot in pidgin. The spectrum runs from the occasional use of pidgin by a foreigner to its occasional use by a vernacular speaking virtually subsistence farmer, via its relatively frequent use by traders, taxi drivers, bar girls, urban dwellers in mixed tribal settlements, civil servants and teachers in unbuttoned mood. Of course, pidgin is not a sub-language, without rules and stylistic graces. It has its *unwritten* shades of correctness and error in structures and intonations. There are variations between pidgin as spoken in the francophone parts of Cameroon, the anglophone parts of Cameroon, and Nigeria. My own grasp is not so catholic nor so subtle that I could describe, much less analyse, the differences at all adequately. But even I can grasp that Ibo users of pidgin have special pronunciations even where the vocabulary remains the same. Also I can recognise the occurrence of French words *didon (disdonc)* and *daccord (d'accord)* as in *e don didon dat gendarme too much* (he smooth talked his way out of trouble with the policeman most successfully) or *every man fit daccord de ting wey prefet him say* (everybody should agree with what the

district officer has recommended). Some pidgin words are familiar to me from as far away as Ghana: chop (food, to eat), dash (a gift, a tip, to give, to tip), nyama-nyama (rubbish, nonsense), palaver (trouble), picken (child); others have become familiar only in Cameroon: jumba (girl friend), nyanga (fineness, luxury, pretension), trocki (tortoise, and thus, a small or old car).

One of the most telling expressions I have come across in pidgin is the ubiquitous *Ashia.* I first noticed this within a few days of reaching Cameroon when I stumbled in crossing a market and a woman coming the other way said *Ashia* solicitously. I asked my companion what it meant. He told me: 'Sorry'. A sort of commiserative expletive, I thought. And indeed it is frequently and clearly so used. *Ashia,* on hearing of some problem or suffering; 'ashia for work' or 'ashia for trouble'. But it is far more of a portmanteau than that. And its marvellous quality is that it is not an either/or word but, so typically of a linguistic environment in which ambiguity is highly treasured and cultivated, an extremely inclusive word: it can be used as a 'welcome' expletive, an acknowledgment of one's presence; it can be used to excuse oneself, to take leave, to say farewell. Yet it would be gross oversimplification to claim that one facet of its meaning ousts all others in any one occasion of usage. Its overtones and undertones, its connotations, every time I have heard it used, are far from imprecise, but extremely densely overlapping and sensitively inclusive. The more intuitively interlocutors are aware of each other's feelings and circumstances, the more reverberant every exchange of *ashia* becomes. As in so much pidgin it condenses meaning and possible extensions of implication in a singularly deft way, which descriptive linguistics and translation would be hard put to render adequately. To say the least, its semantic charge is as much emotional-intuitive as it is conceptual: a feature of an oral language which is singularly resistant to written treatment and which can contribute, with insensitive reporting, to reductive assessments of an oral language's lexical range and expressiveness. How *ashia* is used in each personal interaction is its meaning: more so than in the case of words from languages with well established literary and philological disciplines.

The great fertilising strength of African languages seems in my limited experience to be the rich and deliberate density of ambivalence cultivated in combination with a strongly metaphorical usage. Much of the woodenness of local English seems to me to derive from the dictionary-based objective precision and the literalness of English as taught in non-literary second language courses in the current science-worshipping afterglow of logical positivism and 'linguistic analysis.' Obliquity and indirection, deviously sophisticated and sensitive to interpersonal impulses, moods and unconscious susceptibilities, are far more characteristic of African languages and cultures than of the dismissive, self important, educated and articulate European ones that seem to be struggling to supplant them.

Pidgin preserves much of this and modernises it by expressing it in a transitional form, neither exclusively European nor exclusively African, and thus it is a rich and worthwhile language phenomenon, which encourages the less educated to adjust to life beyond the traditional tribal dimen-

sions without uprooting them from non-European thought patterns and expression styles. Only very superficially can pidgin be seen as a 'funny' or impoverished language.

I don't think it is just involvement with pidgin users that makes exposure to some of its flights seem so worthwhile and admirable. I think any lover of language must react with intelligent delight to such expressions as:

Better no dey. (I am down on my luck, short of money, and need help.)

Una get fine fashion for dis country. (Your manners and sympathy have been noticed and are appreciated.)

Nyanga sleep; trouble wake am. (Just when you think you are thoroughly successful and out of danger, your luck turns.)

Pathos, courtesy, pith. Without doubt it is a use-language, not an academic treatise language. I should hope to arouse interest, not satisfy it, nor 'cover' pidgin.

PICKET LAW: LOOK BACK IN ANGER

by Robert Lindsay

ANY veteran trade Unionist, reading the speeches of their lordships in the recent case of Hunt v. Broome, is likely to have been moved by a savage nostalgia. Lord Reid's recital of picketing provisions, embodied in enactments spanning one hundred years, might well stir proud memories, for each act formed a significant landmark in the labour movement. The dry bones of statutory provisos, recently given such a stark profile by the courts, represent to trade Unionists a significant portion of the gain in their struggle for recognition as a political force. The Unions have always looked upon peaceful picketing as a legitimate mode of advocacy, an integral part of the politics of protest, and the free exercise of this right (or more accurately 'immunity') is concurrent with the evolution of the labour movement itself. Conversely, lawyers are conscious that picketing is a concept which fits uneasily into the framework of the criminal law. The advocacy used by the pickets depends on an eloquence which has little to do with words; and secondly, if the picket lines are long, it does not really matter what the judges say, since the limits of legal tolerance, which the police are left to superintend, have to be expanded. To understand discontent on the picket line it is necessary to view not only the delicate shades of judicial interpretation but also the forces which have really shaped the present law.

In 1859, Parliament first gave the picket a limited immunity from prosecution if, in a peaceful way, he merely persuaded fellow workers to withhold their labour in pursuance of a claim for more pay or less onerous hours. A gaggle of cases illustrated that this immunity was more illusory than real. The most publicised case, in a fashion-conscious age, involved a lock-out of tailors who thereupon took to picketing 'blackleg' labour. They were duly prosecuted for a conspiracy to 'impoverish', among others, a certain employer, Henry Poole, though he is probably undeserving of much sympathy for he was rich enough to finance the constantly impecunious Prince of Wales (later Edward VII).

The Times reported that the pickets 'forced women to call upon police for protection; they threatened that those who took work should have none when the Union was triumphant'. The jury were severely informed that picketing was unlawful if it 'was calculated to have a deterring effect on the minds of ordinary persons, by exposing them to have their motions watched, and to encounter black looks'. Happily the story has its lighter side as the Prince used to invite Poole to 'select' parties in return for his loans. The Prince was unable to attend one of these and so he asked the tailor what it had been like. Poole replied, 'Well, your Highness, the company was mixed', to be met by the retort, 'Well, dammit Poole, we can't all be tailors'.

Fortunately for the Unions change was in the wind. The year 1874 found Disraeli perched on the summit of the greasy pole. That year he had wooed and won the working class and so impressed was the Labour Representation

League (the precursor of the Labour Party) by his election promises, that they advised their supporters to disregard the traditional liberal allegiance and vote according to the individual merits of local candidates. Disraeli may have been stiffened in resolve by appearance in the Commons of the first Labour MPs, Alexander Macdonald and Thomas Burt, both of whom were miners, and the following year 'The Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act' was passed. Despite the title, it increased the workers' protection against prosecution for intimidation, molestation and obstruction. It was made a criminal offence to 'watch' or 'beset' a person's home or workplace, but if it was 'merely to obtain or communicate information' then prosecution was precluded. But the courts soon demonstrated how limited the freedom to picket really was. The Society of Fancy Leather Workers encouraged their members to strike. A picket of two men tried to persuade members not to work and the employers, J. Lyons & Sons, applied for an injunction restraining the Union from use of gentle persuasion. The Appeal Court granted the request even though the pickets had used no violence, intimidation or threats, since, it was said, the right to obtain or communicate information, under the 1875 Act, did not extend to peaceful persuasion. The decision meant that a picket might say to a strikebreaker: 'This job stinks', but if he added: 'Lay off it mate, for our sakes', he might find himself in prison.

The Unions could feel understandably aggrieved at what they must have regarded as an erosion of their statutory gains; but they were to be yet more concerned in 1901 by the Taff Vale judgement of the House of Lords, which not only endorsed the 'Lyons' decision, but also decided that trade Unions could be sued in tort (i.e. for a civil wrong). The Unions were thereby severely inhibited in the organisation of any labour protest, since crippling damages could now be imposed on their rather fragile resources. Beatrice Webb (née Potter) could write with Fabian indignation shortly after the decision that the law was being 'used as a means of oppression'.

It was now apparent that the legislation which would, in Disraeli's words, 'gain and retain for the Conservatives the lasting affection of the working classes' had failed to do so. In fact it had merely removed the bone of contention which had lain between the Unions and the Liberals. The 1906 Election was a victory for the Liberal-Labour alliance and the new government, prompted by Keir Hardie, legislated immediately for the reversal of the Taff Vale judgement. The licence to picket was enlarged to allow the use of peaceful persuasion. Attendance was now to be allowed at or near a house or place . . . 'if they so attend merely for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information or of peaceful persuasion'. This provision was substantially reiterated in the 1971 Industrial Relations Act, save that the right to picket at a person's home was withdrawn.

Over the years any hope the Unions might have had that the courts would allow flesh to cover the skeleton proviso have proved false. An entry of pickets upon private property was held to be outside the statutory protection and in 1926 a high court Judge declared the General Strike illegal. It was a rash employee who risked the outcome of a summons before a local

magistrate for a picketing incident after that pronouncement.

Since the war, the courts have given the bare-boned provision an even bolder profile. Piddington v. Bates clarified the degree of discretion which the police might use in the regulation of numbers. Eight people working at a factory were picketed by four; two placed at the back entrance and two at the front. Piddington then arrived with about twelve others and he joined the other pickets, having been told not to do so by a constable, who anticipated a breach of the peace. Piddington was convicted of obstructing the constable in the execution of his duty. The Chief Justice said that if there are facts from which a constable can reasonably anticipate a real possibility of a breach of the peace, then he may make appropriate reductions in the number of pickets. The second important picketing case in the sixties established that the licence to picket conferred no right to cause an obstruction on a highway if the picketing was at all possible without doing so. Last December the House of Lords confirmed that wilful obstruction of vehicles is unlawful. Viscount Dilhorne said: 'Pickets wishing to persuade may invite persons and vehicles to stop to hear what they have to say. They have no right to compel them to do so . . . ' Lord Reid even adumbrated that all mass picketing is *prima facie* illegal since it implies an intention to prevent the free passage of vehicles or pedestrians.

The same month, at Salisbury Crown Court, one picket received a three year sentence for a conspiracy to intimidate. Had he been charged under the 1875 Conspiracy Act he could only have been given a three month sentence, but the common law charge imposed no maximum and thus the accused won an ill-deserved martyrdom. This year the Court of Criminal Appeal upheld a picket's conviction for assault and obstruction of the police when he tried to break through a police cordon. The Chief Justice said it was wrong to think of picketing provisions as conferring a right to picket for the section only gave a very limited immunity from court action. Three days later, the Conservative Attorney-General, in a speech referring to the court decisions, gave a stern warning to the pickets and Unions to keep within the law.

Meanwhile, trade union members could only view the intellectual gyrations of the legal brass hats with growing disbelief and bewilderment. Those manning the picket lines could not be expected to appreciate the legal niceties, and it may well have appeared to them that the 'establishment' was deliberately closing ranks in the face of an increasingly hostile work force, or, to press a military metaphor, while they were dressing line by the left the judiciary seemed to be dressing their ranks by the right. The Conservative press pointed out that the picketing privileges had not been attenuated by the recent decisions, but perhaps it would have been more accurate to say that it was not until this year that the Unions learnt how limited their rights really were. One of the Appeal Court judges conceded as much: 'It might well be', he said, 'that the rights of pickets were much more restricted than some had thought them in days gone by.'

This year marks the hundredth anniversary of Disraeli's bill which was to give the Unions effective picketing rights. The Labour party's electoral

victory may mean that those rights will now be expanded. The Trade Union and Labour Relations bill is now being debated and may receive the royal assent this month. It includes a clause which affirms the right to picket in far more unequivocal language than that set out in the 1971 Act. The Minister for Employment has indicated that pickets will henceforth be permitted to stop vehicles and carry on a dialogue with the drivers. This is not itself spelt out in the bill, but may well find a place in a subsequent Employment Protection bill if and when Labour are returned to power with an outright majority. Such a licence has attracted much adverse comment and certainly it would appear necessary to circumscribe severely any such liberty in language precluding the use of blockades. Equally, it would seem only fair that pickets should be able to put their case and at present the authority of Hunt v. Broome denies them this fundamental privilege.

Since the war the purpose of picketing has undergone a radical transformation. It is no longer confined to the 'blackleg' in a particular area. The 'flying' pickets have enlarged their sphere of activity to inhibit workforces other than their own and to demonstrate at distribution centres. Moreover, some recent picketing demonstrations have had as their primary purpose the coercion of the government. The 1971 act permitted picketing when done 'in contemplation or furtherance of an industrial dispute'. The new bill merely substitutes 'trade dispute' for 'industrial dispute', but this now embraces both inter-union matters and disputes arising 'outside Great Britain'. These may be thought legitimate extensions of Union rights, but the courts will have to clarify the orbit of such activities. Commerce has become increasingly vulnerable to industrial action and if the courts are to continue to give rigorous interpretation to the picket law it may be felt that this is the appropriate sphere for restrictive action.

The issue is not whether picketing is a desirable industrial practice but whether the courts can afford to ignore the currents of Union tradition. Picketing is an important part of Union philosophy and folklore and has its origins in a bitter past. It may be countered that a primary function of the criminal courts is to prevent social disruption, but it has been shown that an exaggerated contraction of the judicial sinews in times of industrial unrest creates more problems than it solves.

The police and judges have been embarrassed by the political nakedness of some of the recent industrial legislation, but it is hard to escape the conclusion that the traditional attitudes of the judiciary in regard to picketing provisions has itself contributed to their discomfort. It was a famous judge, by no means radical, speaking before the 1926 General Strike, who candidly expressed the judge's difficulty: 'The habits you are trained in, the people with whom you mix, lead to your having a class of ideas of such a nature that, when you have to deal with other ideas, you do not give as sound and accurate judgements as you would wish. This is one of the great difficulties at present with labour'.

New legislation may be the only means of assuring the Unions that attitudes, as well as times, have changed.

POEMS

KHAJURAHO

There is something familiar
about these temple statues,
something very contemporary;
something possibly related
to the pornographic business,
to the trade in photographs
or perhaps blue films.

Heraldic beasts and serpents,
musicians and dwarfs,
divine and human nymphs,
gods and goddesses turn
and twist in vibrant profusion.
Yet the variations
on the sculptors' main theme
of sexual enjoyment
are clearly identical.

Of course they were created
with a rather different motive.
These magnificent temples,
each gracefully rearing
to a calm and mystic peak,
are the sensuous expression
of a sophisticated cult.
The sinuous, writhing forms
of the friezes, superbly
integrated with the structure,
are not products for a market,
but dedicated to the glory
of Vishnu and Shiva,
of Devi, the mother-goddess,
much loved by the affluent
Tantric kings of Chandella.

To be truly obsessed
with sexual fantasy
requires money and leisure.
If both of these are present
and your religion approves
or is sufficiently flexible,
or perhaps better still
if you have no religion,
no moral commitments,

there can be no reason
why you should not spend
all the time you wish
in the voluptuous manoeuvres
here immortally displayed.

Looking at these temples,
the erotic absorption
of the swirling figures,
it is not surprising
that the tolerant people
of the Chandella kingdom
soon exhausted both
their art and themselves,
that growing indolent
and careless of the future
they became the prey
of fierce Moslem horsemen,
cruel and puritanical,
with other priorities
and no regard for statues.

RAYMOND TONG

PEACE CONFERENCE

To my colleagues at the unending European troop cut talks, Vienna.

Alone, behind a splendid table, trembling,
man holds a gun against his ageing head
observing, quite detached although with dread,
his seeds of self-spite silently assembling.

Concerned more with our deadlines than the deed,
observers, aides and correspondents mingle
at deathwatch cocktail parties in our single
pursuit to bring you something fresh to read.

And if there will be yet a morning paper,
we'll tell you of the weapon's powder, vapour
and calibre, and how things had begun

until, dear reader, by default you're able
to disregard yourself behind the table
about to die, while we all hold the gun.

THOMAS LAND

SPRINGFIELD ROAD

On either side the Springfield Road
Outside the slogan-daubed and shabby houses
The women stand in swarms, insulting, glaring,
Their frightened children clustered round.
One lights a cigarette, inhales, then
With the exhaled sputum-tinted smoke
Spits insults at a passing armoured car.

'We'r' Cartlic here,' one says with pride,
Leering at the television questioner.
Her clinging poor pink dress reveals
Her sagging breasts upon her bulging hips.
'The'r' Proddies over ther'.'

One side the Springfield Road they love
Their Catholic God, their altars,
Statues, holy water, holy Marys;
On the other, good King Billy,
Banners, Union Jacks and Church——
For christenings, marriages and deaths.

Kill and hate! The echoes ripple
Down the streets and up the alleys,
Through the broken panes of glass,
Down the chimneys, up the stairs . . .

And Christ looks down
Between the raindrops, bullet rain,
The rain of hateful words and deeds,
The reign of terror and despair.

'Thy Kingdom come . . . '

They know me not, they love me not.
My words, erased by works of man,
Encased in hidebound, outward forms,
Sectarianised and nationalised,
Proscribed, reformed and non-conformed,
Symbolised by cold stone churches,
Grey stone chapels,
Empty pews.

I am the God of Love:
Crowned with the crown of coded custom,
Scourged with the scourge of selfishness,
Crucified by war and want,
And buried in a world of hate.

Was what I asked you far too hard——

To love me and to love each other?

Evil words on fevered winds—hate and kill!

The echoes ripple
Down the streets
Up the alleys
Through the broken
Panes of glass
Down the chimneys
Up the stairs . . .

SARAH BELL

BREATH

I always like to be able to see
My own breath, he used to say; so when
Each winter planted a frosty tree
Fern-branching all over his windowpane,
While his wife cooked a numb breakfast he sat
Contented. Later, when grandchildren grew
Men, and advised him on modern heat,
He put his deaf-aid away, and blew
Silent dismissal to well-meant talk
Of meaningless comfort. The same small cloud
That aureoled his daily white-headed walk
Followed indoors, hovered like a god
On a snowy mountain. And when one day
The mountain fell, and the veins dried bare
That made this vapour, and icicle sky
Watched them seal him from the blue air,
All saw their breath as he once had: ——
A stubborn distinction from the dead.

ROBERT GITTINGS

AFRICAN SEQUENCE

ACCRA

Tonight we are going to dinner
At some Lebanese dive
What hope of getting thinner—
We don't walk, we drive!

THE POOL

Clouds in Ibadan pile
into continents
while here the pool,
green lagoon,
holds thirteen heads
of screaming bobbing
children, frog-like;
their elders
round the edge
toad-slump in shade
in Sunday sloth.

PUSH FOR GO

Past swamps of primeval mystery
Men pole laden boats through mist
A woman washes white clothes
In muddied gamboge water by a bridge.
Broader waters reflect the sky
In blue and white translucency;
Tall trees stand proud of the forest;
Scarlet flowers overflow green growth;
Wrecked cars and trucks are covered
By a creeping carpet, lush foliage
Insinuating the bloody rusted metal
Heaved to the side, out of the tide
Of violent traffic, mammy-wagons
Crammed, lorries overladen, and
Provincial governor's cavalcade of cars
Blue lights blaring horns blazing out,
Police Peugeots, Mercedes for his Mightiness,
Volvos for the vulgar hangers-on;
A final Peugeot ends the conquering column
Racing to destination of do-good speech:
'Nearly two million barrels last month'—
And many gallons from them burnt by each
Of these cars of the people's pushful people.
But the road remains lined with women

Carrying yams on their heads to market;
Small fires burn before mud houses;
And simple life by this savage road goes on . . .

DEALER

In the bargaining the bloodshot eyed Yoruba
Laughs deeply at an impossible price
Turning away he folds the cloth ceremonially
And I laugh and walk away in my turn

Next day comes a new stage in the business
And I hesitate, look thoughtful,
Work out the value of naira . . .
Secretly both know the sale is effected
So he goes down and I come up
And both of us laugh together

Next day the notes appear, the cloth is wrapped up
A final flurry till the bargain's clinched,
Then goodbye until next year.

He also carves thornwood figures
Roughly, effectively and profitably
In the mornings, with apprentices
Learning his craft become a trade
To capture the tourists' mantelpieces
With synthetic folk art mass produced
Still containing faint echoes
Of a slower, finer past.

DERRY JEFFARES

THE REMEDY

Poet, if you must liquefy,
At least melt not in tears but wine.
Bacchus and his cups supply
Love's sovereign anodyne.
All too soon we lie below,
With time enough to be supine.
For now, alleviate your woe
With unalleviated wine.

DONALD BRUCE

THE PRIESTS OF WESSEX

The priests of Wessex love the wide days of summer
when the wind is a white horse with a happy rider
and the mystery is calmed by green fields and high
flying laughter. There is space then to forget the
scars, the deep animal blood, the movements that cannot
let this land alone. It is not ghosts or the yelp of
legend or that soul of the wilds that Hardy found on
Winfrith Heath so much as the people, the same people,
returning with face maps bearing that sad skin of
testimony, that native dream that cannot be taken or
destroyed. It is as if some moth kingdom of the mind still
operated within them, some territory rare as a Lulworth
Skipper, druid-hunched, remembering. And the priests with their
modern answers and swift God cannot get there. The church
exists with winter bells. Evenings come with ancient suns
eating the latest definitions. Lichen packs the eyes of
small stone creatures making them blind in sun, blinking
back darkly in the months of hard rain. And the priests
keep their conversations short, carry those dry official
smiles, wishing they were poets. They have become improbable
messengers or staggering servants in a land of fabulous code.

DAVID H. W. GRUBB

THE ASYLUM GREENHOUSE

Behind the chapel and the laundries,
Hidden from the usual view,
There lies in glass an unsung Kew
Beneath a rusting, antique dome
Scraped by thrusting tropic trees
Rooted deep in crumbling loam.

One whole century of growth
Ago, imprisoned then and loath
To send out shoots beyond the wall
Our first original gardeners tall
With waxen stalk-like tendril limbs
Planted their days in letters of green
To the sound of hymns.

MOLLY TIBBS

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BOZ GOES TO AMERICA

The Letters of Charles Dickens. Volume III: 1842-3. Edited by Madeline House, Graham Storey and Kathleen Tillotson. Clarendon Press: Oxford. £13.

The Pilgrim Edition of the complete letters of Charles Dickens was first envisaged as long ago as 1949 by the distinguished Dickensian scholar Humphry House (1908-55), author of *The Dickens World* (1941), a book which I had the pleasure of reviewing and which is commonly regarded today as one of the very best accounts of the relation between Dickens and the early Victorian society of which he was at once a typical product and an unsparing critic.

House died too early to do more than set the ball of scholarship rolling, but it has been forwarded since, in his spirit and with exemplary care, by his widow Mrs. Madeline House in collaboration with Dr. Graham Storey and Professor Kathleen Tillotson. The first volume appeared in 1965, the second in 1969. Here is the third; and if you live long enough, gentle reader, you may be able to greet the final twelfth volume some time before the end of the century.

Don't blame Mrs. House: blame Dickens. As she somewhat ruefully confesses in the Preface to this splendid third volume: 'Since the publication of our second volume in 1969, the total of letters known to us has risen by over 300, from 12,758 to 13,074. This volume contains 772 . . . ' Further letters will no doubt continue, like Mr. Micawber's imaginary prospects, to 'turn up'; and the writer of this immense correspondence, we must not forget, found time also to write some fifteen long novels, five Christmas Books, and a host of other things, besides travelling a good deal at home and abroad and taking the leading part in strenuous amateur theatricals and those near-professional public readings which eventually killed him. In his lifetime, he wearied most of his friends by his indefatigable activity; since his death, it has needed all the scholarly resources of university presses and professors to keep up with the spirit of Boz Past, Boz Present and Boz Yet to Come.

The central subject of this third volume (in which the editors have had the expert American assistance of the former editor of *Dickens Studies,* the late Noel C. Peyrouton) is Dickens's visit to America in 1842, his tremendous reception there, his gradual disappointment with the country—'I *am* disappointed', he confessed to Macready. 'This is not the Republic I came to see. This is not the Republic of my imagination'— and the natural resentment of most of his hosts over *American Notes* and the American chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

At this distance of time, we can see that Dickens was both right and wrong. In his denunciation of slavery, he had half America on his side, as was proved by the controversies which led up to the Civil War. Longfellow thought the chapter on slavery in *American Notes* 'a grand chapter' and agreed with him also, as did most other New Englanders, about the deplorable habit of spitting, so common in those days in the South and the West.

In regard to Cairo, Illinois—the ironically-named 'Eden' of *Chuzzlewit*—Dickens was right superficially but wrong in the long term. As Van Wyck Brooks has shown conclusively in his *World of Washington Irving,* speculators did indeed map out large towns and public squares where 'the visiting eye'

could only find a swamp and a hickory stump, 'but, as often as not, within a year, the square was a reality, and the town . . . too.' Dickens failed to allow for the American rate of progress, as he failed to realise that for a boy like Mark Twain, the future 'Dickens of America', the 'intolerable' Mississippi was to be as nostalgic a stream as the Thames to himself.

R. C. CHURCHILL

A NEW HARDY ANTHOLOGY

Poems of Thomas Hardy. Selected by T. R. M. Creighton. Macmillan. £3.50 (hardback); £1.75 (paperback).

Thomas Hardy displayed an acute degree of self-assessment in regarding himself as a poet rather than a novelist, although few of his poems appeared in print during the early years of his career, with the result that some of them, as he states in the Preface to *Wessex and Past and Present Poems,* were converted into prose sketches. His novels and short stories, subject to sporadic censure in his lifetime, are still the object of academic dissection, whereas his poetry never suffered the customary eclipse and is now on a rising tide of popularity.

Understandably, the *Collected Poems* (1919) running to nearly one thousand items, may be found too unwieldy for haphazard browsing and so 'selections' have from time to time been offered. These may range from anthology inclusions—*The New Oxford Book of English Verse* has twenty Hardy poems—to the skilfully chosen and eminently 'handy' *Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy* edited and introduced by G. M. Young.

In the present volume, Dr. T. R. M. Creighton is more ambitious, providing a bibliography, valuable annotations and informative Notes. He disarms criticism by apologising in advance for omitting somebody's 'favourite' poem, yet it would be hard to fault him on this score. In his choice of just under three hundred poems he has successfully harvested the most technically accomplished and emotionally appealing from the huge output. Dr. Creighton does not dismiss the reader's justifiable curiosity as to who the more personal poems were 'about'; and provides concise information concerning the three outstanding feminine personalities who unwittingly inspired some of Hardy's finest work.

So rarely are the poems dated that many inevitably slip through the biographical dragnet, but where dates exist we must be grateful. No doubt that *We Sat by the Window* was written at Bournemouth only one year after Hardy's marriage to Emma Lavinia Gifford, under the first crushing weight of disillusionment:

> Wasted were two souls in their prime,
> And great was the waste, that July time
> When the rain came down.

During the thirty-seven years of the marriage their incompatibility was public knowledge, yet another dated poem, *The Going,* reveals his retrospective penitence after her death:

> . . . Oh you could not know
> That such swift fleeing
> No soul forseeing——
> Not even I—would undo me so!

About Hardy's cousin and sometime fiancée, the celebrated Tryphena Sparks, Dr. Creighton is brisk and sensible. In his Note on *Thoughts of Phena at News*

of Her Death he suggests that the much debated illegitimate son was probably a figment of Hardy's imagination. He does not follow the popular puzzle game of attributing other poems to this situation. Some he leaves out altogether; for others he suggests different sources of inspiration. And he acknowledges Mrs. Florence Henneker, the 'intuitive woman' who took Hardy 'on a holiday from himself', as the recipient of one of the most adroit poems in the *Collection, A Broken Appointment.*

Yet it would be misleading to dwell too closely on the section titled *Love.* Other sub-headings, *Nature and Man, Poems Dramatic and Personative, Ballads and Narrative Poems,* claim by far the larger share of the 300 pages. Dr. Creighton's main individual contribution to this selection is the order in which he has chosen to arrange the poems under headings of his own devising; and in doing so the doubt arises as to whether he has served either the poet or the reader. As the late Cecil Day Lewis said, Thomas Hardy leaves us 'brisker-eyed and warmer-hearted'—and one of Hardy's most endearing characteristics is his versatility of approach. No detail of Nature was too trivial, no folk-ballad too bawdy to engage his creative attention. But by rigidly compartmenting the poems, evidence of this diversity is to a large extent obliterated. No such problem arises in the *Collected Poems,* which follow mainly the contents of previously published volumes, bodied out by such general headings as *Pieces Occasional* and *Various and Miscellaneous,* thus allowing for a spontaneous transition from one mood or idea to the next and demonstrating the wide variety of theme and technique.

However that may be, the result of this concentrated re-appraisal is to leave the reader with the inventive rhyme-schemes and uneven rhythms humming in the head, returning perhaps most frequently to the unforgettable *Afterwards,* which was Hardy's own choice for the *Finale* to the *Collected Poems,* and, in a sense, his epitaph.

> And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
> And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
> Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
> 'He hears it not now, but used to notice such things.'

ROSALIND WADE

AS SOCRATES WOULD HAVE IT

Reflexive Water: The Basic Concerns of Mankind, edited by Fons Elders. Souvenir Press. £3.50.

The Dutch philosopher, Fons Elders, has collected and edited the four debates between pairs of distinguished contemporaries which were broadcast by the Dutch Broadcasting Foundation on four late Sunday evenings in 1971. Gerald Rijntjies, the former head of extra-mural education at the University of Utrecht, originated and planned, in cooperation with Leo Frentz, director of the International School of Philosophy at Amersfoort, the International Philosophers' Project on which *Reflexive Water* is based. The role of Fons Elders was not only editorial. Although to begin with the plan was for university audiences only, the Dutch Broadcasting Foundation became interested in televising the lectures and Fons Elders was invited to set up the debates. 'My three major responsibilities,' he explains in the Preface, 'were visiting the philosophers to ask them if they would cooperate, interviewing them for their profiles, and presiding over the debates. My role in the project grew as the emphasis shifted

from a programme of guest lectures to a series of television debates; however, the lectures retained their significance.'

In producing the 'shift in emphasis', Fons Elders has brought to his editorial task wide philosophical sympathies, retaining in his book the spontaneous vitality of the disputations whilst bearing in mind that a debate between philosophers before their professional colleagues is different from taking philosophy 'out of its ivory tower' and bringing it 'into the living room'. Addison in the eighteenth century *Spectator* put it in another way when he spoke of 'bringing philosophy out of schools and colleges up to the tea table'.

Eight prominent contemporary philosophers from different and sometimes mutually exclusive traditions debated in the following combinations: Sir Alfred Ayer (England) and Arne Naess (Norway): 'The Glass is on the Table: an empiricist versus a total view'; Sir John Eccles (United States) and Sir Karl Popper (England): 'Falsifiability and Freedom'; Noam Chomsky (United States) and Michel Foucault (France): 'Human Nature: Justice versus Power'; Leszek Kolakowski (England via Poland) and Henri Lefèbvre (France): 'Evolution or Revolution'. Together these men represent most of the basic philosophies underlying present-day Western culture. The importance of preserving their dialogues in book form, with a sympathetic guide, cannot be over-estimated.

Whilst their theoretical differences are fundamental, it would be seriously misleading to apply to their views labels like 'empiricist', 'phenomenologist', 'positivist' or 'marxist', although all these descriptions are at some points appropriate. Perhaps the most engaging and least austere of the conversations is that between Kolakowski and Lefèbvre. As Kolakowski explains his belief in the gradual transformation from a modern to a new, utopian society, he moves in apparently contradictory philosophic traditions. But a challenge on this score from Lefèbvre and Elders makes him reveal that for him a man's philosophy is necessarily the product of reflection on his personal history. Of the four dialogues, this one and 'The Glass is on the Table' exemplify most clearly two main streams of modern philosophical method. With Kolakowski, to agree is to concur in certain presuppositions about men and society: with Sir Alfred Ayer, all assumptions, whether hidden or declared, are capable within limits of sceptical investigation. The limits are crucial. Ayer's consistent distinction between testable and non-testable statements, his dividing of facts from values, meet Arne Naess's objection that the very notions of fact and value are incapable of strict categorial definition. With Eccles and Popper, the discussion between them turns out to be less a debate than two clear expositions of highly individual interpretations of the pre-eminence of scientific thought, neither speaker doubting the 'factual' content of 'falsifiable' beliefs about the external world. Sir John Eccles's faith that brain research will lead to answers about the ultimate problems confronting man, and that knowledge of brain functions subsumes all knowledge and experience, takes little account of the relationship between the brain and consciousness and none at all of the working of free will. Chomsky's encounter with Foucault provides other perspectives on human nature, reviving as Chomsky does Cartesian conceptions of the human mind's innate capacities and a classic belief in universals.

An invaluable contribution to the collection is the 'Postscript' of Dr. Elders, an essay in which he summarises the intrinsic distinctions which each of the participants takes for granted. He has given us a most original, provocative and spontaneous book as well as an excellent introduction to the essential ideas of today's major philosophers.

BETTY ABEL

THE CHANGING INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

The End of the Postwar Era. Alastair Buchan. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.25.

This book has its origin in five related international conferences held over a period of fifteen months by the Ditchley Foundation. As a result of these discussions, the Montague Burton Professor of International Relations at Oxford has produced an admirable textbook, which fills out his Reith Lectures, *Change Without War,* delivered last year. Professor Buchan has had wide experience as a journalist in Washington, as the first Director of the Institute of Strategic Studies and as the Commandant of the Royal College of Defence Studies. Ten pages of notes and references reveal the width of his reading, particularly among American books and learned magazines.

'International Relations' is a diffused discipline in the modern University world, and if it has avoided the jargon of some social sciences, it is forced to deal with a variety of new organisations and weaponry, enough to persuade the author of this book to devote one page to 'selected abbreviations' and another page to a table of figures, which clarify in orders of magnitude the relative economic and military strengths of the major powers. As becomes a first-class journalist, Professor Buchan has a straight-forward prose style: because he also has an orderly mind he has divided his material which stretches from the early days of the Cold War to the Nixon doctrine, into lucid chapters and sub-chapters.

The answer, I think, is contained in his modest Preface, when he writes: 'Unwisely I accepted the invitation to write a book that would attempt to analyse the more significant aspects of the changing international system.' The result is an indispensable reference book, especially on American foreign policy, on the Atlantic Alliance, on European Institutions, Chinese and Japanese policy, etc., etc. In the process of attempting the grand theme, however, the shape of the book has become more potted history than narrative, more a series of judgements on specific issues (e.g. The Common Agricultural Policy, p. 218), in some cases dogmatic judgements which already have dubious application. It is the old case of the wood and the trees.

The sub-title of the book, *A new balance of world power,* is of course apparent to any student of world politics. The author has posed some awkward questions for all those, professors and politicians alike, who have put their trust in the network of international institutions, so clearly analysed and castigated in the course of these 320 pages. His final words are: 'However great the power of Russia, however fine and fair the civilisation of China and India, however just the claims of the developing countries, if the springs of political improvisation in the West dry up, then the new agenda of world politics will be a barren one.'

These words occur in a final sub-chapter headed *The control of change,* but after careful reading and re-reading I cannot say that the author offers us much help in watering 'the springs of political improvisation.'

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN APOLOGIST

C. S. Lewis. A Biography. Roger Lancelyn Green and Walter Hooper. Collins. £3.50p.

C. S. Lewis is perhaps best known as a Christian apologist, but his range of

activities was wide. He was a critic, a writer of children's fantasy, of theology and of religious thought and, of course, a 'broadcaster' on the B.B.C. For those interested in any of these various activities, this 'official' biography will prove essential reading. This is also true for those who wish to do further research on Lewis' writing, although it is doubtful whether Lewis himself would have approved of such activities.

For the more general reader, who has perhaps read one or two of Lewis' books such as *The Screwtape Letters* or *Surprised By Joy*, the biography remains of great interest. Biography is, arguably, the most enthralling of reading, for it deals with the one subject in which man traditionally has taken most interest: his fellow men. Lewis' life was no exception and this book provides a wealth of information about a man's development as a teacher and writer and as a Christian.

In spite of certain setbacks towards the end of his life, Lewis' love for the University of Oxford never varied, although it did, perhaps, waver. His view of education and of his calling as a teacher, reminds one of Keble, and Lewis belonged to an Oxford fast disappearing amongst the computers, laboratories and science 'blocks'. His was the Oxford of Sir Maurice Bowra of Wadham or Austin Farrer of Keble or Dorothy Sayers of Somerville. To them, education meant the liberal arts: language, literature and history. Lewis wrote: 'I agree Technology is *per se* neutral: but a race devoted to the increase of its own power by technology with complete indifference to ethics *does* seem to me a cancer in the Universe. Certainly if he goes on his present course much further, man can *not* be trusted with knowledge'. Education within an industrial society then must humanise, for 'Human life means . . . the life of beings for whom the leisured activities of thought, art, literature, conversation are the end, and the preservation and propagation of life merely the means. That is why education seems to me so important: it actualises the potentiality for leisure, if you like, for amateurishness, which is man's prerogative'. Lewis, like T. S. Eliot, fought a rearguard battle for the retreating forces of Christendom, for a European culture based on the Christian religion and more especially for the catholic tradition inherent in that culture. It is not surprising, therefore, indeed, it is heartening, to learn that Lewis had no time for 'the news' nor, one assumes, for the instant knowledge obtainable at the flick of a wrist on three (and, we are promised, four) channels. Lewis' goal was the educated, refined and widely-read Christian gentleman. The allurements of sociology were not his. Almost two thousand years of Christian history and thought were of greater importance than this week's 'crisis' brought by this week's 'expert'.

The second feature of Lewis' life, then, which flows into and forms part of his writing and teaching is his conversion from a rather paltry atheism to Christianity. The authors are perhaps somewhat diffident in ascribing labels to Lewis and they refuse to label him as 'high curch' on the one hand or 'evangelical' on the other. This may be because Lewis, unlike some contemporary Christian 'apologists', both on the 'pop' stage and off, was too intelligent to be placed within any one party. Even so, Lewis was planted firmly on the Catholic tradition within the Church of England even if he disliked elaborate ritual and seems to have been unaffected by the Anglo-Catholicism of the 1920s. His dislike of the Protestantism of his native Ulster was, however, categorical: 'It is simply the form which the *memory* of Christianity takes just before it finally dies away altogether in a commercial community'. In some ways, Lewis' Catholicism was the Anglicanism of the seventeenth century: quiet, unassuming, rigid (to

modern thought) and peculiarly English.

The book has admittedly some drawbacks. Some might find it a bit of an eulogy of the greatness that was Oxford. Others might be amused at occasional 'hits' scored on those whom the authors obviously dislike, e.g. the 'Socialist government' which, after the Second War, ordered fuel rationing (do Socialists hate heat?). Also the reiteration that Lewis is free from literary 'borrowing' wears a bit thin in parts. The biography is biased and adulatory, but these are forgiveable faults in such a work; indeed, they may be necessary conditions. The authors are, after all, a former pupil and himself a writer (Green) and a close friend and secretary to Lewis (Walter Hooper) who, after Lewis' death, went on to become a priest of the Church Lewis loved so deeply.

J. E. B. MUNSON

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The House of Commons, Services and Facilities (Allen and Unwin. £6.25). This 'comprehensive picture of the working environment in which Members of the British House of Commons conduct their business' was conceived by the Study of Parliament Group which consists of academics and Officers of both Houses of Parliament. The two Editors of this study, Malcolm Shaw and Michael Rush, are lecturers at Exeter University and members of the Group. Other contributors include Officers of the House. Their contributions are not specified but it will be assumed, for example, that Dr. David Menhennet, the Deputy Librarian, is mainly responsible for the chapter on the Commons Library. The book deals separately with each of the other Departments, namely those of the Speaker, the Clerk of the House, the Serjeant at Arms and the Administration Department. The account is objective, factual and analytical, based upon material gathered in 1972, updated 'to 1973 in various instances'. Comparisons with legislatures overseas are of interest. Upon the vexed question of official facilities for M.P.s, Britain appears to be middle ranking among European and old Commonwealth countries. As to remuneration and expenses, it is noted that 'the financial position of British M.P.s now compares favourably with that of legislators in other parliamentary democracies.' The latest figures, however, cannot be included. As recently as 1st August, 1974, an extra £750 a year has been allowed for secretarial assistance, as well as higher car and 'away from town' allowances. The Leader of the House has also announced the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into facilities for back benchers. Unfortunately it is impossible for a book of this kind to be factually accurate in all respects; nonetheless, it is a valuable study. Political and Economic Planning has also co-operated in the book's production.

Everyman's Library (Dent). Fresh reprints in this famous series include four Joseph Conrad volumes, each freshly edited by a well known Conrad critic. Professor Norman Sherry has contributed a useful Introduction to **Lord Jim** (50p), **The Secret Agent** (50p), and **Nostrome** (75p). It is curious that the latter, widely regarded as Conrad's finest novel, should have been first included in the Everyman's Library as late as 1957. Professor C. B. Cox has written a short valuable Introduction to the volume of three stories, **Youth, Heart of Darkness and The End of the Tether** (75p). It also includes a useful Biographical Note. Each book contains Conrad's own Note or Preface and also a 'select bibliography' of his works and letters, biographical and critical writings about him.

A Matter of Honour (Jonathan Cape. £5.75). This long, closely documented book, running to nearly five hundred pages, will prove valuable to students both of the Army and India, the continent selected by the author, Philip Mason, for his study of military life. From 1746 until 1947 the Indian army played a vital and often controversial role in Indian affairs, often undertaking essential but extremely dangerous assignments, risking the lives of officers and men and testing military discipline to the limit. Even more noteworthy, it survived to face complete reorganisation and a new role in the late forties and early fifties. The author, who spent some twenty years in the Indian Civil Service, has written a number of books on India, of which **A Matter of Honour** is by far the most comprehensive.

The World of Reptiles and Amphibians (Orbis Publishers, £2.50). Naturalists will appreciate this recent addition to *The World of Nature* series by Maurice Burton, former Deputy Keeper of Zoology at the British Museum (Natural History). In his Foreword, Professor Angus d'A. Bellairs, Professor of Vertebrate Morphology at London University recommends this book as giving 'a thoroughly readable and informative account of the classification and habits' of these remarkable creatures. The volume, of coffee table size, has a large number of excellent colour photographs. Another useful and informative addition to this series is **The World of Mushrooms** (£2.50), in English adapted with a Foreword by the botanist, Ian Tribe, from the original Italian book by Uberto Tosco. It is a fascinating volume which explains in fairly simple language 'how, when and where to find and identify mushrooms, toadstools and their relatives.' There are more than 120 plates in full colour.

A History and Description of Winchester (Laurence Oxley, Alresford, Hants. £6.00). This recently founded publishing firm has rendered a considerable service in reproducing this book by Bernard Bolingbroke Woodward, first published in 1866 and long since out of print and unobtainable. The author was Queen Victoria's Librarian at Windsor and found time to write a number of books on Hampshire still regarded authoritative. Probably the most rewarding part of this book to the average reader is the long and detailed account of the Cathedral. There are seventeen engravings by William H. Bartlett and James C. Armytage, showing the City and Cathedral as they were in the nineteenth century.

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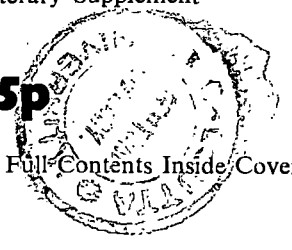

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incorporating The Fortnightly

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.80; U.S.A. and Canada $15.00. Rates for all other countries on application.

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SOME ASPECTS OF THE COMMON AGRICULTURAL POLICY

by Russell Johnston

OPPOSITION in this country to British membership of the EEC has tended to crystallise increasingly around the Community's Agricultural Policy. The greater part of the criticism levelled at the policy has been unbalanced, ill-informed and quite frankly partisan. Indeed the CAP has become something of a scapegoat for all the snags that have arisen in our membership of the EEC to date and above all for an economic ill which has very little to do with our membership of the Community, rising food prices. In fact of course, the significant price increases which we have recently experienced are beyond the scope of one individual country or group of countries to tackle and can only be dealt with at the international level.

The CAP grew out of the recognition that the Six, as developed countries, faced a common problem in seeking to reconcile the needs of agricultural communities with the interests of highly industrialised economies. To guide them in their task they drew up a list of objectives which included the need to increase agricultural production, to ensure a fair standard of living for farmers, to stabilise markets and to provide security of supplies at reasonable prices. But while the original aims of the CAP remain valid today, the environment in which the policy operates has undergone a considerable transformation. On the one hand the change has taken place within the Community as rising living standards, which have largely bypassed the agricultural sector, have driven large numbers of farmers off the land. The fact that there has been a steady decline in the agricultural population of the Six, and not a sudden drop, has tended to blind the general public to the tremendous social and structural changes which have transformed European agriculture during the post-war years. On the other hand, the effects of the sudden change in world food prices has been only too apparent: prices for a number of basic foods have reached unprecedented levels and the relationship between world demand and world supply remains precarious.

The abrupt upheaval in world food markets has shown the CAP in a totally new light: it is not always destined to be the high-price monster it has been widely considered to be for the facts are that Community prices

for wheat, rice, sugar and olive-oil are currently below world prices while for certain other commodities—maize and barley, for example, the EEC prices are only marginally higher. Stranger still, the CAP is actually helping to contain the rate of inflation. This is because the machinery exists to control the level of the Community's exports to third countries. The method used is the direct opposite of that applied when Community prices are above world prices: instead of subsidising exports the CAP imposes a levy or tax on agricultural exports to ensure that a constant supply of these products is retained within the Community. This has the obvious effect of insulating the European market from the pressures affecting world markets and so affords the European consumer a significant degree of protection. It is true that the inbuilt stabilising mechanisms of the CAP will also operate to prevent the European consumer taking advantage of low food prices, if and when these recur. But although world prices may in due course recede from their present high levels, a return to the low prices of the sixties is thought to be highly improbable. Looking back, the sixties are likely to seem the exceptional years when a series of technological advances in agricultural production allowed world food supplies to outstrip demand. As a result the Governments of a number of food-exporting countries—the US, Canada, Australia, France,—were obliged to subsidise exports in order to sell on foreign markets while maintaining farmers' incomes at home.

During the seventies, these export subsidies have been abandoned as increases in living standards in the Soviet Union, in Eastern Europe, in Japan and recently in China—have greatly increased purchasing power. In fact, world food supply and world demand are now so tightly balanced that a drought destroying part of the US wheat harvest has very serious implications for supplies and prices everywhere. At the same time the populations of the developing countries are more than keeping pace with the ability of their peoples to feed themselves. When a crisis occurs, as has happened recently in Bangla Desh, there are inevitable delays in obtaining emergency food supplies and in the meantime many lives are needlessly lost.

But high prices are not only due to the increased demand for food. They are also, of course, a consequence of the enormous increase in the cost of food production. Inflation and the energy crisis with the quadrupling of oil prices, have hit farmers hard. Not only are they facing higher transport costs, they are even more seriously affected by the fact that nitrogen fertilisers are produced from oil.

The lesson of the energy crisis, when the oil-producing countries held the developed world to ransom, is unlikely to escape the producers of other raw materials. Equally, its implications should not be lost on food-importing countries such as our own. The UK as a considerable importer of food (30% of temperate foods, 50% overall) is particularly vulnerable to fluctuations in world markets for agricultural commodities. Those who seek to pull Britain out of the EEC should ask themselves whether we are likely to obtain more favourable terms for trade in agricultural products once we are outside the Community. They might further consider whether our traditional suppliers, the US, Canada, Australia, would not now be less

sympathetically disposed to requests for a return to the old trading ties which were severed when the UK entered the Community. It is rather strange that those in this country, who nurture fond hopes of returning to the era of cheap Commonwealth food, have apparently given so little consideration to the cost that cheap food for Britain imposed on our traditional suppliers.

Speaking in a debate on the UK and the European Communities in July, 1971, Mrs. Renée Short (Member for Wolverhampton N.E.), quoted Mr. Wilson, then Leader of the Opposition, as saying: 'We have bought in the cheap Commonwealth market for over 100 years', before going on to say that—'if we have anything to do with it, we shall continue to buy that way because it has brought enormous benefit to the British people, in times of both peace and war'. It is indeed curious to hear people on the left in this country expressing the desire to perpetuate a situation which can only be described as a vestige of British colonialism. Such an attitude is morally untenable; it is also foolish for, as the recent sugar shortage has shown, in an unpredictable world food situation, Britain could well be the loser. In the same situation, the CAP has demonstrated its capacity to stabilise prices and safeguard supplies. Speaking in Luxembourg in June this year, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs acknowledged this when he said: 'Despite our strong criticisms we recognise that for the European farmers the CAP has achieved much, and that in addition to the benefits it has brought them, it can provide an assurance of supplies at known prices in a world where both price and availability can be unpredictable'.

At a time when the CAP is clearly of real value to the European consumer, it seems particularly ironical to find the policy beset by increasing serious internal problems. Almost every time I pick up a paper I see that farmers somewhere in the Community are protesting about declining living standards and that different national Governments are being forced to take individual measures to assist them and so contravene the provisions of the CAP. Despite relatively high food prices, the CAP has been unable to compensate farmers for the enormous increases in the cost of production. To make matters worse, the CAP has been unable to avoid helping the richer producers proportionately more than it has helped the marginal farmers and so has actually increased the gap in farm incomes. Another bone of contention has been the policy's tendency to encourage the accumulation of surpluses—the much-publicised butter and beef mountains. In addition, the CAP's ability to export cheaply through the payment of export subsidies or restitution payments while maintaining a system of levies against low priced imports from third countries has attracted strong criticism from overseas countries, particularly the US.

In Britain the CAP has come under attack for its cost to the balance of payments and for its interference with traditional trading relationships. It has also had to contend with resentment over the amount of British financial support going to assist small farmers in parts of France and Italy. To quote Mrs. Renée Short again, speaking in the debate on the European Communities of July, 1971: 'Common agricultural prices are simply designed to

bolster up incompetent, inefficient and foolish agricultural systems and a whole lot of inefficient farmers'. But except in the poorest countries all Governments support agriculture in varying ways and thus almost all farmers are inefficient to some degree. Rather than attack the CAP for attack's sake it seems more profitable to take a closer look at how it works, not neglecting its weaknesses but attempting to see how these might be diminished in the future.

When the Common Market was conceived in the 1930s, nearly 25% of the working population of the Six was employed on the land and trade in agricultural products made up the substantial proportion of the trade between the prospective member countries. Agriculture was therefore destined to become a cornerstone of the Common Market. But breaking down the barriers inside Europe meant building up higher barriers against the outside world—the well-known concept of Community preference. Moreover, a unified policy on prices and markets was vital if the different national systems of agricultural production were not to undermine the Common Market's objective of promoting free trade under fair conditions of competition throughout the Community. It was further agreed that the cost of agricultural support was to be assumed by the member countries, as was the Community's contribution towards the cost of modernising the agricultural economy as a whole.

Since 1962, when the Community embarked on a programme for the progressive alignment of national cereal prices, the common pricing system has been extended to cover over 90% of the EEC's agricultural produce, the exceptions being sheep meat, wool and potatoes.

Under the CAP, market prices are intended to cover the costs of production, including transport costs and allowing a certain profit margin. In this it differs from the agricultural support policy carried out by the different British Governments from 1947 until our entry into the EEC, under which the Government guaranteed the British farmer a minimum price for what he produced. Importers could buy on world markets at world prices and if this depressed the domestic market, the difference was made up by means of the deficiency payment. Under the CAP, 'target' prices for each commodity are fixed annually by the Council of Agricultural Ministers. Market prices fluctuate but Community policy is geared to keep prices as close at possible to the 'target' price. It does this in two principal ways: in the first place, a variable levy system on Community imports ensures that low world prices do not undercut internal market prices; secondly, if prices within the Community fall below fixed or 'intervention' level, the Community's Agricultural Guidance and Guarantee Fund, FEOGA, intervenes to remove the products from the market, so supporting the price. In normal circumstances the export subsidies are made available in order to allow the Community to sell surplus produce on world markets so reducing the strain on the Community's overtaxed storage facilities. When, as at present, world prices exceed Community prices for a number of products, the subsidies on exports may be replaced by levies designed to obtain sufficient supply of the sought-after product within the Community and prevent a world run on

Community supplies.

Each commodity drawn into the system has its own set of regulations. In the case of cereals, beef, sugar and milk, intervention buying is obligatory once prices fall below a fixed level, while for a number of other products it is left to the Commission to decide.

Target and intervention prices are fixed annually by the Council of Agricultural Ministers on the advice of the Commission, but the actual administration of intervention buying is carried out by the member Governments. In this country, the new central authority, the British Intervention Board for Agricultural Products, under the Ministry of Agriculture, supervises the market support scheme. Funds for intervention buying and export subsidies are made available to the national intervention agencies of member countries by FEOGA. However, the Community is gradually moving towards an automatic method of financing FEOGA by paying in the proceeds of levies on food imports and customs duties on agricultural imports minus 10% to cover administration together with the product of a 1% Value Added Tax.

The official prices of the CAP are fixed in units of account (equal in value to the old US dollar), which are converted into the national currencies of the member countries. The movement of national currencies in relation to one another has made it increasingly difficult to organise common prices for agricultural products throughout the Community. To meet this problem, a system of compensatory levies, known as monetary compensatory amounts, has been applied in order to level out the inequalities of price. The gradual disintegration of the single market, brought about by an increasing number of parity changes, has distorted competition and led some countries to profit unfairly from the scheme. Even if the member states were able to agree on the realignment of official national farm prices in units of account, the new balance would continue to be threatened by future fluctuations of parities. It is of course too early to say whether French initiatives, foreshadowed by Monsieur Giscard d'Estaing, will result in any steps towards achieving monetary union, but until the Community realises this goal, the problem of monetary compensatory amounts will continue to bedevil the CAP.

The enormously increased cost of agricultural production and its effects on farmers' incomes is yet another very serious problem confronting the CAP.

National Governments have given way to pressure from farmers, and France, the traditional high priest of EEC orthodoxy, is now accused of flouting the provisions of the Treaty of Rome through the introduction of subsidies to beef farmers. The Governments of Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg have since followed suit, while in this country beef and pig producers are receiving temporary subsidies, this time with official approval from Brussels. Faced with the proliferation of national support measures, the Community would now be justified in accepting the principle of direct action by member states where it is necessary to meet a temporary emergency in the agricultural sector. Judging by present indications, the Com-

mission's failure to allow Governments more flexibility in this area will not prevent them from taking unilateral action. On the other hand, the Commission's acceptance of this principle would have the advantage of allowing the Community to be informed in advance of any prospective national solutions, which would therefore have a less disruptive impact on the Community as a whole.

Over and above the problem of national measures, the real issue is the continued weakness of the CAP in its present state. In the past, almost total reliance has been placed on the price support scheme and too little attention has been given to considering possible alternatives where this system is obviously inappropriate. In the first place, the price support system is unsuitable in the case of those farmers who do not qualify as 'modern' producers (those able to make a living comparable with workers in other industries), since to adjust farm prices to meet their needs would enable more efficient producers, operating under the same system, to make a killing. To keep food prices at the lowest possible level, support prices must be designed to reflect the cost of production to the 'modern' farmer, while those falling outside this category must be helped by alternative methods of support. In 1973, the Commission, in its Memorandum on the Improvement of the CAP, recognised the validity of this approach and recommended improving the application of existing socio-structural measures as a means of tackling the problem of low agricultural incomes.

The role of social and structural measures in the modernisation of agriculture had earlier received special consideration in a document which became known as the Mansholt Plan, after Sicco Mansholt, President of the Commission at that time. On the basis of the Mansholt Plan, the Council of Agricultural Ministers subsequently drafted a set of directives intended to help the depressed rural areas of the Community. Under this scheme, pensions are provided for older farmers willing to leave the land and technical re-training schemes made available to their children. Farmers needing any help to modernise may have first call on land released through the above measures. Capital grants and low interest loans are available to help modernisation and the development of co-operatives for the pooling of expensive machinery or development of land irrigation and land preservation schemes is strongly encouraged.

Despite the existence of such measures, not all farmers can hope to become 'efficient' in Mrs. Renée Short's sense of the term, and indeed, in certain cases, efficiency is not the over-riding aim. The need to prevent the total depopulation of mountainous or other difficult regions, to maintain roads, schools and medical services and to ensure that more remote areas are preserved for the benefit of the population as a whole more than justifies granting direct subsidies to farmers willing to remain in those areas. This premise underlies the Community's proposed policy on hill farms. In Britain some 27,000 farms, mainly in the Scottish Highlands and North Wales, are likely to qualify for assistance under this scheme. Regrettably, its implementation is still awaiting the finalisation of decisions on the question of eligibility.

The price system is an also inappropriate means of support in the case of perishable agricultural products because of its well-known tendency to encourage the accumulation of surpluses. In past years, the Community has sold surplus quantities of butter and powdered milk abroad at absurdly cut-down prices, a fact which has not endeared the CAP to other food exporting countries and has aroused strong criticism at home. This year, rumours of cheap beef sales to Russia have been strongly denied, but the EEC's ban on all beef imports, not already bound in existing quotas, is not likely to improve relations with outside agricultural producers.

The CAP has an obvious bearing on the EEC's relations with other food-exporting countries and to date insufficient attention has been given to ways of eliminating frictions which have developed in the relationship. Perhaps, in the not too distant future, progress in GATT or some similar, suitable body, will produce a solution in the form of world commodity agreements on agricultural trade which would give due recognition to the interests of the Third world. But any solution will require concessions to be made by all the parties involved. For its part the Community could begin by showing a greater awareness of the highly sensitive reactions of outside food exporters to the Community's attempts to dispose of its agricultural surpluses.

Recently, in fact, the Commission has been casting around for a more acceptable way of disposing of the current beef surplus and has decided to use FEOGA funds to stimulate domestic consumers, through the introduction of beef subsidies.

In the same spirit, Brussels has accepted a British proposal for maintaining the Community's beef surplus at a more manageable level. Intervention buying of beef is to be replaced by a system of seasonally adjusted payments, designed to encourage slaughter at a time when beef is normally in short supply. The scheme is intended to give farmers confidence in production without pushing up meat prices. Although it has been introduced as a temporary measure, it seems likely to prove a more effective instrument than the prices support scheme for the management of the beef market. If successful, it could profitably be extended to other types of livestock production, which are subject to seasonal variation in output. In addition, some adaptation of the basic price support scheme is needed for milk products, which are clearly affected by fluctuations in supply and demand.

In the case of cereals, the price support scheme raises less acute problems since surpluses can be stored without deterioration. The most urgent priority is to determine the correct level of support for different cereals. Since cereals are the mainstay of livestock production, the imbalance of these prices is reflected in costs to beef, pig and poultry producers. The critical situation in the beef industry in Europe is directly related to the high cost of obtaining feeding grains. By adjusting the hierarchy of cereal prices to reflect their respective nutritional values, the Commission could stimulate the production of more nutritious crops, such as barley and maize, while cutting back in overall production of wheat, in which the Community has tended to accumulate surpluses. At the same time the Community should attempt to increase its output of high protein animal

feeding stuffs. Soya bean will continue to be imported in large quantities, when it is available, from the United States, since climatic conditions in most of Western Europe are unsuitable for soya bean production. Research into the development of alternative high protein feeding stuffs suitable for the climatic conditions may ultimately diminish the Community's dependence on the United States for these products.

There remains the more general problem of the high cost of the CAP's support prices system. Beyond the various improvements I have already suggested, closer scrutiny of FEOGA's different operations to give somewhat greater precision in budgetary forecasting would doubtless result in further savings to the Community. In the longer term, this function could well be exercised by the European Parliament with increased powers to deal with financial issues. A more open approach to the CAP's financial problems would not only tend to dispel misgivings over some of its operations, it would also allow more democratic participation in allocating the financial burden.

This brings me to the UK's particular grievance over the present Community budgetary arrangements which to a very large extent, involve contributions of member countries to the CAP. Despite the highly unpredictable world economic situation, and the difficulty of producing accurate forecasts, it is undeniable that unless a number of adjustments are made, Britain will in the long term contribute considerably more to the Community budget than she can expect to derive from it. But to withdraw from the CAP on these grounds at the present time would not be in Britain's best interests, since, as I have suggested, the CAP is able to provide her with what might most fittingly be described as an insurance policy against the risk of shortages and very high prices for food.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ITALY

by Gino Bianco

ITALY is going through a severe crisis of confidence, with the highest inflation rate in Western Europe, a huge balance of payments deficit, a great weakness in central government and growing violence in the streets. A few days ago, the Italian Prime Minister, Mariano Rumor, said: 'Economic crisis and terrorism constitute a traumatic and explosive mixture, proving a hard test for the system.'

That the situation is urgent there can be no doubt. Most of the ruling class is aware that Italy has only a few months in which to start putting her house in order if she is to avoid both economic and political collapse. The fabric of the State is under a systematic attack by a new generation of Fascists. The past five years show a steady escalation of bomb attacks by political extremists, attributed at various times to the extreme left and to the extreme right. There were more than 400 dynamite attempts recorded in 1973 alone and the train bomb which went off in August, killing 15 passengers, was simply the worst in a long series. In May, a bomb killed and injured many workers attending an anti-Fascist rally in Brescia; trains have been derailed and huge arsenals of arms uncovered. The well known publisher, G. G. Feltrinelli, has been assassinated and a senior police official investigating the case murdered outside his home in Milan. The most notorious terrorist crime in recent years, the Milan bank explosion in 1969 which killed 16 people, is still unsolved. None of the perpetrators of these crimes has been brought to trial and in many cases, obstruction of justice and cover up operations engineered by the police and the Italian secret service (SID) have taken place.

Against such a background of political and social disorder, the economic crisis has increased the institutional instability alarmingly. The anti-inflationary strategy so far adopted by the Government is probably not good enough. In that both Confindustria (the Italian CBI) and the unions seem to agree. The effect of the tough credit squeeze is bound to restrict and discourage investment at a time when it needs stimulating. As for the increased fiscal pressure, there are many who doubt the ability of the proverbially inefficient Italian administration to collect the money.

The inefficiency of the over inflated Italian administration is a peculiar problem, perhaps the hard core of the Italian crisis. Basically, it originates in the historical failure of the central State organisation to provide the efficient infrastructures needed for a modern society. The Italian bureaucracy, at all levels, is too often incompetent and corrupt. But every attempt to prune it, or rationalise it, comes up against the fact that official positions are used by political leaders, particularly by the dominant Christian Democrat party, to secure their own power by patronage.

This has come about through the nature of the Christian Democrat party's uninterrupted continuity in power. Over the years the party has placed its men in something like 80 per cent of the key positions in that

jungle of ministries, public bodies, banks, local authorities, State and semi-State agencies (according to a recent survey there are more than 50,000 bodies of this kind). Through this system the party has been able to build up an hitherto uncontestable position of political power. Increasingly, however, the ineffectuality, size and uncontrollable spending of this bloated public sector has been seen to be the principal cause of a whole series of breakdowns in public services and, above all, one of the principal sources of inflation. So even if you get Governments passing reforms, you cannot ever hope to see them implemented. It is not surprising that the gulf between State and society has consequently widened and deepened. The Italians coined a word for government policy: *immobilismo*. Indeed, the growing violence does reflect frustration at a political system which seems to be immobile, offers no alternative government and appears incapable of carrying out the reforms needed.

The Italian political system is characterised by the proportional electoral system, which gives high value to the marginal usefulness of all particularistic interests for the self-preservation of the political class; by the federative character of the relative majority party and by the extreme precariousness of the compromises setting forth the rules for its political conduct; finally, by the political spoil system (the Italian word is *sottogoverno*) inaugurated by the Christian Democratic party and becoming more and more widespread with the growth of the portion of national resources managed directly by the government. Given such structures as institutional framework within which a mixed economy must operate, certain wastes which encumber them are not only impossible to remove, but have gradually worsened. In a fine analysis of the peculiar relationship between industry and the political system in Italy, G. Are has shown that the lack of a viable political alternative and increase of government coalitions, so far from reducing it, has dilated the 'spoil' system, thus transforming political alliances into complicities in the cliental management of resources. During the periods of sudden economic and social crisis, such a power system is impelled to extend the nationalisation of resources. This is often done, not with the aim of rationalising the economy by severely striking at parasitic interests and intensifying productive investments, but rather to increase the grip of the political class of civil society that tends to slip out of its control. Consequently, relations between entrepreneurs and labour are also distorted. In a social structure dominated by corporative rigidity, the abnormal character of the extension of the public sector and an increasing waste of resources, the working class is inevitably the chief victim of costs and privations inherent to capitalistic development.

In spite of two decades of unprecedented economic growth, social services are hopelessly inept. At the same time, huge shifts of population from South to North and from country districts to the towns have made—as an English observer recently noticed—millions of people topographically rootless whilst offering no compensating security in exchange: a terrible, unheeded echo of early nineteenth century England. Hence the extreme forms of rebellion of the working class and its constant sense of social frustration.

In order to find a way out there is much discussion about the Communists joining a coalition government. It is impossible to predict what is likely to happen, yet I think we are not at the stage where the Communists are going to get a foot in the door. A 'great coalition' formed by Christian Democrats, Socialists and Communists would imply such a realignment of political forces and disruption of traditional loyalties that no established political leaders could afford to underestimate it. Besides, the Christian Democrats would probably split and delicate problems in foreign policy would arise. The NATO crisis in the Mediterranean has already turned Italy into a sensitive area, both militarily and politically. The right wing forces would certainly take advantage of the new situation and a coalition government with the Communists would boost a neo-fascist attempt to deepen the political and constitutional crisis.

At least in the short run, the real crux of the matter will be the future relationship between the Socialists and the Christian Democrats. The referendum's results on divorce in May brutally underlined the way in which the Christian Democrats' leadership had lost contact with the real feeling of the country. This does not mean that the party is collapsing, but it does mean that relations between the Christian Democrats and the other political parties, mainly the Socialists, are destined to change considerably and, following this change, the nature of political life in Italy.

The Socialists are increasingly important as the representatives within the government of organised labour and they are supported by the trade union movement. Oddly enough, G. Agnelli (Chairman of FIAT and head of the Italian CBI) has publicly sided with the Socialist and Leftist analysis of the measures needed to cope with Italy's economic problems. This so-called unnatural convergence underlines an alliance of the productive forces against the parasitic sectors of the Italian economy.

Whether or not the aims of this new strategy will be achieved is a different story. All the vested interests are bound to react strongly. Fundamental reforms would shatter the electoral bases of the regime and, in the process, the corporative sectors of Italian society will undoubtedly try to get their way by any means. And yet the future of the Italian liberty and democracy will rest on the success of a policy largely based on a 'historical' alliance between the working class movement and the most advanced sector of the Italian industry.

[Gino Bianco is London correspondent for *Avanti* (Rome and Milan).]

AN OPEN LETTER TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE

by Ronald Dick

Your Holiness,

Respectful greetings from many men and women of goodwill in the United Kingdom.

For us, this year has an especial significance, for it has been designated by the United Nations as World Population Year. A year of which the Secretary-General of the U.N. has commented: 'It is my hope that it will rank in the history of the United Nations among the great events of the seventies, bringing us appreciably closer to the day when the world can say that the demographic problems facing us are understood, and actions to solve them are under way.'

That is no idle hope. Never before have so many nations of the world faced such danger from constantly increasing populations.

It has taken us the many centuries since the Genesis to reach our present world population of 3.9 thousand millions. It is projected by the United Nations that it will take just thirty-five years for that number to double, at present growth rates.

In the developing world, it is impossible to envisage success for the heroic efforts being made to achieve economic and social development, whilst in many areas population growth constantly negates every advance. Poverty and deprivation and famine will continue, nay increase, unless the need to supplement these measures with the means of controlling births is recognised.

Nor have the industrial nations been immune to demographic pressures: swollen cities, pollution of the environment, insufficient housing, inadequate hospitals and schools, have all left their mark.

Worldwide, we face the prospect of acute shortages of vital resources. Of those resources, fossil fuels especially hold the key to the means of increasing agricultural productivity. When one considers that world food production, per capita, fell by three per cent in 1972; that it has been estimated that last year over thirty million people died of malnutrition or diseases related to inadequate diet; that perhaps fifty per cent of the world's children have a diet which denies normal, mental and physical development, one realises the crucial importance of this key in the needs and aspirations of peoples.

These tragic facts are, of course, known to Your Holiness as a man famed for his compassion. However, we too aspire to that concern and anxiety for a world beset by such desperate problems. We wish to do all that is within our power to create valid conditions of life and ensure a more just distribution of all resources. All that we do in this context, is done in the knowledge that the earth is finite, and cannot sustain indefinite population growth.

Some of us also, Your Holiness, are sincere Christians, who believe that never before have we so needed to be good stewards of the whole of God's

Creation; that when man acts as procreator, he is accepting the greatest responsibility that he can ever bear; that the bringing of children into the world irresponsibly and thoughtlessly is a tragic and sinful deed; that whilst one function of marriage ought to be the conception of children, at other times it is right and proper that contraception be used responsibly and effectively, in ways which express and cement the love which each marriage partner has for the other.

Your Holiness, we respect your deep concern for the institution of marriage, and the integrity of married life. But we have been saddened to learn of the document to world hierarchies from the Vatican's Committee for the Family, promoting a campaign during World Population Year which, amongst other things, strongly opposes the principles and practice of effective family planning and gives support to the more extreme views held in some sections of the Catholic Church.

We are saddened also by the complete misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the motives and intentions of many of those in the world-wide voluntary family planning movement. We have become accustomed to campaigns against this work, often marked by crude vilification and denunciation. We cannot but be sorry that the Holy See has chosen to extend this campaign, and that a Church which has so often complained of misrepresentation should put itself in the position of being considered guilty of the same fault.

We would plead that this issue be considered and that the role of the individual conscience in seeking the right path, which you have stressed, Sir, be made truly meaningful and not just an empty phrase. This can only be done by the removal of obstacles to obtaining education about and the means of family planning that face so many. If this is not done, the right of parents everywhere to decide upon the number and frequency of their children will be a hollow right indeed.

Population CountDown believes that the spread of knowledge about family planning and the availability of effective contraceptive means are essential for improved family welfare and maternal health. This is especially important in many countries where contraception is not generally available and where many women resort to illegal abortion with tragic results. You will know, Sir, that such countries often have a high proportion of adherents to the Catholic Church.

We urge the case for your personal re-consideration of all the factors involved in this commitment by the Catholic Church to a retrograde and backward-looking philosophy. We ask this in the cause of responsible parenthood and individual family welfare; we ask it in deep concern for the present needs and problems of the peoples of the world; we ask it mindful of the claims of future generations.

I am Your Holiness's obedient servant,

RONALD DICK.

[Ronald Dick is Director of Population CountDown.]

AIMS OF INDUSTRY

by Reginald E. Dunstan

ONE feature of British society that differentiates it from other Western countries is its persistent tendency to divide off horizontally.

We are divided from each other by accent. People who speak with one dialect of English—the currently accepted 'standard' English—tend to get more respect than those who speak with vestiges of regional accents. Standard English is a difficult thing to define; there are even nuances within it, and it changes from generation to generation, but if you don't have it, whatever it is, you face life with a handicap—unless, of course, you are a pop artist or a trendy fashion designer.

Politics—give or take the odd few gentlemen speaking standard English, the Wedgwood Benns, Michael Foots and Anthony Croslands, who feature in the Labour hierarchy—also divide off horizontally. It is 'us' against 'them'; the working class against, once, the landlords, and now, the bosses. This is a characteristic of our politics Americans find hardest to understand; in the USA you can meet working men Republicans and tycoon Democrats, and in consequence their government has a certain stability by contrast with ours which vacillates from revolution to revolution each time there is a change of party in office.

In the States there is more or less general agreement that a healthy and prosperous business community operates to the benefit of all. Here the conviction, in a large part of society at least, is that it works to the advantage of the few, and the sooner they are deprived of those advantages the better.

The British are strong on tradition, and it may be that our devil is that we can't forget the upheaval in our society the Industrial Revolution brought all those generations ago, when starving peasants deserted their cottages to flood into the towns to work long hours in the new factories and to huddle —but perhaps drier, warmer and a mite better fed—in housing that wasn't ready for a rapid growth in population. When they stopped being glad of work and being able to eat regularly, the new proletariat began to be resentful. As the Nineteenth Century advanced resentment grew, was fanned, and became organised. Some workers began to demand nationalisation of their industry. In the new era, the workers would own their jobs—'buses for the busmen', as Herbert Morrison put it—and the prime purpose of economic activity would be to provide and perpetuate employment.

Employers, on their part, were still rugged individualists, unorganised, secure in their authority. They showed little realisation of the flood that was building up, a flood which was to threaten to engulf capitalism and the free enterprise they exercised. The confidence in their own positions which stopped them seeing the strength of the developing challenge of the philosophy of the noble working class was likely to lull them into letting their own case go by default.

The need to explain the philosophy of free enterprise was realised almost too late in the day. At this point Aims of Industry was conceived. Its role was to explain what free enterprise was really about, what it meant to everyone, how it worked and what its problems were.

If Aims could have concentrated, and with sufficient resources, on spreading understanding of free enterprise, it might have been able to go some way towards bridging the horizontal divide and getting more people to see that we really all have one common interest in the wellbeing of industry.

But time was not on the side of a calm and unhurried programme of education. Forces hostile to free enterprise gained political power and began demolishing the system. Aims of Industry found itself fighting a fire-brigade action against the inroads of the State.

As a voice for free enterprise industry, Aims was a small voice against the organised power of at least two political parties and a trade union mass movement largely committed to taking ownership out of traditional hands and putting it into those of the State. But the reaction from those forces, their resentment that free enterprise should dare to speak up for itself, would suggest that disagreement with their views represented a major and dangerous irritation.

'He who is not with me is against me.' If Aims opposes some things Labour does, then Aims must be Conservative, so the Left reasons. Politically-minded people have a way of seeing things like that, in black and white, or red and blue. They cannot understand that it is possible to be uncommitted. It is hard to avoid being given a label in the two-party system we have most of the time, which saddles the main political parties with a ragbag of policies all of which may not be acceptable at any given moment to all their supporters. Aims operates in a political atmosphere, a condition none of us can avoid if we discuss matters political. But that is not the same thing as being party political. Aims opposes uncompromisingly anything Labour does to the disadvantage of private industry, but it is not involved in any debate about Labour's social or foreign policies. And, since Conservative Governments sometimes do surprisingly uncharacteristic things to private enterprise, Aims has been known to annoy Tory Ministers.

This organisation has been called a pressure group. It is a description of which no one should be ashamed. Pressure groups, putting forward the claims of groups in society, are a fundamental part of democracy. Practically the only pressure groups we hear about in countries like Russia, where the word democracy is a mockery, are those that are trying to get out.

Pressure groups can be successful in having policies changed or even dropped. They can influence politicians if they speak insistently and seem to represent a substantial section of the public. They can influence public opinion; but whether they can be decisive in elections is an open question. The voting public is mercurial; the weight of its vote swings from side to side as elections come along. Often the electorate seems to be voting against a Government it is tired of, rather than for a party which has won its enthusiasm. In that kind of situation a Government which does not impress can be the opposition party's best election ally.

When people ask what Aims of Industry has achieved, critics could point to the fact that a party with an obstinate conviction that the State should be the only entrepreneur still manages to win elections when its next turn for power comes around; but friends of Aims might argue that elections tend to be fought on one or two diversionary issues, among which words like nationalisation seldom figure largely. The fact that policies of nationalisation and new permutations of State control are now being offered on an even more vigorous scale than ever, after Aims of Industry has spent three decades hammering away at the theme that free enterprise is best, could bring on a mood of defeatism in a less-dedicated group of people. But the very opposite has happened. The stronger the political threat, the more aggressive becomes Aims's campaigning.

In the first election of 1974, Aims-sponsored advertisements in the national press asked questions like, 'Well, why shouldn't Labour's faceless men take over your company?', went on to give some reasons why not, and warned, 'Don't let them wreck British industry'. 'A catastrophe for you as well as British industry', said an advertisement illustrated by a picture of a family bound up in tape.

Some businessmen have been known to be less than happy at this kind of brash campaigning. By and large, businessmen want to be left alone to run their businesses, and the last thing they seek is to be involved in politics. Sometimes they give an appearance of thinking that if they keep very, very quiet the threat will go away. But at last the extreme nature of the revived urge to nationalise and impose State control has induced something like desperation even in some of the more establishment-orientated business leaders. The result has been a bonus for Aims of Industry.

People who thought in the past that it was a little vulgar to present a case aggressively appeared to sense at last that they had reached the last ditch. Aims found itself getting support from unexpected quarters, and as a consequence its capacity to battle for what it sees as its cause has reached a peak never experienced in the organisation's history before.

Within weeks, or it may be days, battle will be joined. The outcome could be a Government with sufficient majority to stay in power for the next four to five years. On what kind of Government we elect will depend the fate of free enterprise in this country.

It is a cliché of our postwar politics to pronounce every election result to be either the death of socialism or of free enterprise. So far, it has never been that end of socialism which jubilant Tories have been wont to proclaim when the vote has gone their way. On the contrary, a little extra measure of socialism has been left behind each time the Government changed from Left to Right; its insidious advance has been nibbling away at free enterprise. State industry has been accepted as a fact of life; the mixed economy has come to be looked on as a 'natural' condition. And private industry has been made to work within controls that have affected its investment plans and its profitability—but without, so far, actually dictating absolutely what they shall be.

The difference this time is that the advance of socialism could stop being

insidious and become dramatic. It is the view of Aims of Industry that it is not just the freedom of entrepreneurs to run their business with no more interference than is socially necessary that is involved—though the right to earn a living by trading is surely one of the oldest basic freedoms. The issue is one of the wider freedom of the community, of the individuals in it whether as wage earners or customers. When the State and not the market steers the economic activity of a country, control inevitably expands into most aspects of the citizens' daily lives.

Aims of Industry acknowledges that business does have social responsibilities, and has published its own summary of the seven principles on which a responsible free enterprise company is conducted. It would concede Parliament's right to provide a framework of law for the conduct of business, if only because rules that apply to all fairly do not hamper the competitive scope of one firm relative to another. But it is going far beyond this when politicians demand the right to decide companies' investment and employment policies.

The dogma of State control has recently developed a new direction which is alarming in its implications: that of trade union control—'unionocracy', Aims has called it. The Labour Party has not only been showing its true character as a trade union pressure group, which is what it was established to be, but is re-interpreting the phrase in Clause 4, the part of its constitution which stamps socialism on it, about 'common ownership', to mean 'buses for the busmen'. The trend of policy has gone beyond the Continental model of having workers on the supervisory boards of large companies—which, it could be argued, is a form of democracy—to a rejection of direct representation of workers in the company in favour of equal representation of trade unions.

Continental experience is that workers come to regard their representatives on the board as just another kind of 'them'. But they would have even less sense of participation when trade unions outside the firm appoint the 'workers' representatives' on the board. All that would happen, in fact, is that the unions, which already have immense power over the health of the economy, would be given practically totalitarian power, and then Mussolini's corporate state would be well and truly here. The voting system in some powerful trade unions has resulted in Marxists being elected by small minorities to key policymaking posts. It isn't difficult to imagine what their approach to management of a capitalist company would be.

Not that Aims of Industry is against workers' participation of any kind. It believes that there should be as much consultation as possible, and that care should be taken to keep workers informed about what is going on in the company. That falls far short of having the workers—let alone trade unions—actually run the company. Aims believes that consultation should evolve naturally to suit circumstances in individual companies, not be imposed to a rigid pattern.

The threat from the Left will only become reality if the result of the coming election goes one way. The outcome may not be so certain as it

might have appeared to be two months or so ago. There might, in fact, be another stalemate, with a balance of power situation and the party forming the Government having to take a middle of the road course acceptable to the greatest number. That may be the nearest we can hope to get in the foreseeable future to the situation that would best allow the country to get on with its affairs. That situation would be one where there is a truce to class warfare, where government is no longer based on ideology and dogma dressed up as rational economics; where the motivation of a major party's ambitions is no longer hate, revenge, jealousy and punishment.

[Reginald E. Dunstan, Editorial Director of Aims of Industry, was a newspaperman before joining Aims of Industry 27 years ago to edit its magazine, *Voice of Industry* (no longer published). He has studied economics, and has written consistently on business and industry, nationalisation and State control, and other policy issues.]

HONEST MONEY

by Richard Body

WHEN Mr. Heath allowed himself to be persuaded in 1972 to expand the money supply by 24 per cent and in 1973 by another 26 per cent, a proportionate rate of inflation was found to follow after the two years' time lag that invariably exists before the full impact is felt. Now in 1974 we are paying for the mistake—or was it something else?—of 1972, but we should also be making plans to avert, as best we can, the disasters of 1975, when the 1973 error is compounded.

There is, needless to say, a limit to the efficacy of any such plans. They must be founded upon a warning to the public of what is likely to happen and, couched in frank and honest language, the reasons why they are necessary. Yet where is the leader who will speak in this language? For a long time now an addiction to inflation has been too much in the interests of the politician. Since the early 1950s members of both parties in power have been advocates of a low rate of inflation—say 2 per cent or 3 per cent —as being inducive to growth and a means of ensuring a gradual improvement in the standard of living for the great majority. Such minorities as pensioners can be compensated every few years by a benevolent State raising their fixed income, usually by an amount that enables them to leapfrog over the others; and it is a transitory benefit that can be a useful preliminary to a General Election.

The political art would be a much simpler matter than it is if the contrivances of government could succeed decade after decade in overcoming the economic laws. The latter have a certain knack in taking their revenge. Twelve months hence it will be revealed to us how nasty and brutish the revenge is to be—and how catastrophic the decisions of 1972 and 1973.

For two reasons we cannot console ourselves with the thought that other countries will suffer as much. More than a third of the human race, living in Communist societies, find themselves protected from the evil of inflation; their governments balance their budgets and keep the currencies stable. Of the rest of the world's population, the only fair comparison with ourselves can be made with those who live in countries that are members of O.E.C.D. There are twenty-four of them; and at the present time the indications are that we will emerge with the worst rate of inflation. If these prove accurate and a world recession follows, our fate will be at least as grim as that of any other nation in O.E.C.D.

The second reason concerns the Third World. Far from being the victims of 'imported' inflation, there is ample evidence to show that we are the villains who are exporting it elsewhere, and especially to the developing countries with whom we trade. The price of anything, whether home produced or imported, depends upon whether a willing buyer can afford to pay a willing seller; if the former has more cash or credit available than his competitor he can succeed in out-bidding him. Thus when one developed country expands its money supply more than the others, its buyers go into

the world market with an advantage denied to their rivals.

While it is true that a balance of payments deficit is disinflationary in that the outflow of funds reduces demand, it equally increases demand in other countries. Our present deficit, now at the rate of no less than £4,500,000,000 a year, is adding to the export of inflation of which we are guilty. A year ago when our own rate of inflation and balance of payments deficit were both at half the present rates, Professor Alan Walters of the London School of Economics showed in *International Currency Review* that we were exporting inflation at the rate of 4 per cent; a very much larger rate must now be presumed.

But let us think kindly of our political leaders: let us declare the existence of a latter-day Xenophanes. How will he begin to reveal the truth to us? His starting-point must be the profligate expenditure of the Government since 1970. Whether one examines it in real or percentage terms, the ever upward rise has been at an astonishing speed. Worse than that, it has not been matched by an increase in revenue. Mr. Roy Jenkins, as outgoing Chancellor of the Exchequer, left behind Budget proposals that made possible a surplus of revenue over expenditure of £580 millions for the year 1969-70. The new Conservative Government had the agreeable desire to reduce taxation, but no will to reduce expenditure by a similar amount. The deficits mounted year by year: in 1970-71, it was £617 millions; in 1971-72 £1,336 millions; in 1972-73 £2,855 millions; in 1973-74 £4.276 millions. If those figures lack eloquence, the last one is the equal for that year, of all receipts from V.A.T., plus all duties on cigarettes and tobacco, plus all duties on beer, wines and spirits, plus all import levies, plus all death duties, plus all Capital Gains Tax plus another £17 millions. To double all those items would—notionally—have avoided the massive deficit.

The gap was made good as in the three previous years by the 'Net Borrowing Requirement'. It is not an unfair oversimplification to describe that as an euphemism for printing money. The Treasury denied that they were doing anything so dishonest and pointed to a quite modest increase in the money supply. The definition they used was M_1, the narrowest of those used, namely cash plus current deposits. If there is still any truth in the old adage that money is what money does, one would treat any opinion based upon such a definition with considerable reserve. Every day, shopping apart, the great majority of commercial transactions are conducted without cash; and the larger they are the more likely money, in the M_1 sense, is avoided. But the 1970s are a particularly unsuitable time to rely upon a definition in which current account balances are so important a component part. An increasing rate of inflation makes the holding of a current account steadily more unprofitable: in 1973 a current account lost ten per cent of its value. This has meant that people—especially business managers—have reduced their current accounts and transferred them to interest-bearing deposits. Every time that has happened the Treasury computer has indicated a fall in inflation!

There may not be any very satisfactory description of money, but one much wider than M_1 is essential. The Treasury, in its wisdom, continues

with a dearth of data; others argue that M_3, the widest, is the least unreliable. The latter includes that kind of money that the Government has used to enable it to pay its debts in the last three years.

We are all at liberty to borrow money: the greater our assets, the better our reputation, the more readily we are believed able to repay and the longer we are likely to live, the more we can borrow. It is those very criteria that enable the Government to borrow the most. The simplest and most convenient method of borrowing is to issue an I.O.U. Few of us can, but the Government can do so on a massive scale. Treasury Bills, as Government I.O.U.s are called, are sold to the banks who are only too pleased to accept them as they increase their own reserve base and enable them to expand the credit they allow others to a multiple of some sevenfold. Thus the more the Government borrows the more—perhaps seven times more—easy it is for the rest of us to persuade the bank manager to lend us some money. Very little new money in the form of £ notes and coins is necessary when the money supply is inflated in this way. If the Government borrowed all of its deficit of £4.276 million with the aid of Treasury Bills, the multiple of seven would enable the kindly bank managers to lend, in theory at least, £600 to every man, woman and child fortunate enough to live in the United Kingdom. In practice it means that an affluent minority can have a very useful advantage over everyone else. Between the day when the Government borrows in this way and the time when the inflated money stock is diffused through the economy, about two years will elapse. Thus the general level of prices in 1974 is governed by the policies of 1972.

Having duly confessed on behalf of the politicians that this, and this alone, is the cause of inflation, Xenophanes, ever impatient with the old mythology, will turn his attention to prices and incomes policies. Eleven have been tried by successive British Governments since 1945: none has succeeded in the targets set. Except for the Macmillan Plateau of 1956, each one has fixed a norm for wage increases and each one has been exceeded. This would be no surprise to Xenophanes, for his namesake of many years B.C. would have been aware of the numerous failures known even then to economic historians.

It was before the birth of Mr. Scanlon that economists noted that wages were a price—the price of labour—and that as the price of anything depends upon what a willing buyer is willing to pay, the more money one puts in the way of a buyer the more prices will rise. It may be good politics to ascribe higher wages to militant and monopolistic trade unions (and both major parties have, albeit for different reasons, an interest in this piece of mythology), but it is bad economics. Obviously, a powerful trade union may secure for its members higher wages. The employer will agree if unworried by competitors in the home market or exporters in other countries. This lack of competition is one of the reasons why most of the wage disputes are in the nationalised industries, and union leaders try to take the maximum advantage of this lack of competition. The other reason is that union leaders will laugh in the face of the chairman of any nationalised industry who claims he cannot afford to pay the rise because he demurs from asking

the Government to foot the bill.

No matter how Mr. Scanlon may be portrayed, he can only put up the price of the labour offered by members of his union. He cannot put up prices generally; to do that there must be a concomitant increase in purchasing power, i.e. money, and only the Government has the power to permit that increase. This is not to deny that higher wages will lead to higher prices. Indeed they do, but the consumer then spends more of his income on the articles that have risen in price and less on others or he decides to buy less in quantity of the dearer articles and the same on the others. Whatever his decision, his pattern of consumption must change unless he also secures for himself a higher income. And higher incomes all round are quite impossible unless the Government co-operates by 'printing the money'.

Let me interpose a personal recollection. When I first became a candidate for Parliament in 1948 in a mining constituency, miners were the high paid élite; and the first £5 note I ever saw was in the hand of a miner as he paid for a round of drinks. Secretaries in London were then paid a fraction of a miner's wage and I can vouch for the fact—as others can—that in less than twenty years a secretary in the House of Commons has had a twelve-fold increase in salary. If miners had been as 'unionised' or as 'militant' or as 'willing to hold the country to ransom', etc., their incomes would now be between £200 and £300 a week.

One other word needs to be said about so-called wage inflation. 'Take-home' pay is what really concerns the trade unionists as it does anyone else. In 1948 take-home pay for all who received wages and salaries was 59 per cent of the total national income. Unfortunately the 1973 percentage is not available, but for 1972 it was down to 56.1 per cent. At no time in the intervening years has it been 60 per cent, the highest were 1955 and 1956 when it was 59.9 per cent. The lowest was 55.1 per cent in 1971. Perhaps one should not read too much into these percentages, but one certain fact is the percentage of the national income going in 'take-home' pay is remarkably constant, notwithstanding the rise of trade union power throughout the same period.

If an incomes policy fails—as all such policies have failed for several thousand years—ought it not to be retained for reasons of psychology to underline to the nation the plight of our economy? Or, putting it less tactfully, might we not hold on to an incomes policy as a face-saver for those who have repeated so tediously that only Phase III could save us from our doom? Xènophanes will not tolerate such sophistry. Loud and clear will he warn us that inflation destroys society. Our society is being destroyed. Part, and an essential part, of the destruction, is the class warfare that inflation inflames. The flames turn now: there is a bitterness between sections of society that did not exist even two years ago. It is audible and also visible to those who mix especially within two quite wide brackets of our society. There are the Bexleyheath mortgagors who seethe with resentment every time a Scanlon or a Jones invades their sitting-rooms in black and white to announce demands for a wage increase commensurate with their mortgage repayments. All the talk of wage norms and differentials that inevitably

flow from any state control of incomes serves to divert their attention from the root cause of inflation, and thus their own decline in relative standards. The other bracket is numerically wider than that of *les nouveaux pauvres* of the inner suburbs. It would be difficult to calculate the damage done by that few who make fortunes by, as it is assumed, shuffling pieces of paper around the City; and when news of what they do with the money they make is diffused by the media to the millions of homes where a few hundred £s from bingo or the pools is counted as riches (and to them ethically no different) one cannot be surprised if some small percentage of those millions feel society is so unjust as to warrant their aggression. These merchants who traffic in assets are part of the Trotskyite scenario written years ago. Unfortunately, when the scenario comes to life, the author and his latter-day disciples are entitled to be listened to. Yet, of course, it is only in the hot-house of rampant inflation that such weeds of the City can fructify. These should be reasons enough to jettison a failure that, even now, is ripping apart the unity of a people.

Xenophanes is honest and humble. His honesty will tell the British people that Governments, and no-one else, are the creators of inflation; and their policy is the sole determinant of the degree of inflation or deflation we experience. His humility will make him confess to what has been done by successive Governments. Such qualities debar him from advocating or wishing unemployment but they will prompt him to warn us all that unless we strike now at the roots both inflation and unemployment will be massive, ugly and cruel.

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EDMUND BLUNDEN: POET OF COMMUNITY

by J. E. Morpurgo

IN the months since Edmund Blunden died, men of great distinction have paid tribute to his genius as poet, critic, biographer, teacher, memorialist of a generation and, above all, to that quality which those of us who knew him prize beyond all knowledge of his artistry or all confidence in the durability of his literary reputation: his wondrous gift for friendship. They have spoken with eloquence, written with elegance—and always with affection and gratitude—for Britain, for Japan, for Hong Kong, for the whole corporation of letters.

The celebration of his connection with Christ's Hospital is seemingly a humbler duty but, because Blunden responded with such munificence to the inspiration that he drew from the tradition of the school in which he was educated, the domestic nature of this tribute is immediately enlarged and becomes in some measure an explanation of the writer, a reiteration of the purposes for which he worked and, even, a plea for the perpetuation of his services.

Individuals, places, institutions: to these Blunden gave loyalty and for him loyalty was never fettered by chronology. He was not so much traditionalist as apostle of continuity, no less active in the encouragement of the future than in the preservation or restoration of the past. He was above all things the poet of community and, though his devotion to Christ's Hospital was direct it was also symbolical; it was for him emphatic in a vast metaphor which embraced his total dedication to his task. By concentrating upon the intimate—be it Christ's Hospital, a country village or a platoon of infantrymen—he presented the universal, by dwelling upon the parochial he demonstrated the synoptic.

When, in 1909, Edmund Blunden entered Christ's Hospital and was listed among the boys joining the house named after Samuel Taylor Coleridge the gods on Parnassus must have congratulated themselves on their magnificent prescience. True, the odds were high that the fluttering hands of prophecy would contrive some link between the name of Blunden and the name of one or other of his great literary precursors. For three and a half centuries products of Edward VI's 'dede of pittie' had denied the poverty of their childhood origins by the richness of their adult achievements. Many had risen high in the service of State and Church; one, Edmund Campion, so high in the service of the 'wrong' church that he had been beatified by Rome. Others had won great wealth. Blues had been prominent among the pioneers who unrolled the maps of Canada, New Zealand, and Australia. The Indian Empire, the Russia of the Czars and the United States of the Founding Fathers all owed something to men who had once been Bluecoat boys. Yet, despite all this diversity of notability, when at about the time of Blunden's birth, Christ's Hospital planned the move from its ancient home in the heart of the City of London to the middle of the Sussex Weald and

planned also to exchange austerely numbered 'wards' for the proud proclamation of residential houses named after the school's greatest sons the response to the especial genius of the Foundation was inevitable. Five of the eight houses were called after men of letters, a sixth was left without eponym, as if waiting upon the time when royal anger would fade and James Henry Leigh Hunt could be given his due.

Blunden was to devote much of his rare skill to the celebration of those who had come before him to Christ's Hospital. No critic did more than he to hold the fame of Charles Lamb against bustling changes in public taste. His devotion to the cause of Leigh Hunt was just as sturdy and had it not been for his advocacy it is doubtful if the reputation of that bold journalist and most perspicacious of editors could have survived the libels of Dickens and the persistent antagonism of the high priests of the Byron cult. (It was a coincidence but a coincidence much to Blunden's liking that he came eventually to Printing House Square where his sensitive ear could still catch echoes of the voice of yet another of the patronal Blues, Thomas Barnes, the editor who first put thunder into the tones of *The Times*.)

Despite these subsequent connections created out of affection and respect and honoured by his loving criticism the early conjunction of Blunden and Coleridge was even more apt than would have been an oracular hyphen between his name and that of Lamb, of Leigh Hunt or of Barnes.

Like Lamb, Blunden was born a Londoner but for him London could never be what it was for Elia, the centre and circumference of his spirit. ('These are thy pleasures, O London with-the-many-sins. For this may Keswick and her giant brood go hang!') Although he spent some of the happiest years of his life in the East, and is in Hong Kong and Japan remembered with admiration and love that comes close to reverence, Blunden never coveted and never achieved the cosmopolitanism which came to Leigh Hunt through American and West Indian parentage. Wherever he found himself, be it in London or Oxford, the Orient or even on the blood-soaked battlefields of Flanders, like Coleridge Blunden remained unshakeably and unmistakeably a son of the English countryside—he himself would have used the honourable, evocative and precise description: an English yeoman.

Blunden responded eagerly to that early prompting from the name of Coleridge: the very first book that he bought for himself was a collection of Coleridge's poems. His consciousness of affinity with the greatest of Blues was heightened when, in the last year of his schooldays, like Coleridge before him, he became head of the school, Senior Grecian. In his adult years Blunden was modest, almost to a fault. Not the Hawthornden Prize, not the frequent reprintings of *Undertones of War*, not even his election to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford could persuade him to become a public personality and, though his undramatic nature enhanced the affection in which he was held by his friends, it may be that his reticence denied to him a measure of prominence such as some of his contemporaries won too easily merely by becoming pundits. His braggart moments he reserved for the most part for reminiscences of cricket and even of these cherished

performances when he presented a reprise it was always of himself as First Gravedigger to some far nobler Hamlet, as when he told of the time when he had fielded to the bowling of Percy Fender or of that even more glorious occasion when he had guarded the other end whilst Keith Miller scored a century. But that he had been Senior Grecian, for this grandeur in his youth there was no modesty and even forty years after he had left school he would allow himself the conceit that thus he had established his eternal seniority even over Lamb and Leigh Hunt who had been superannuated as mere Deputy Grecians. Almost it made him the equal of his superb predecessor.

There was pride but not vanity in Blunden's acceptance of his inheritance. He was too much an original—and too modest—to attempt imitation but the affinity with Samuel Taylor Coleridge is palpable in much of Blunden's verse and prose. Poet answered to poet, scholar to scholar, countryman to countryman, Blue to Blue. The genius that had gone before he honoured in lectures, essays, poems and innumerable allusions. Even, because Blunden was deeply conscious that to be an heir carries with it responsibilities to enlarge the heritage, he varied themes that echoed from Coleridge, resetting them according to the mode which reflected his own generally happier life. Thus in his essay *Sussex,* Blunden, who entered Christ's Hospital after the move from London had made the Weald into the school's back-garden, holds in subtle reminiscence *Frost at Midnight:*

> "But O! how oft
> How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
> Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars."

and in his own delight at the close harmony between school and country turns a key to free a spirit 'pent mid cloisters dim':

> When I went to the Bluecoat School it had not long been newly built in a then sleepy corner of the country. It was, and is, fortunate in its neighbourhood. It lies in the lowland, yet with its near variety of wood and hill, its further prospects of heights and blue horizons . . .

The bars that had warded Coleridge against all things 'lovely but the sky and stars' Blunden magicked into the gates that stood, forever opened and unhindering, on the road that led to Shelley Wood and so on into the 'fairy wilderness'. And mischievously—by the use of a pun—the bells that long ago proclaimed only homesickness to the young Coleridge

> . . . as oft
> With unclosed lids, already have I dreamt
> Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
> Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
> From morn to evening . . .

now in Blunden's prose are pealed again to proclaim across the Weald, not loneliness, separation and restriction, but freedom and a sense of communion between school and the world outside the gates:

> The chiming name of Chanctonbury was ever with us, and the ring often beckoned us southwards.

A full-length history, a pageant, several essays, a number of poems, allusions innumerable, and enthusiastic and energetic collaboration in the

compilation of the volume which celebrated the Christ's Hospital Quatercentenary—all this he contrived to present to his contemporaries and to pass on to subsequent generations the useful ethos of Christ's Hospital; all this and his several books on Lamb and Leigh Hunt. It was a handsome return for the 'benefits that he had received in this place', the most prolific even in the record of a foundation that has so often drawn celebrative literature from its celebrated literary sons and assuredly the most generous that any author in the whole canon of English letters has given to the place of his education. But the task that he had set himself was never completed; the symmetry which he planned for his career was tragically destroyed; his biography of Coleridge remained unfinished when the last illness struck.

Blunden's handsome interpretation of Christ's Hospital and his unselfish readiness to further the cause of community and continuity persuaded him to cherish those who followed him through Christ's Hospital into the literary life with the same generosity that he had devoted to his predecessors. Encouragement was part of his art. There is in one of his letters to the poet Keith Douglas (a Blue and one of Blunden's pupils at Merton) a passage which illustrates both Blunden's conviction that (in the words of yet another literary Blue, John Middleton Murry) through Christ's Hospital 'we are endowed with ancestors' and also his zeal for encouraging his juniors.

> We have had some pretty good poets [he wrote to Douglas in 1940], Peele Coleridge, Lamb, Hunt, but the line must be extended! and I think you can do it.

Many of us have reason to be grateful for Blunden's patronage. Too often he sacrificed his own opportunities to give us our chance but the readiness with which he thrust forward men younger and lesser than himself does help to explain the centrality of Blunden in the literary life of our times and, perhaps even more important, the manner in which this quiet, unassuming man became the creator and the heart of a great web of interlocking friendships which stretches out to all the continents.

Christ's Hospital was focal to his life and work, but his wisdom was too intense and his generosity too profuse to allow him to mistake symbol for totality. Others, less fortunate than us, he embraced into the community and often he would say of some friend, living or long-since dead when Blunden was born, 'He should be one of us', but his generosity was never soft and sometimes, for example, when told of an Old Blue who had denied his origins, he would spit out his distaste: 'We do not speak of him'—an echo of Leigh Hunt's dismissal of Edward Thornton:

> We have had an ambassador among us, but as he . . . is ashamed of us, we are hereby more ashamed of him, and accordingly omit him.

But malice—even when it was merited—did not come easily or often from Blunden. The enlargement of the community was more to his taste than the exclusion of offenders. There is logic in the circumstance that the first of his many acts of warm-hearted scholarship engineered a revival of the poetry of John Clare, for, like Blunden, Clare was a countryman and, though not a Blue, like all Blues he was born to deprivation. There is logic more immediate in Blunden's devotion to Shelley; even a rich aristocrat could be made 'one of us' if he was a neighbour, a man of Sussex, his

properties an easy walk away, his mother's home, Stammerham, actually within the school estate—and he himself sponsored for the brotherhood by Leigh Hunt. And as with Shelley, so also with William Collins; literary neighbourliness that stretched out so comfortably to Warnham was with no great difficulty enlarged to take in a scholar of Chichester Cathedral School.

The conjunction of Christ's Hospital and Sussex was for Blunden a happy coincidence. Sussex was in his bones and, though he moved later to the far Orient and settled eventually in East Anglia, Sussex was for him the first, the natural and the most enduring enlargement of the Bluecoat community. The major poet of Sussex and her minor versifiers he held in affection, but in Sussex he identified that other inheritance which combined with ancestors provided by Christ's Hospital to give him both privilege and responsibility.

> Names are vanished save the few
> In the old brown Bible scrawled;
> These were men of pith and thew,
> Whom the city never called.

By his own powers he made poets and scribblers long dead into contemporaries; through his own generosity he extended the courtesy of shared generation to men much younger than himself; but a hideous alchemy not of his own devising added a dimension to his community with the nameless, the unidentifiable men of Sussex, and for him made those ordinary men extraordinary and all-important. Within months of leaving school he was hurled into the midst of the most vicious war that mankind has ever inflicted upon itself. He went into battle with men who were drawn, most of them, from this county and with officers who were, some of them, also Blues. The intimacy of background sharpened the tragedy but it also gave additional depth to his compassion. His countryman's delight in the fecundity of his own Sussex informed his sorrow as he watched the destruction of Flanders:

> I have seen a green country, useful to the race,
> Knocked silly with guns and mines, its villages vanished,
> Even the last rat and kestrel banished—
> God bless us all, this was peculiar grace.

For him the guns were never silenced; over fifty years the bombardment of mind and spirit continued, yet, though protest and mourning were seldom absent from his conversation or from his writing, his reaction to war was of a different, and perhaps a nobler kind than that of most of his contemporary poets. Destruction, waste, futility, these things caused him pain, but above the discords he sang his lovely hymns. The grief was real but so was the optimism:

> O never dead! you live, your old songs yet
> Pass me each day, your faith still routs my dread,
> Your past and future are my parapet.

Blunden stayed for the rest of his days within earshot of Ypres and Hamel, 'haunted ever by war's agony'; he remained also for the rest of his days within the world-wide and timeless fraternity of soldiers. He had enlarged his community once more and when a second World War hurtled another generation into battle he served alongside that generation as if it were his own. He was by then too old to be a fighting man, though there

are many who remember him, in uniform once again, teaching map-reading to Oxford undergraduates, but his care for my contemporaries was never distant. I have among my collection of Blunden letters one which reached me in Italy as we were battering our way through the Gothic Line. It came as reply to a note of mine thanking him for a copy of *Cricket Country* (and like all his correspondence for its exquisite calligraphy merits a place in an exhibition-gallery as for its elegant construction it could go into any anthology of the art of the letter).

> Your writing to me from the battlefield and its godless precincts is a delightful kindness and I value highly such praise for my book on or around Cricket. It was a book written in the hope that it would help some whom the damn'd war was holding at distance.

But his greatest service between 1939 and 1945 was happily just what he would have wished for himself: he helped to extend the line. Firm in his faith that 'the fighting man in this as in other wars is at least the only man whom truth really cares to meet' he had taught younger men to continue as artists even whilst they managed as well as they could their temporary role as soldiers. It is part of a tribute to Blunden that one can claim that two of the finest and most sensitive books about the Second War, Keith Douglas's *Alamein to Zem Zem* and Douglas Grant's *The Fuel of the Fire,* were by authors who had been his pupils at Merton and that Keith Douglas was also a Blue.

Those of us who remember the man will hold that memory among our treasures for the rest of our days. For me, clear in my recollection is that first time I saw him, in my house-master's study at Christ's Hospital, small, quiet-voiced and mild-seeming, almost lost in the depths of an armchair, but awesome as the greatest living Old Blue and indeed the greatest man that I had ever met. I know still my amazement and delight that the winner of the Hawthornden, the author of *Undertones of War* was not merely listening to my idiot ambitions to follow the craft of letters, he was actually supporting my lunacy. Twenty years later I see him, earnest and eager, when I had him once on the field captaining a side that contained no fewer than six Test players in the annual festival of his twin gods, Literature and Cricket. And I know that I share with a privileged few particular delight in a mental picture; Blunden, his C.B.E. and his M.C. safety-pinned most unsafely to his dinner-jacket, as he drank his pint of beer in a City pub which we had made our rendezvous before passing on to the opulence of the Mansion House for the Christ's Hospital Quatercentenary Banquet. Those who were there will forever hear him talking as he talked then, of some obscure literary Blue of the distant past whose poetry, by quotation and praise, Blunden made more memorable than it should be, and talking too, as he talked then of one recently of our number whose batting was made even more elegant than it has ever been by Blunden's recounting.

The works that he added to the great tradition are for the centuries. The pride that comes with echoing—and enlarging—Blunden's phrase transcends the parochial. 'We have had some pretty good poets, Peele, Coleridge, Lamb, Hunt' . . . and Douglas. Edmund Blunden stands with the finest and

his imperative to continuity cannot be silenced:
But the line must be extended.

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The November number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Political Situation in India* by A. S. Raman; *Yitzhak Rabib: Prime Minister of Israel; A Profile* by Jeanette Miller; *The Singer as Actor* by Robin May and *Children and Homelessness* by Michael Locke.

VOICES OF THE LEFT

by Paul Rose

THE Summer Parliamentary Session came to an end with faint explosions from right and left in the wake of Roy Jenkins' charge for the centre ground. On the right flank of the opposition, reinforcements for their depleted numbers were being sought from the ranks of the Ulster Unionists. Such manoeuvres are the stuff of minority rule and the clear feeling that yet another deadlock may well result from an October election.

Labour has many causes for satisfaction, but the euphoria of February has given way to a more restrained mood. Among many backbench Members, particularly the new intake, there is a serious degree of disillusionment stemming from a number of causes, notwithstanding their optimism over the likely result of an autumn election. The younger Members are more demanding and their level of expectation is higher than at any time in the past. A passive role as lobby fodder in a legislature increasingly dominated by the Executive does not suit them. Some of them even hope privately for another inconclusive result to change the nature of Parliamentary politics: others are tired of having to govern by kind permission of Cyril Smith, Winnie Ewing or a bunch of backwoodsmen from Ulster. Among top Tories disenchantment with the life of an M.P. has led to numerous defections.

Until July the minority Government was given a pretty clear passage. Its swift action and immediate achievement in ending the three-day week and confrontation in industry were a confirmation of Mr. Heath's wrongheaded approach to this delicate sphere. In the field of rates, rents, pensions, food subsidies and taxation it tackled many of the glaring faults bequeathed to it and honoured popular parts of its programme.

There can be little doubt that as the prospect of a summer election receded, the Opposition became increasingly bold. The taunts of May turned into Government defeats in July as the Tories and other groups responded. The Press and business community became alarmed about their new bogeyman, Tony Wedgwood Benn. They misread the defection of Christopher Mayhew, turning a highly individual action by a longstanding outsider into an event of exaggerated significance. This welcome of a prodigal into the Liberal ranks had a faintly hilarious ring as one pictured Liberal lassies celebrating in some suburban areas where he was about as popular as the late President Nasser!

However, votes did begin to go the wrong way, and there is little doubt that most backbenchers with reasonably safe seats would have applauded the views of Bob Mellish and Michael Foot in their expressed desire for an early election. At the same time, the symbolic Royal Assent to the Trade Union and Labour Relations Bill was a prize that had yet to be brought home. Meanwhile the age-old Irish situation was causing dismay by Whitsuntide and there was no let-up in our balance of payments and inflation problems.

Rifts appeared over Jim Callaghan's very reasonable negotiating position

at Brussels. The more fanatical isolationists began to see the prospect of success in the negotiations. Fred Peart won his battle over agriculture and Italy showed that nothing in the Treaty of Rome prevented it taking measures to protect itself. The quite useful proposal for extending public ownership by Tony Benn became confused with the doctrinaire and intolerant behaviour manifested by a small group of backbenchers who were giving the *Tribune* group an unfortunate image. The problem was that the strident voices of this small but vociferous band could well be backed up at an Annual Conference dominated by a left wing that was not of the democratic left of the Labour Party. In this situation a group of a hundred Members was formed and fifty attended a meeting chaired by former Minister Cledwyn Hughes, one of those conspicuously dropped from the Front Bench following the Common Market vote.

The intention of this new 'moderate' grouping was to show that like the *Tribune* group, it too had muscle and was prepared to use it. Broadly, it comprised those elements who had successfully voted five out of six of the Liaison Committee into their positions as representatives of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

There were many, however, who share my view that the Labour Party itself is a good enough grouping other than in campaigns on specific issues. It is a Democratic Party in which grouping and factions have played an honourable role. However, the modern M.P. forms his view increasingly on the issue before him and even such groups as are in existence are loose conglomerates more related to past postures; fuelled by the injection of venom that has been one of the most unpleasant characteristics of a small number of Labour's post 1970 intakes. Lightweights to a man, it is their appeal outside Parliament that makes them a force to be reckoned with.

However ill-timed, therefore, Roy Jenkins' end of term speech at Haverfordwest eliciting wounded cries of 'splitter' and 'anti-Socialist', probably did a service in creating a well-balanced approach to the now emotive issue of public ownership.

Curiously, the differences are more of emphasis than of substance. Benn's critics are not concerned so much about what he says but the demagogic language in which he says it. Jenkins is criticised for his divisiveness, rather than for his viewpoint. The gulf is neither as wide nor as ideologically great as the rhetoric may suggest.

Most Labour Party members accept the case for extending the public area on a basis which is both practical and pragmatic. They are prepared to argue the case on, say, pharmaceuticals or shipbuilding and, indeed, their demand for a public stake in North Sea oil is a popular plank in the Party programme. There is, however, the temptation of indulging in appeals to militancy, the more so if one's support in the Parliamentary Party is shaky. Certainly, Benn's position on the Front Bench, shared with Peter Shore in a much narrower role, hardly equips him for the mould in which Messrs. Walker and Heath have cast him.

Labour's manifesto is quite anodine compared with the lurid scarlet rag held out to the bulls who feed from the *Daily Telegraph, Mail* or *Express.*

Power remains at the centre. The *Tribune* group had a remarkably high number of appointments to office, reflecting Harold Wilson's over-estimate of its influence. But so far only Eric Heffer has shown any teeth—some may say guts—in airing his deeply held views on Chile, which country he had visited in the previous year. Michael Foot, a conspicuous and outstanding success as Minister for Employment, has shouldered his task with a sense of responsibility that has harnessed radicalism and eloquence to the cause of compromise in industry. Stanley Orme has been an orthodox Minister of State for Northern Ireland, notwithstanding his blooding in the Campaign for Democracy in Ulster. Albert Booth has hardly been noticed, while such fringe Tribunites as John Silkin and Brian O'Malley are in any event closer to Harold Wilson than to the ever angry Dennis Skinner. Their teeth drawn, the group has moved away from the mainstream into semi-isolation.

The unlikelihood of a Conference this year, and certainly before an election, has strengthened the hand of the Cabinet. It is a Cabinet as experienced and balanced as any known since the war. The Prime Minister and Barbara Castle themselves built their reputation at Conference, and neither Messrs. Healey, Callaghan nor Crosland is unaware of its significance. But in office the Parliamentary Party and its leaders in Government have relatively more, although by no means ungoverned, powers. In Opposition, the N.E.C. and therefore such figures as Frank Allaun, Renee Short, Ian Mikardo or Joan Maynard play a more important albeit impotent role by the very fact by their being in opposition.

The result of all this is to say no more than we already knew. The Labour Party, like its opposite number, is a broad coalition. By nature, coalitions bring stresses and strains. However, the picture that emerges after the Mini Budget, the Housing Act and the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act, is one of a strong and energetic team. Outstanding have been Shirley Williams, Michael Foot, Tony Crosland, Denis Healey, Jim Callaghan and Roy Jenkins. The depleted Tory benches number Willie Whitelaw, Robert Carr and Sir Keith Joseph, but the loss of such figures as Boyle, Powell, Maudling and, above all, Iain Macleod, have left them with the whizz kids whose depth has not matched their speed. The Opposition performance has made little if any impact on the public.

However, like a turbulent river, the Labour Party runs on, with new currents and old, swirling, intermingling, dividing only to rejoin. Clear waters pour in and there remain stagnant shallows. Nonetheless, the tide seems to be in its favour with two sharp rapids to shoot. One is that galloping inflation will replace the dangerous canter of current rates. An autumn budget could stem that tide while minimising unemployment. It would also be a palatable pre-election appetiser. The other is that new tides of nationalism in Scotland and Wales may add to the groups unattached to the major parties. That perhaps, more than the Liberal challenge, could deprive Labour of its overall majority.

Internal dissension will only be of real significance in these situations. In the former, measures so unpalatable as to be unacceptable to large sections of the Labour Movement, could push Roy Jenkins into a role which his end

of term speech made possible. Even the divisive issue of the Market with a special conference called by the supporters of Shore and Benn, would do no more than make Labour look a little ridiculous, if it can command a majority in the House. In opposition it would slide into an increasingly isolationist and sectarian grouping for two or three years.

Realism and responsibility will dictate new attitudes by those in government. The irony is that the fiercest former opponents of Europe are doing so well in the bargaining.

But it is in the heart of the Parliamentary Party that future problems, pushed to one side by the forthcoming election, may erupt. Backbenchers are resentful of the nepotism and patronage that is elevating passive mediocrity over originality of thought or independence of mind. This feeling was demonstrated in the election for the Liaison Committee. The fate of such persons as Dick Mabon, David Marquand or Cledwyn Hughes is incomprehensible in the light of the more scandalous and grotesque appointments.

Many backbenchers are concerned at the power of kitchen cabinets in each ministry. Morale is reflected in poor attendance at subject groups and Party meetings. The charade at Question Time is no substitute for the solid work most Members would like to get their teeth into in meaningful committees with power to influence events.

They also find themselves frustrated by losing votes which they have stayed up half the night to register. They realise that in almost every advanced democracy, an overall majority has eluded the strongest social democratic parties. New ways of governing are required. I for one would prefer a minority Labour Government to the emotional luxury of sitting in judgment as an Opposition.

The siren voices of coalitionists and the strident voices of the dogmatists must be resisted equally. A new technique involving persuasion and inevitably some compromise would have to evolve.

It will not be easy for the Opposition to cast themselves in the role of wreckers. By the same token Labour would be required to devote more energy to propagandising and getting over a clearer understanding of its policies. That could be an asset in assisting the Party to move closer to the wider electorate.

In doing so, it will not necessarily move away from the hardcore activists or trade union militants who gave it such support in 1970. But it will have to leap beyond the 37% who voted for it. This will require the energies of that very strand which the leadership has most ignored in its appointments —who are closely in contact with a segment of the electorate which Labour badly needs.

Labour, in accepting this role, if it has so to do can still be a major reforming force. It will have to fight within new rules, not least of consultation before legislation. It will also have to fight on the terrain of reality in Europe. The initiative lost temporarily in July is likely to be firmly in its grasp by the time this article is published. But whether October yields a majority or a renewed minority status in government I have no doubt that

the summer session has taught the Party a great deal about the techniques of government in a modern Parliament. With the experience at its command it is unlikely that this extraordinarily able Cabinet will not have learned some of these lessons.

NEW FRONTIERS FOR THE SALVATION ARMY

by General Erik Wickberg

TIMES change, and in the hundred years or so The Salvation Army has been in existence it has needed to adapt its weapons and tactics to present-day needs. Like any other Christian movement we have an inbuilt caution about change; we have some nostalgia for 'the good old days', and for the 'old Founder', William Booth, who enlisted our Army in the heyday of the Victorian Era. For a time it seemed that our grand old man was to witness in his lifetime the fulfilment of his great passion to win the world for God. It seemed literally true as we sang, 'We are sweeping through the land . . . ', and as Salvationists obeyed their General's command to 'Go for souls and go for the worst', that the battle would be brief and victorious.

But it was not to be, and we might have been left with our Victoriana, and our memories of famous victories, like old Kaspar after Blenheim. A number of factors should save us from the obsolescence and irrelevance which overtake movements too deeply rooted in the past. One is that we have many articulate young people in our ranks. They come, with their long hair and their beards, into our colleges, to be trained as officers, and they are not over-hesitant in informing us that William Booth has departed and this is the Twentieth Century. One of the tasks of the General of the Army is to preserve a balance between the clamour of the young for experiment and change and the traditions, and love of the well-tried methods found in the older Salvationists.

Yet in fact that remarkable Booth family, and the devoted band of helpers they gathered round them to let loose the Army on the world, were strikingly un-conservative. Spurred on by a notable eccentric, William Booth's highly influential first Lieutenant, George Scott Railton, Booth was persuaded to try many extravagant and spectacular 'stunts' as some Anglican critics termed them. Booth had no deep roots in any particular Christian tradition. His Anglicanism had been marginal, and his foothold in Methodism not deep, although he had a high regard for John Wesley. His methods in founding the Army were empiric. 'Would it work?' he would ask. He tried food-shops for the poor, then closed them down when they created more problems than they solved. He was himself a preacher, and in favour of direct evangelistic methods for reaching the masses with the gospel. In tents, circus rings, old dance halls, disused pets' shops, railway arches and factories, he opened Salvation Army citadels which became centres of song, and music from brass bands. No need to give people soup, bread and shelter, he said. Get them 'saved' by religious conversion and all else would follow.

Yet when he saw men sleeping out in mid-winter he scolded his son Bramwell for social inactivity, and urged him to open hostels and start soup kitchens. The autocratic General, with the fierce temper and the rasping

voice, could reverse himself when it suited his purpose. He did not approve of women preachers and there might never have been lassie officers for Shaw to caricature in 'Major Barbara' if Booth's wife had not demonstrated, in a sort of *coup détat* one Whit-Sunday morning, that she was a better preacher than he!

It has been said that the tradition of The Salvation Army is to have no tradition. We have one great unchanging strategy, to fight the Christian battle, but how we do this is open to discussion and subject to change. This is not to say that we are not hindered here and there by a love of the old ways for their own sake, whether they are now relevant or not. Booth wanted his Army to be a fighting Army and that meant it would be resisted. The mob threw bad eggs at it, Thomas Huxley attacked it in *The Times* and the police turned a blind eye when hooligans maltreated Army people as they marched the streets.

But now, instead of magistrates committing Salvationists to prison, as they did, the magistrate is possibly a Salvationist. We are a highly respectable movement in these days. Booth might have complained, with Wellington, that his Army was 'the scum of the earth', and indeed it was in part a collection of drunks, wife-beaters, reformed criminals and erstwhile harlots.

Now our citadels have problems finding parking space for the cars of more or less affluent Salvationists; our people are on trade union executives; some are university dons and there is even an occasional millionaire. This ought not to matter, for it is basically irrelevant to the Christian commitment. Money is not the root of all evil, as so many people seem to believe from that oft misquoted Pauline statement in the New Testament. What he said was, 'The love of money is the root of all evil'. John Wesley lamented that his Methodists were losing their first love because their newly-found Christianity had made them thrifty, hard-working and reliable. Among the social consequences of this was that they were recruited into the middle-classes, and lost some of their taste for emotion, radicalism and any differences with the Establishment.

This problem is one which affects us acutely. We are well dug in, in Japan, but when we exposed and attacked prostitution in Tokyo we had to suffer physical violence and extreme official displeasure. We lost many supporters in the United States because we gave our backing to Prohibition. In Britain, in the famed Maiden Tribute case, Bramwell Booth stood with W. T. Stead in the Old Bailey charged with procuring a child for immoral purposes, though it was done to show that the law was being ignored. *The War Cry* printed Salvationist disapproval of the gambling activities of the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. We have stated our disapproval of apartheid, and of colour prejudice in other countries where this is an issue. We will not hold shares in armaments, in the drink trade, or even in tobacco companies; and we have not hesitated to attack permissiveness on the part of the Government in 'liberalising' divorce laws, abortion, gambling and other injurious legislation.

We have been affected by the rising standards of education. One of our pioneers, Cadman, a tiny man who climbed up chimneys as a sweep's

assistant, could not read or write and had to be taught after his enlistment to Booth's Army. He played a leading role in our Men's Social Service, where the fact that he was but semi-literate did not prevent him proving to be a gifted leader. One of his provisions was the 'coffin bed', a box with straw mattress into which London's homeless men were bundled in their hundreds; among the clientele being Francis Thompson and W. H. Davies, the tramp poet.

Now most of our social centres must be run by professionally qualified officers, local authority and Government grants being conditional upon diplomas or degrees; the Bible mixed with Sigmund Freud. William Booth would have been surprised by that. And we have had to learn to use a long spoon as we sit with Government officials who insist that we must not 'evangelise or proselytise'. Fair enough; they are the suppliers of the money: we are the servants of the needy. But no one can stop us from being what we are—soldiers of Christ! Under such restrictions we find that Emerson was correct, 'What you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say'.

While The Salvation Army is one organisation, it is allowed wide tactical freedom. The other side of the Iron Curtain we have either been proscribed, or had our operations severely curtailed. In what might be termed the Third World we work in conditions agreeable to us in many ways, conditions which might have been encountered by Salvationists in Britain seventy-five years ago. But in what are called the advanced countries, the motor car has made our open-air work much more difficult and sometimes far less efficient. The cinema, television and radio compete with us for the time and the interest of people. William Booth took his converts and soldiers to Southend, by special trains, for one shilling return, including a meal, holding mammoth open-air meetings on the beach and not forgetting to take up the collection. But now the car takes the family away from us and often on a Sunday. Our own people take continental holidays, in highly sophisticated environments, where our commitment to guard against the perils of worldliness is severely tested. Even our vocabulary is put to the test. What a critic termed 'religious terrorism': the threats of hell-fire, the warning of the Judgement Day and the fear of death, no longer intimidate in this violent world. What we must preserve is the message. Semantics do not matter beside that.

We certainly have a problem in the widespread idea that we exist to alleviate acute social deprivation, and that the need for us diminishes as the egalitarian and affluent societies arrive. But in my own country, Sweden, The Salvation Army has an important role in ministering to people whose standard of material life is high. This is true also in parts of the United States, and notably in New Zealand, where it could be said an urban proletariat does not exist.

We were not founded to rescue fallen women, house the homeless and care for delinquent girls. When William Booth exclaimed, in his most remembered words, 'Go for souls and go for the worst' he was not saying 'go for the down-and-outs, the unmarried mothers, the alcoholics and the drug addicts'. These are included but no one is excluded. Sin is not a social

condition; it is a state of mind and heart. It knows no class distinctions. In some countries we have encountered strong resistance to this proposition. But we cannot be manoeuvred into this false position and indeed must not be. While we serve those in need, and preach on street corners, even sing sometimes the not-so-fashionable words, 'Rescue the Perishing', we are mindful that the man in the penthouse, the luxury flats, the rural retreat, needs to be saved also. Christ died for all sorts and conditions of men.

[General Erik Wickberg was the ninth International Leader of The Salvation Army, being elected to that post in July, 1969. A new General, Commissioner Wiseman, of Toronto, has been elected, and took up his position when General Wickberg relinquished his command on July 5th, 1974.]

AYUB KHAN, 1907-1974—SOLDIER OF EMPIRE, STATESMAN OF COMMONWEALTH

by John E. Owen

WITH the death in April of General Mohammad Ayub Khan, another link is severed between Britain and the Indian Empire. His life spanned the last four decades of British rule, the struggle of Independence and Partition, and the attempt for two more decades to make Pakistan a viable political entity.

The events of his career in his youth and prime were reminiscent of the glamour, grandeur, and stability of Empire. Born in a village fifty miles north of Rawalpindi, the army centre in the north-western part of the sub-continent, son of a bugler major in the British Indian Army, he was of Pathan stock, the Pathans being the group who were famous for soldierly prowess and who supplied many men to the British Army during the days of the Raj.

After studying at Aligarh Muslim University, he was chosen to be coached for the Sandhurst examinations, and left for England in 1926. In his auto-biography, he tells how even then, at the age of 19, he realised that there were too few Indians and even fewer Muslims in the commissioned ranks, and that when Independence came his Sandhurst training would be fully utilised by his country. He was the first foreign cadet to be promoted Corporal at Sandhurst. On being awarded a commission in 1928, he spent some time with the Royal Fusiliers in the Punjab, then became Private Secretary to the British Resident in Hyderabad, and on the outbreak of World War II was sent to New Delhi to raise a territorial battalion, and later experienced heavy fighting against the Japanese in Burma. In the spring of 1945 he commanded a battalion of the 15th Punjab Regiment stationed in the Khyber Pass. The political turmoil of Partition did not leave the army unaffected, and in the summer of 1947 he was attached to Major-General Rees, Military Commander of a Boundary Force in the partitioned Punjab. Though Colonel Khan's role was purely advisory, he unfairly received some of the blame for the army's inability to control the Sikh riots and massacre of Muslims. These days were recalled by Sir Francis Tuker in his book, *While Memory Serves* (1950) and by Penderel Moon in *Divide and Quit* (1961).

Alan Campbell-Johnson in *Mission with Mountbatten* (1951) described the task of the Boundary Force as one of unparalleled difficulty. Ayub described those days as the unhappiest of his life, in which innocent people were slaughtered mercilessly and the entire structure of civilisation seemed to be crumbling.[1] Later, on the North-western frontier, he was more successful in arranging with Sir Francis Tuker for the orderly withdrawal of the army, despite the hostility of the local tribesmen. This was an area where the British Army had been stationed for over a century, where Winston Churchill as a young man gained valuable experience, where Rudyard

Kipling described the later 19th century era of imperial rule.

In the later 1940s and 1950s, Ayub played a significant role in building up the Pakistan Army, first as G.O.C. in East Pakistan, and finally as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Upon independence, he was moved by a genuine patriotism and desire to give his utmost to the service of his own now free country. Several British ex-officers and I.C.S. men remembered him for these qualities when they learned of his becoming President of Pakistan in 1958.

As the first Pakistani Commander-in-Chief, he visited America in 1953 for talks that resulted in the US military assistance programme during the years of the Dulles 'containment' policy and later. By 1958 Pakistan had received US$75 million, this being only the first instalment of further huge sums that built up a military machine in Pakistan, with a 300,000 man army. Ayub became Minister of Defence in the mid-1950s, but in the meantime the country's internal political situation was rapidly deteriorating. A Constitution in 1956 soon proved unworkable and in the summer of 1958 a new crisis brought the abrogation of the Constitution by President Iskander Mirza, who called on the army to save the country. Within three weeks, Mirza was forced to resign and leave for London, and Ayub became President of Pakistan. He committed himself to continuing Pakistan's pro-West stand and treaty commitments, and vowed to give all his energies to a programme of economic and social reform at home.

The writer recalls the sense of widespread jubilation that greeted Ayub's accession to office in October 1958. After a decade of corruption and incompetence in high places, in which incompetent politicians had used their office for personal gain, most Pakistanis welcomed army rule with relief and thankfulness. Ayub's regime tore down some of the slums, erected new housing, imposed a system of price control after years of rising inflation, set harsh penalties for black marketeers and corrupt officials, and made a start on eradicating the economic inequities of West Pakistan. A few wealthy land-owning families under an archaic brand of feudalism had controlled the economic and political structure, but new land reforms limited holdings to a maximum of 1,000 acres.

But the staggering problems of a new nation were too much for any one man to cope with, even though the army and rising industrialists were on his side. Pakistan suffered from too many disparate groups, conflicts of ideologies, and striking absence of a common tradition or experience in democratic political practices. And the unnatural division of the nation into two wings, separated by a thousand miles of India, was an unbridgeable gulf. In the autumn of 1958, Ayub came to East Pakistan, was greeted by huge crowds in Dacca, and urged the Bengalis to throw off their sense of inferiority vis-à-vis West Pakistan. But even though government funds to the east wing were increased and Dacca later became the locale of the National Assembly, the bulk of the army officers and civil servants running the province were from the more prosperous west wing.

In a 1960 article in *Foreign Affairs*, Ayub wrote of the problems confronting his country at independence, and noted that the inherited British parlia-

mentary system (adopted in the 1956 Constitution) presupposed too many pre-requisites that were non-existent in a nation like Pakistan, with its widespread illiteracy and poor means of communication. His martial law revolution of 1958 was not aimed against the institution of democracy but only against the manner in which its institutions were being misused.[2] His scheme of Basic Democracies, a tier system of government, specified the election from the village level of 80,000 local officials who would then elect higher figures. Upon assuming office, his army was the one group in the nation not tainted with the prevalent corruption, and the 'military dictatorship' was a genuine attempt to restore order. For some years it did provide more viability, but Ayub had to contend with a heritage of divisiveness, illiteracy, and political unsophistication that proved too strong. His stated aim was the type of democracy that would be easily understood by the agriculturalists, workable (in a way that the 1956 Constitution was not), and ensuring the maximum degree of economic development.

While declaring his full intention to restore parliamentary government, he felt that it should be readily comprehensible to the peasants who comprised the bulk of the populace. His scheme evoked the opposition of the more sophisticated and the civil service bureaucracy. Paradoxically, his Basic Democracies were subservient to the civil service machinery, and hence were seen as perpetuating the rule of the elite privileged elements. After the new Constitution of 1962, it became necessary for him to allow the re-establishing of political parties against his will. The entrenched bureaucracy proved too strong for him and although it supported him in the election campaign of 1964-65 and the short 1965 war with India, the strain of leading an entire nation took its toll of Ayub.

There had been rising resentment and agitation against martial law in East Pakistan since about 1960, when the first appeal of the new regime wore off and Bengalis felt increasingly that they were being exploited by West Pakistan. Ayub came to Dacca in 1961 and his appearance was met by hordes of rioting students, and Dacca University had to close down for a month. I recall a meeting with the Academic Council of the university, held in Government House (which had been made ready for a visit of the Queen and Prince Philip). Ayub came into the room with the Governor of East Pakistan. Tall in height, over six feet, with an upright military bearing that proclaimed 'Sandhurst', he nonetheless had the air of a man under profound strain. After the professors had risen to be introduced, Ayub asked the Vice-Chancellor, a scholarly Pathan with a doctorate from Heidelberg, to give his account of what had led up to the riots. The poor Vice-Chancellor was under great stress and understandably nervous, and I recall that after about five minutes Ayub very kindly bade him sit down, and he sympathised with what the V.C. had gone through in the recent ordeal with the students.

The students, Ayub claimed, were involving themselves in matters that were none of their concern, but there were always a few 'bad hats' in every organisation and once they were weeded out everything would turn out well. He took tea with us and I remember his saying that a man could be turned into a routine soldier within a few months, but to produce an effective officer

with qualities of leadership was much more difficult. Before taking his leave, he turned with a smile to the Dean of Women and asked, 'Your girls are all right, aren't they?' and we all laughed.

The situation in the province worsened and the opposition to him grew. There was the unpopular Tashkent Agreement, and in 1966 Z. A. Bhutto as Foreign Minister had a serious policy difference over the issue of closer ties with China and the settlement of the war with India. After a period of rising disorder and unrest, Ayub was finally forced in 1969 to call upon General Yahya Khan (no relation) 'to preserve the integrity of Pakistan.'

Ayub was then 62 and a very tired man. He withdrew from the public scene and never commented on Bhutto's policies following the 1971 army rampage in East Pakistan and the loss of the province. Had he been able to remain in power, it is very unlikely that the tragic events of 1971 would have taken place. Ayub and Yahya Khan were poles apart in character, training and temperament. Ayub was a British-trained officer and gentleman, who symbolised some of the best sides of Islam—humane, progressive and forward-looking. By contrast, Yahya's record in East Pakistan (Mujib Rahman estimated the total of deaths as high as three million) speaks for itself.

One problem among many that Ayub faced was that of adapting Pakistan, a nation founded on Islamic principles, to the modern world, and of fostering an up-to-date interpretation of religious tenets to 20th century conditions. In his autobiography, he declared

> I have viewed problems as a Pakistani, a Muslim and an Asian. Pakistan is my passion, my life . . . As a Muslim my sole anxiety has been to unite the people of Pakistan in the light of their faith and ideology . . . Our society is torn by a number of schisms; the most fundamental is the one which separates the educated classes from the traditional groups. It is vital that understanding and communication between these two sections should be restored. This can come about through a proper interpretation of Islamic principles and their application to the present-day problems.[3]

It was with this in mind that he established an Islamic Research Institute and sought to give an Islamic content to the Constitution, with responsibility for determining principles for organising the nation entrusted to the community itself. The Constitution, he claimed, should furnish a framework based on the experience and history of Islam and adapted to the genius, temperament and traditions of the people. But he encountered the entrenched opposition of the more reactionary Islamic elements.

In a speech in Cairo in November, 1960, he appealed for Muslims to ask themselves why all over the world the Muslim countries were the most backward and most uneducated. His own answer was that the Islamic culture had let slip its earlier dynamism and had relaxed into conformism, superficiality and superstition. He espoused the need for the free and searching mind that had been lost through intellectual stagnation. Unlike his Egyptian hosts, he did not lay all the blame on the 'imperialists'.

In retrospect, perhaps his greatest error was the pro-Chinese policy following 1962 and the attack on India in 1965, in which the UN defined Pakistan as the aggressor. But Mr. Bhutto, Foreign Minister and main architect of

Pakistan's anti-American and pro-Chinese stand, can be blamed more than Ayub for the 1965 war. Pakistan made undeniable progress under Ayub's rule, with the building of new universities and welfare centres, her economy growing appreciably at an average 5% growth rate annually, and the approaching of self-sufficiency in food production. But inflation and expanding population tended to nullify these gains. His martial law regime did provide a measure of stability, and the unrest of the 1960s was not peculiar to Pakistan but was almost typically post-independence Asian.

Ayub stood head and shoulders above the majority of his fellow-Pakistanis, he was a leader in search of a country, a man who genuinely tried to lift his people to a new level of political maturity. The one man of stature in Pakistan since Jinnah, he came close to realising his own potential for greatness. But he was ahead of his time, and few Pakistanis were ready for the demands that the political learning process entailed.

Notes

1 Mohammed Ayub Khan, *Friends Not Masters, a Political Autobiography* (London: Oxford University Press, 1967), p. 17.

2 'Pakistan Perspective', *Foreign Affairs*, 38 (4): 551 (July, 1960).

3 *Friends Not Masters*, pp. viii-ix.

[Dr. John E. Owen, Professor of Sociology at Arizona State University, was Fulbright Lecturer in Sociology, Dacca University, 1958-59, and UN Adviser to Dacca University, 1960-63. In 1962 he edited *Sociology in East Pakistan*.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Holiday. Stanley Middleton. Hutchinson. £2.75. *The Silken Net*. Melvyn Bragg. Secker and Warburg. £2.75. *The Underside*. H. R. F. Keating. Macmillan. £2.95. *The Burning Heart*. Nina Epton. Macdonald. £2.95. *Kolchak's Gold*. Brian Garfield. Macmillan. £2.50. *The Cockatoos*. Patrick White. Jonathan Cape. £2.50. *Maori Woman*. Noel Hilliard. Robert Hale. £2.50. *The Boys*. Henri de Montherlant. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.25. Translated by Terence Kilmartin.

Several decades ago to describe a novel as 'readable' was to damn it. Today, when so much of current fiction is overlaid with experimentalism, clearly presented characters and an absorbing narrative can be a welcome respite. This would seem to be a fair assessment of a representative cross-section of the late summer publications in which an analysis of personal relationships is seen to be a dominating theme.

One of the most satisfying is *Holiday*. Stanley Middleton has enjoyed a well-earned reputation for his closely observed stories about 'ordinary' men and women in predictable situations; keeping so closely to reality as sometimes to become monotonous. In his new novel, while resolutely pursuing his quest for the *minutiae* of human behaviour, he has nevertheless broken new ground by adopting a time-honoured technique of suspense. True, the outcome of the 'cliff-hanger' is not spectacular—whether the young university lecturer, Edwin Fisher, will or will not return to Meg, his impossibly neurotic wife. Nonetheless, strengthened by interesting flashbacks, it is sufficient to rivet the attention. Yet that is only part of the general excellence. The exploration of the north coast seaside resort, in which Edwin Fisher passes a traumatic week, builds up into a picture of sea, sand and sun reminiscent of a French impressionist painting, although in the novel's overall purpose this is incidental. Edwin and Meg are mere insects, caught in a web of convention and mutual responsibility; and as they move step by step towards their inevitable reconciliation the reader experiences something of their own frustration and disillusionment.

Marriage of a very different kind provides the subject matter of *The Silken Net*, although in one sense the message is the same. Melvyn Bragg is well known for his work in television and films and for a series of original and forceful novels and so this loose-knit and often tedious chronicle of life in an inconspicuous Cumberland town seems curiously out of character. The story opens effectively enough when Rosemary Lewis, an orphan adopted by elderly relatives, falls deeply in love with her cousin, Wilfred, whom she regards as her 'soul-mate'. Being already affianced, he rejects her unabashed overtures; and as a result she embarks on life spiritually maimed. When she is mature and disillusioned she meets Edgar, a local farmer with the combined earthiness and romanticism of a D. H. Lawrence character. But he lacks the talent and impetus of a Paul Morel and although he persuades Rosemary to marry him, there are too many areas of incompatibility for the union to prosper, particularly when he attempts to realise his ambition by the management of a public

house. Rosemary sets out to punish her husband for being what he is. In the general confusion of crossed paths she finds and loses Wilfred one again. Not surprisingly, Edgar seeks to restore his *amour propre* by seeking affection elsewhere and at the last we see Rosemary visiting him and his young common-law wife. An interesting confrontation might be anticipated, but by this time Rosemary is drained of all natural emotion, even jealousy. And so the longdrawn saga of her emotional ups-and-downs trails away on a finally muted note.

That the fictional working over of the day-to-day married relationship need not be dull is amply demonstrated in *The Underside*. The author, H. R. F. Keating, explains how his imagination was quickened by a chance reference to Henry James' largely unchronicled concern for the darker corners of late Victorian London. The story centres on Godfrey Mann, a young painter of good family whose work is accepted by the Royal Academy. He is strongly attracted to a medical doctor and distant relative, Elizabeth Hills. She is concerned with the need to reform slumland sanitary conditions and he follows her willingly into various noisome by-ways—although eventually with a very different purpose. Shortly before his marriage to Elizabeth he spends the night with an extremely captivating prostitute who completely subjugates him. At first, he sees the association as a mere interlude, but gradually the pursuit of this and other street-walkers obsesses him to such an extent that he drifts into a kind of Jekyll and Hyde existence. As the appetite grows, he discards all pretence of squeamishness and embarks upon a succession of almost incredible depravities, the climax of which is the coupling on a mattress of 'dog filth' with a notorious harpy of the Thames waterside. The wonder is that he does not contract syphilis or get beaten up. But, miraculously, he emerges from the orgy apparently unscathed.

Although smarting from marital neglect and humiliation, Elizabeth, an incipient psychologist, divines that here is some depravity which he must absorb to the point of satiety before he can be released from it. In a final scene, more intriguing than convincing, the natural woman triumphs and Elizabeth lays siege to her husband's sexual indifference by practising on him what she imagines to be the wiles of an experienced demi-monde. As a result, they have a child; settle down together as a typical Victorian couple, and we are left to assume that Godfrey yields no further to anti-social desires.

An attempt to enliven the human predicament with an exotic background will not necessarily be successful. In *The Burning Heart,* Nina Epton has set out to recreate in fiction one of the most romantic historical characters, the Hon. Janes Mrs. Digby-Medjuel. While sticking fairly closely to the recorded facts about this remarkable courtesan of the early nineteen hundreds, a reasonable licence has been taken with dialogue and situation, while the contrasting backgrounds of London, Paris, Munich and Greece are conveyed with all the colourful glory of a technicolor film. After some disastrous marriages and liaisons the former Lady Ellenborough decides to satisfy her life-long curiosity about the Near East. Comparisons with Isobel Burton, Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu and Hester Stanhope are inevitable and not to Jane Digby's advantage. Whereas these three author-travellers recorded their findings in the interest of science and posterity, Jane was motivated entirely by personal caprice. Were it not a documented truth, the story of her final marriage to a Bedouin, Sheik Medjuel, would seem too incredible to be true. As it is, that part of her life which was passed in an extraordinary affinity with the Bedouin tribes, in the desert and in Damascus, merits a fuller treatment than it receives as the tailpiece

to an action-packed narrative. Nina Epton is a successful travel and historical writer, but this complex life story with its many ramifications and gallery of subsidiary characters does not really lend itself to her particular talents.

A totally different and infinitely more effective manner of breathing new life into familiar historical facts may be seen in *Kolchak's Gold*. Almost everyone will have heard of the missing store of pure gold which was the Czar of Russia's entire fortune. This treasure was at first hidden in a disused mine on the orders of Admiral Kolchak at the time of the Revolution and later shifted by the Nazis when they were in control of the particular territory. Having graphically recounted this interesting sequence of events, Brian Garfield grafts on to it a narrative and characters which in their own right are worthy of attention. Harry Bristow, a young journalist and historian, happens by chance on a significant cluster of clues which tempt him to instigate his own investigations into the present whereabouts of the gold. Whether he is using people or being used, Harry comes perilously near to the truth—too near in his exploration of Soviet war-time records to be acceptable to the Russians. Harry is a living, breathing person, as are the various individuals he encounters in the USSR during his enquiries. In the end, by means of a novel technical device, the reader is given to understand, through fictitious publisher's comments, that persecution by the Russian authorities has driven him out of his mind, but not before he has cunningly destroyed the relevant documents. Thus, it follows that the secret of the missing millions will not be discovered—in his or anyone else's lifetime.

But to return to the commonplace; that is, to the outward mediocrity of most of Patrick White's characters in *The Cockatoos*, his new collection of short stories and novels. The author's latest full length novel, *The Eye of the Storm*, won him the 1973 Nobel Prize for Literature ' . . . for an epic psychological narrative art which has introduced a new continent into literature . . . ' a fair enough estimate, for against the flat, hot, Australian settings, his men and women seethe with suppressed desires and ambition which threaten to throw them off balance, at times reminiscent of some of the early Maugham stories.

Most striking as an exposition of emotional undertones is the first story, *A Woman's Hand*. Evelyn Fazackerley, the central character, is a masterpiece of dehydrated gentility and her equally conformist partner, Harold, a perfect foil to her. When they run accidentally into a long forgotten acquaintance, Clem Dowson, Evelyn at first dislikes him as a tedious boor and later becomes in some obscure and reluctant manner attracted by him so that when he and Nesta, one of Evelyn's oldest woman friends, decide to get married, ignoble jealousy temporarily destroys her habitual detachment. Just in time to preserve the general decorum Clem is killed (or commits suicide) and Nesta has a nervous breakdown. The reader might have wished to know more about the future of this masterly comic character, but Patrick White is content to leave such ends untied, and as a result his work gains a kind of illusive quality which has the effect of stimulating the reader's imagination. Indeed, this illusiveness is admirably suited to the compression and economy essential to the short story and brings out the very best of his talent.

Also from the other side of the world comes a very different yet equally sensitive appraisal of the undertow of emotional interdependence. Noel Hilliard, a New Zealander, is the author of a number of novels set in his own country. *Maori Woman* is the story of Netta Samuel at work in that part of Johnsonville

which might well be termed as New Zealand's 'underside', where Maoris suffer an unacknowledged discrimination by the 'pakeha' (whites). Netta is attractive and intelligent, yet she counts for little more than a piece of candy floss on the city's mainstream, passing from one man to another, and in and out of squalid apartments, while yet preserving her integrity and charm. What has denuded Netta of a central purpose in life is the adoption of her illegitimate daughter by a non-Maori couple and, by giving her consent, deprived the child of her Maori ancestors. The Maori inheritance, though distilled through neglect and overlaid by commercialism in the big cities, remains the most powerful influence in the lives of its people. Without the backing and confidence of her own race, Netta is vulnerable to exploitation and the dramatic—even melodramatic—finale may be accepted as inevitable.

And finally *The Boys,* an absorbing study of one of the most difficult personal relationships to convey without offence on the printed page—the mutual love of schoolboys. Henri de Montherlant's death only two years ago deprived the French literary scene of one of its leading figures. The present novel, the last but one to be published, needs to be seen in its context as the second part of an ambitious trilogy, *The Childhood of Alban de Bricoule.* In the year 1912 at the Ecole Notre Dame du Parc, Alban de Bricoule is free not only to enjoy the fruits of his infatuation for a younger pupil but also to practise petty deception and corruption which the peculiar staff structure of the school make possible. Bedevilled by false values and class consciousness, the Academy does not present a pleasant picture, yet the author's detached, urbane approach does much to redeem the basically unwholesome theme. The text is beautifully rendered by Terence Kilmartin who also supplies helpful annotations.

Also received:

On the Run. Angus Hall. Harrap. £2.60. A first-class psychological thriller in which character is never subordinated to action. The opening prison scenes are particularly effective, during which Martin Blake works out an audacious plan to rob his father-in-law of two million pounds. The scene moves to South Africa, vividly described, and although one counter after another is played against Martin, his eventual defeat seems impossible. Yet it happens and he is left alone to suffer loneliness and rejection—while keeping his illgotten gains.

The Radish Memoirs. Terence de Vere White. Victor Gollancz. £2.25. A witty and unusual novel about the proposed publication of memoirs by a man who is in a position to embarrass a great many people by his revelations. Vignettes of literary personalities are intriguing but unfortunately the author turns to farce and credibility disappears.

The Charmed Life. Jack B. Yeats. Routledge & Kegan Paul. £2.50. Jack Yeats, brother of the poet, had a very individual style as well as a subtle sense of humour. *The Charmed Life,* a light-hearted study of two entirely different people both bent on experiencing their own brand of adventure, has lost none of its charms in more than thirty years. This reissue and that of *Ah Well,* and *And to You Also* are welcome and timely.

The Tormented. Frederick E. Smith. Cassell. £3.00. A powerful and exciting novel exploring the dilemma of a pacifist doctor who nonetheless cannot stand aside from the effects of violence and oppression.

NON-FICTION

NAPOLEON, THE COMMANDER

Napoleon. David Chandler. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.95.

This recent biography of Napoleon is almost exclusively concerned with the military aspect of his career as exhibited in the details of more than a dozen campaigns and some sixty battles. Under the impact of this phenomenal personality whose charisma extended its magic over French soldiers and civilians alike, the conduct of war was revolutionised and a form of *Blitzkreig* superseded the 18th century concepts of siege and leisurely manoeuvre. The author, however, has not confined himself to a mere description of Napoleon's wars but has included a penetrating analysis of his character, military skill, and methods of warfare.

Napoleonic strategy and tactics cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of the *corps d'armée* organisation; indeed, his strategic and tactical moves veritably depended on this set-up. The *corps d'armée* was a miniature army, containing elements of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, together with medical and supply services. Their size varied from 15,000 to 30,000. Being a miniature army, the corps was capable of fighting alone for a considerable period. Thus the French army habitually moved over large areas in a web of scattered *corps d'armée*, as in the sweep from the Rhine to the Danube in 1805, and by so doing confused the enemy concerning their intentions. The problem was to ensure that each corps was always within 24 hours' marching distance of one or more of the other corps, so that any particular formation could be reinforced or diverted as circumstances might dictate. Napoleon did not originate the *corps d'armée* but he developed and expanded its flexibility and fighting capacity to such an extent that it might almost be termed his secret weapon, for it aided him to win decisively the battles of Marengo, Ulm, Jena, Friedland, and Bautzen. One of the requirements for successful generalship is the art of surprising the enemy at both strategic and tactical levels. This Napoleon was enabled to accomplish by the use of the corps system; furthermore, the system illustrates Napoleon's tenet 'marching dispersed but concentrating for battle.' Contact with the enemy was more likely to be made the wider the strategic web of corps could be spread, and once this contact had been established every unit would march on the sound of the guns to join their embattled colleagues.

Napoleonic strategy—the movement of forces to obtain a favourable battle position—was not unique. He employed three methods either singly or in combination; these were the strategy of penetration, of 'Central Position', and most important of all the manoeuvre of envelopment. All three are discussed in some detail with examples of their actual use. Napoleon's plans for fighting battles, his tactics, also fitted into three patterns: the straightforward battle of attrition, the two armies facing up to each other on equal fronts as at Borodino; the 'double-battle' as at Ligny and Quatre Bras; and finally his favourite form of grand tactics, the 'strategic battle' which could give near-total success if skilfully controlled. Friedland and Bautzen were battles fought on these lines. As a military theorist, Napoleon was neither original nor revolutionary. According to Mr. Chandler his reputation as a unique military phenomenon was largely undeserved but the image was fostered by Napoleon himself who carefully abstained from explaining his methods in great detail, thus promoting the illusion of his sublime and unique abilities, incapable of comprehension by ordinary mortals. Wellington saw through him, being certain that steady troops

were the answer to all Napoleon's manoeuvring. Admirably illustrated and lucidly written, this book throws additional light on Napoleon's art of war which may come as a surprise to many readers.

S. F. WOOLLEY

RED LETTERS

Samizdat, Voices of the Soviet Opposition. Edited by George Saunders. Monad Press, New York 1974. £1.65.

The term 'Samizdat', literally translated as self-publishing, is one that we in the West have only recently come to know, associating it with the clandestinely published and circulated literature of, notably, Solzhenitsyn. However, as the editor of this collection of writings admirably illustrates, leftist opposition to the Soviet bureaucracy can be traced back to the time of the Revolution, indeed even the pre-revolutionary Russia.

While uncensored material was circulated privately by and amongst opponents of Csarism, the roots of the most recent crop of dissenting literature has its ideological antecedents in the writings of the proscribed 'Left Opposition' of the 1920s and 1930s. This last group published documents which, in the post-Stalin period, have come to be known as 'Samizdat'. Thus, what Mr. Saunders presents in his admirable and concise introduction is the heritage and continuity of much of this literature over the past fifty years, and the development of it from being essentially clandestine to its increasingly public nature.

The writings are divided into three sections. The first covers the period from the post-revolutionary, early Stalinist years, until the mid-sixties when a certain liberalisation characterised the last years of Khruschev's leadership; the second from 1966 until 1969, a period encompassing the Prague Spring and its inevitable suppression; and finally the period from 1969 until 1973 when the Brezhnev regime approached the repressive tenor of the notorious Stalinist era. Throughout, the emphasis is on dissident Marxist writing, Mr. Saunders eschewing the favoured technique of Western critics of the Soviet Union who generally present a catholic selection of samizdat, regardless of its authors' ideological stance.

There is little in this selection that will console Western liberals about the nature of Soviet left opposition. For the most part, the writings in this collection clearly illustrate that a substantial section of the active dissenting minority are not, as deluded Western observers would like to believe, anti-Communist, but anti-bureaucratic and quintessentially anti-Stalinist. They present themselves as socialist democrats, not liberals, intent on revolutionising the nature of Soviet Communism and correcting what Trotsky called Stalin's betrayal of the Revolution.

While Saunders does point-up certain similarities between the more recent samizdat authors, there are two important distinctions made between them and the leaders of the Leftist Opposition in the twenties and thirties—notably, that the post-Stalinist critics, unlike their predecessors, do not have a history of party activism behind them. It is generally true, however, that the similarities outweigh the differences between the groups, particularly the fact that the dissidents normally are either students or intellectuals. We must, though, temper this observation with the knowledge that certain oppositional groups, especially among non-Russian nationals, are worker based, particularly in those countries that, whilst within the Soviet bloc, lie outside its borders.

Mr. Saunders has collated a most interesting sample of samizdat literature that can only increase our knowledge of the various currents of opposition that

exist within the Soviet Union, and in his succinct prefatory essay places its existence in a much needed historical and sociological context. For instance, he indicates the close family ties between new and old critics of the Soviet regimes since the Revolution.

This is by no means an objective assessment of the nature of Soviet dissidence, but this is not to demean its significance. Saunders lays his Trotskyist cards on the table from the outset, and in so doing helps to clarify much of Western thinking about the ideological cost of a considerable section of Soviet dissent.

R. A. WILFORD

THE MECHANICS OF TELEPATHY

Beyond Telepathy. Andrija Puharich. Souvenir Press. £3.00.

Dr. Puharich's book is not an easy one to read. Nearly a quarter of it consists of appendices, dense with complex mathematical calculations.

The main body of the work is concerned with Dr. Puharich's researches into the biology, physiology and psychology of a substance which he postulates and names 'Psi-plasma'. He identifies also the 'Mobile Centre of Consciousness' which 'separates itself from the body and "travels" free.' He reports, with illustrative case histories, his investigations into the mechanics of telepathy, suggesting that there are two body conditions which induce telepathic hypersensitivity—cholinergia, a state of relaxation in which high degree telepathic receptivity exists, and adrenergia, a state of high tension in which telepathic transmission capacity is at its strongest. Both cholinergia and adrenergia are, concludes Dr. Puharich, susceptible to drug induction.

They may also be developed by the long and dedicated training and rituals practised by yogis.

It is on the basis of such clues that Dr. Puharich believes that he has discovered the link between psychical phenomena and the physical nature of man, and it is at this juncture that the hypothesis of a 'Nuclear psi Entity' is introduced, visualised as 'Psi-plasma'.

Dr. Puharich's object is to go far beyond the normal cataloguing of phenomena. He seeks to probe the sources of psychic energy and delineate its dispersal routes. He is making a brave attempt to set paranormal manifestations on a scientifically explicable footing. ESP, astral projection, psychokinesis, direct mind-to-mind communication and the bizarre phenomenon of 'telepathic relay' are considered dynamically. It is, of course, has to be, exclusively theoretical; but it is also, undeniably, a stimulating concrete construct; utilising as it must, quintessentially flimsy data components. In the view of Ira Einhorn, who contributes a highly optimistic Introduction, Dr. Puharich's work confirms the possibility of a synergistic convergence between science and religion.

A bold view of a bold venture.

Perhaps Dr. Puharich's own view of his function as a catalyst is more realistic.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

MORE OF THE ABSURD

The Theatre of the Absurd. Martin Esslin. Eyre Methuen. £4.75.

It is now twelve years since Martin Esslin first introduced the term Theatre of the Absurd. In the preface to the first edition he stated that the book was 'an attempt to define the convention that has come to be called the Theatre of the Absurd'. Since then the term has often been misquoted and overused. Critics are advised to return to this book in its revised and updated edition, in order to

re-examine the arguments and critical analyses which Martin Esslin so cogently sets out.

This book has been reprinted and revised several times since 1962 and the present edition does not offer very much new material. In fact, this would seem to be the intention of the writer. He is aware that the drama of the late forties and early fifties was to some extent a fashion, complete within itself, and its contribution to the present day is manifest in the wide acceptance of those very conventions which, at the time of writing the book, puzzled and sometimes dismayed theatre-goers and readers. In a valuable chapter he traces the tradition of the Absurd, linking its characteristics with 'age-old traditions' such as clowning, verbal nonsense and allegory. 'Theatre is always more than mere language. Language alone can be read, but true theatre can become manifest only in performance.'

It is worth remembering the bewilderment of theatre audiences and readers at the complexities of the plays of Beckett, Ionescu, Genet and Pinter. Esslin's clear exposition and analyses gave helpful guidelines and his scholarly approach did much to establish these writers in both theatrical and literary circles. There is an expanded bibliography which is still a most valuable part of the book.

Esslin stresses that the theatre of the Absurd did not represent a movement or a close group of writers. The dramatists came from many nationalities and age groups. Not surprisingly, in the period at the end of the Second World War and its aftermath, many came from Western Europe where 'the sense of metaphysical anguish at the absurdity of the human condition' was most strongly felt. Albee alone in the United States seemed aware of the shallowness of the American Dream and chose to adopt the style and subject matter of the theatre of the Absurd and translated it into the American idiom. A footnote in this edition draws attention to the social changes in the States during the past ten years which released many more plays in the absurdist vein. It is hoped that Esslin will write fully on these. It also seems unfortunate that the last chapter, Beyond the Absurd, has not been more fully revised since the 1968 edition. There are many young writers who have fulfilled Martin Esslin's belief that 'the driving force behind the theatre of the Absurd continues to manifest itself.' Since Esslin is undoubtedly one of the foremost scholars in the field of contemporary drama this may have been the decision of the publishers. The book is such a valuable contribution to theatrical criticism that it deserves to be constantly available and there is the hopeful anticipation of a similar book from this writer on the drama of the last twelve years.

MURIEL JUDD

THE POETS LAUREATE OF ENGLAND

The Poets Laureate. Kenneth Hopkins. E. P. Publishing Ltd., East Ardsley, Wakefield, England. £1.50 net.

Special and particular gratitude is due to Mr. Kenneth Hopkins for compiling and editing his book on the Poets Laureate. It meets a long-felt need in supplying information on an important part of English literary history. Periodically, the institution of the Laureateship comes up for general mention—when the holder or a successor is appointed, an infrequent event, but otherwise the public mind is left undisturbed. In recent years two Poets Laureate have died, John Masefield and Cecil Day Lewis, and we are still in the first flush of welcoming Sir John Betjeman ; but when we think of the long terms of office enjoyed by Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson we can well understand how whole decades have passed without a ripple of change. Actually, there have been seventeen holders

of the office since the death of John Dryden in 1700 and we may ask what manner of men they were and how they acquitted themselves. Mr. Hopkins tells us in a series of brief critical biographies. The names of some will be familiar to many readers, but only Eng. Lit. students are likely to claim knowledge of Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Laurence Eusden and Henry James Pye. Tate is recognised for his persistent version of Shakespeare's *King Lear*. Tate's Laureate poems were fairly numerous and included a metrical version of the Psalms. Eusden, with his slavishly flatulent repetition of 'Brunswic', is best forgotten.

The idea of monarchs keeping a salaried poet on the Household Staff is comparatively new. Royal gifts were made in exchange for odes of celebration and praise, and sometimes pensions were awarded. Before Ben Jonson, the first unofficial Laureate to James I, a kind of pre-laureateship had been served by Chaucer, Spenser and Skelton, but it was not until February 1st, 1616 that a patent was granted to Ben Jonson giving him a pension of 100 marks. For ten years he had been furnishing the Court with a series of masques and entertainments, continuing until 1634. The reward might have been a single payment, but the patent stipulated a permanent stipend; and, as Mr. Hopkins says, 'to this yearly 100 marks' that a long line of succeeding laureates owe their salaries. Jonson's patent was increased by Charles I to £100 with an additional 'one Terse of Canary Spanish Wyne yearely' to be paid out of the King's own cellars, but this was not secured without a 'Humble Petition of Poore Ben'.

As Mr. Hopkins says: 'If such poets as Skelton and Spenser may be called pre-laureates, perhaps Jonson and Davenant may be called traditional laureates. They all in various ways prepared for the coming of the first official Laureate, John Dryden, and it is from his appointment on the 18th of August 1670, that this royal institution dates.

We have to thank Mr. Hopkins for adding a selection from the works of the various laureates.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A MARRIAGE OF THE MIND

True Minds: The Marriage of Thomas and Jane Carlyle. N. Brysson Morrison. Dent. £3.25.

In effect, this is an entire brief biography of the Carlyles, rather than a mere explanation of the marriage, and, as such, is to be valued for its skilful concision. Carlyle's long connection with the inspirational Scottish divine, Edward Irving (who introduced him to Jane), is particularly well and conscientiously traced. Miss Morrison employs a narrative, novel-like style which, although not perhaps totally acceptable to everyone, achieves an imaginative re-creation without resort to extended stretches of interior monologue and factitious conversation. It is much to be regretted, however, that the result is somewhat lacking in depth and fire, partly, no doubt, because the external events of the Carlyles' lives present no great variety: it requires a quite exceptional writer fully to evoke the intellectual excitement of the period.

There remains the famous marriage, which provides ample temptation for surmise and discovery, but Miss Morrison wisely contents herself with a fair description. If anything, in the earlier parts of her book, she over-stresses the 'marriage of true minds' aspect, since she negates the felicity by showing only too well Carlyle's later, much-regretted neglect of his wife: in many ways, they were better apart. Eventually, 'he, withdrawn in the fastness of himself, they measured the ground between them with the implacability of enemies.' Jane

was said to have confided to a friend that on the morning after their wedding-day, Carlyle went into their garden and tore the flowers to pieces. His difficulty was probably not so severe as Ruskin's. Miss Morrison demonstrates that Thomas' need of Jane was 'more as a mother or a sister than a wife, her arms were to cradle him not his her . . . Jane accepted her role as unconsciously as he expected it, but it was not so very long ago that he had stood for her in the stead of her father. That she, not he, was able to change her position reveals her maturity.' Miss Morrison's theorising, if not profound, is quite unexceptionable—'They were like two people with a skin short marrying each other—what affected one was bound to affect the other. They were two people living together strung to the same tension. Each, therefore, could wind the other up and be set off by the identical touch. Neither could act as a natural buffer for their partner, and although Jane bore the brunt for them both, she did it under strain and not in her stride.'

As the gulf widened, Jane suffered increasingly from a general debility, a chronic cough, headaches, neuralgia, insomnia and depression. She was lonely, and found some consolation both in her much-admired conversations with their many visitors, and in her relationships with a cycle of erratic servants, as so well described in Thea Holme's lively study *The Carlyles at Home* (Oxford University Press, 1965). Carlyle was little comfort to her, himself struggling with depression, anxiety, dyspepsia and insomnia, as he laboured in his sound-proofed room (safe from backyard roosters and pianos) on his appalling uncompleted tasks. *Frederick the Great* took thirteen years to write. 'Authorship was with him more an undertaking than a calling, an obligation rather than a gift, the earnest justification, religious in its intensity, of the life which God granted him.' He also was lonely: when he contributed to a conversation he drowned his disciples in a torrentous monologue, and what compounded the marital loneliness was that Jane (although a well-educated and intelligent person) was not involved in his work. His habit of mind was essentially solitary. It was easy enough for Jane's contemporaries to mock her: Harriet Martineau remarked her 'eight influenzas a year', but she did die sadly early, after seeing her pet dog hurt by a passing carriage. Strangely, Carlyle had a precognitive dream. In expiation, he compelled a reluctant Froude to write a biography of him, but filled with material relating to Jane.

Finally, Miss Morrison elegantly elegizes, 'Marriage is like a locket. As the outsider unclasps it, the pictures of husband and wife it contains spring apart. But inside man and woman are locked in upon each other, face to face.'

MOLLY TIBBS

ROBERT HERRICK

Robert Herrick, the Life of a Poet. George Walton Scott. Sidgwick & Jackson. £4.50.

The life and works of the poet Robert Herrick (1591-1674) are both fascinating and instructive. The son of a goldsmith who committed suicide in a fit of melancholy from the fourth floor of his house in Cheapside, he spent several years as apprentice to his rich and distinguished uncle next door in Goldsmith's Row, but seems not to have taken to the family trade. After four years at Cambridge, he took Holy Orders and sailed as chaplain to the expedition to the Isle of Rhé, returning from there two years later to become Vicar of Dean Prior near Totnes until the Puritans removed him. He was never other than a royalist and gladly resumed his living after the Restoration. During his years in London and Cambridge he frequented Ben Jonson's circle at the Mermaid Tavern,

developing those strong hedonistic tendencies which show so delightfully in his non-religious verse. Steeped in classical lore, his secular mind moved in a region of gods and goddesses, and apart from strictures about the weather in Devon, he obviously enjoyed his quiet sensual existence among his country ways and domestic indulgencies. Among his most famous poems are 'Bid Me to Live', 'Gather ye Rosebuds' and 'Cherry Ripe', and in these and many more he shows the English lyric at its perfect best. His 'divine' poetry is not comparable with that of George Herbert and Henry Vaughan, but, as John Buchan said, his poetry 'generally reflects the frank hilarity of the Golden Age unpreoccupied with desire and therefore unafraid of it.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Traditionalism, Conservatism and British Political Culture (Allen and Unwin, £4.65). The book by Bob Jessop is an attempt to examine deference and class in regard to voting behaviour. Considerable attention is devoted to the 'deviant' voter. Working class Tories are 'deviants'. The author gives a great deal of space in the book to the problem of the working class Tory. We are informed that 'microsocial pressures' develop class feeling. However, for the working class Tory, 'close contacts with employers, class heterogamy, differential social mobility within the nuclear family, heterophilous class contacts in work and leisure activities, etc., will all tend to inhibit the development of class consciousness.' Much of the book consists in a recitation of the work of previous theorisers and speculators on electoral behaviour. Great reliance is placed on polls though little effort is given to justifying the accuracy of these inventions.

A 'systematic random' survey of some three hundred voters was conducted in five constituencies, three in London (Stepney, Woodford, and Wood Green) as well as the Isle of Ely and Easington. Curiously only men were questioned and catalogued in this survey. This was rather odd as there is more Tory sentiment amongst working class women than amongst men. The result of using such a small and limited group is demonstrated in the statistics about religion. According to this survey, fifty-two per cent of middle class Roman Catholics are politically radical. This is rather interesting until we learn that this is based upon a survey of some twenty-three people of whom about half are classified as radicals. One is forced to ask two questions: what is the use of such a survey and, if there is a use for it, why is it so limited? The book has, however, one virtue: it is fairly objective once one accepts the given terms of 'deviance'. The book is of little value for any serious study of voting behaviour.

New Poems 1973-74 (Hutchinson, £2.00). This is the tenth anthology of new poetry issued under the auspices of the International P.E.N. edited each year by poets of high reputation. The publishers claim that the present volume, edited by Stewart Conn, contains 'the best of the year's unpublished poems', a statement inevitably open to question as the choice must rest on individual taste and judgement. Still, a very representative selection of poetry by successful and un-

known poets has flowed into the editorial net. The work of Charles Causley, Ted Hughes and Peter Redgrove, to name only a few, is enhanced by proximity to such newcomers as Robin Munro and Philip Pacey.

History of West Africa (Longman, Vol. 1, £2.00; Vol. 2, £3.50). This well known and scholarly history was first published in 1971. The Editors, Dr. J. F. A. Ajayi, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lagos, and Professor Crowder of Ahmadu Bello University and former Director of the Institute of African Studies at Ife University, commissioned in about 1965 over thirty scholars to contribute to this wide ranging and greatly needed work. The aim has been 'to provide a lucid, scholarly and authoritative synthesis of West African history that can serve as a basic university textbook, as a work of reference for teachers, and a general background for all those interested in West African studies'. Volume 1 has as its main theme State formation in West Africa until 1800. In Volume 2 emphasis is given to the role played by Islam and European Christian influences in the last two centuries. The Editors point to the rapid changes in our knowledge of West African history since the study was planned. It is, therefore, very disappointing that the recent and latest issue of this work is not a revised edition but merely a reprint of the original 1971 edition.

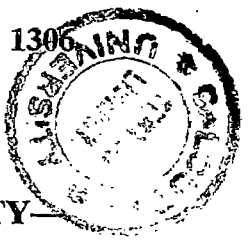
The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Magic. (Hamlyn, £3.25). This is a fascinating and popular book by Venetia Newall internationally known as an authority and writer on folklore. She has included over 140 entries on a wide variety of topics within the occult. In his Introduction, Richard M. Dorson, Director of the Folklore Institute, Indiana University, has contributed a brief historical and anthropological background to this subject which appears to be gaining in interest greatly in recent years. He commends Venetia Newall for having set down in this encyclopedia 'succinct and authoritative entries that serve as a trustworthy and readable guide' to this complex and intriguing subject. The book, of coffee table size, has a large number of colour and monochrome illustrations which add greatly to its interest.

Long Ago When I Was Young (Macdonald, £1.95). These childhood memories of E. Nesbitt, 1858-1924, first appeared as magazine articles in 1895-6. They were published in book form in 1966, and are now re-issued. As a children's writer she is perhaps best known for *The Railway Children*. As well as wonderment, she gave stability and background to her characters. This was doubtless in contrast to an unhappy childhood. She went to boarding schools in England, France and Germany. Although there were happy periods, particularly re-unions with her mother, she suffered a great deal from bullying, hardship and insecurity. In the foreword to her reminiscences, she writes: 'When I was a little child I used to pray fervently, tearfully, that when I should be grown up I might never forget what I thought and felt and suffered then.' Here is the poignant record written yet with remarkable objectivity. There are delightful line drawings by Edward Ardizzone. In his Introduction, Noel Streatfield puts her recollections in their perspective.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

November 1974 Vol. 225 No. 1306



THE EUROPEAN ECONOMIC COMMUNITY—THE WAY AHEAD

by James Scott-Hopkins, M.P.

THE European Economic Community today is a very different animal from the one we became part of on 1st January, 1973. Not only have the leaders of the two largest member states—France and Germany—changed, and the attitude of the United Kingdom towards membership changed, with the advent of a minority Socialist Government in Britain, but the Community itself has been and is going through a series of grave crises.

In January, 1973 the Community was prosperous; the Gross National Product of all its member countries was increasing year by year; levels of unemployment were low, business and industry were thriving and, apart from occasional hiccups caused by currency speculation, the general prosperity of the EEC countries and the standard of living of their peoples were rising month by month. The institutions and indeed the policies emanating from the Community were all geared to the belief that this prosperity would continue. Other countries in the Western world looked with envy and admiration at what had been achieved during the past fifteen years. The three new members, the U.K., Denmark and Ireland, although not so strong economically, nor so prosperous, were certainly not declining economically when we all took the big step of joining. So, there we were in January, 1973, a new member of a club of more or less prosperous nations, with expanding economies and with its peoples and its institutions looking forward to a bright future with a high degree of confidence.

But 1973 proved to be a year when all economic predictions were proved false. The explosion of world commodity prices and the imposition by the oil-producing countries of a vastly inflated price for their product are too well-known to need repetition here. The result was that, for the first time, the countries of the EEC were faced with a halt in their continuing expansion and the most severe upheaval yet in their monetary position.

It was unfortunate that just at this time the U.S.A. was immersed in the debacle of Watergate. They too were adversely affected by the rise in world raw material prices, but the President and Congress were too preoccupied with their own internal problems really to get down to this outside crisis. So, at a time when the Western world was facing the makings of a world

recession in trade, the largest partner was virtually indifferent to the hideous possibilities that lay ahead. Her European friends and world trading partners had to go it alone and do the best they could. The tragedy was that, without the active participation of the U.S.A., any European measures taken were bound, at best, to succeed only partially, or at worst, to fail completely. And fail they did, as the oil importers' conference showed. It might have been different had the EEC at that time been speaking with one voice, but integration was a long way off, and still is.

It should be remembered that during those fifteen years of increasing prosperity, the efforts which were made to integrate more closely, both economically and monetarily, although important in principle, did not seem to be of urgent necessity. After all, prosperity was there. But, when in the autumn of 1973 the economic storm broke about the ears of the Community, never was this lack of progress more regretted. There was no emergence of a common view, much less a common policy, to deal with the energy crisis. Each member state rushed off to try to arrange the most favourable terms for itself, individually, with whichever oil-producing country would listen and deal. Each member state looked to see what private, national arrangements it could make with its old colonies and former trading partners, in order to secure for itself essential raw materials. In short, when the crisis broke, the Community suddenly found that it was no longer a community of states, but just an amalgam of European countries, each pursuing its own needs and to hell with the others.

This was the situation at the turn of the year. The first four months of 1974 saw the Community going through the most traumatic period yet of its existence. Member Governments slowly became aware that they were not making good individual bargains for obtaining supplies of raw materials: the two giant trading blocs—Russia and the U.S.A.—were looking askance at us, with the U.S.A. in particular, threatening to withdraw even further into an isolationist position, with the obvious detrimental effect on world trade.

At the same time as this realisation began to grip the national governments of Europe, dramatic changes in leadership took place. In Germany, Willy Brandt stepped down with the failure of his Oest-politik, and Helmut Schmidt, a hard-headed pragmatist, took over. In France, the death of President Pompidou, brought to power, in M. Giscard d'Estaing, a successor whose outlook is much more international than European. Here in Britain Edward Heath was defeated in an election in which the issue of the EEC featured only marginally on the hustings, and then only raised by a man who was not even a candidate, Enoch Powell. Harold Wilson took over as head of a minority Socialist Government, a captive of his extreme Left.

Thus we saw the position in Europe at the beginning of June and with it came the realisation that the member states must, once again, coalesce and exploit to the full our enormous strength and advantage as the biggest trading bloc in the world. We witnessed the resurgence of frantic activity and intercourse between the capitals of Europe. The collapse of the Italian economy in May and June highlighted the urgent need for Community

solidarity. It was realised, at last, that no one member country could survive in isolation without the backing and support of the rest.

Unfortunately, in all this, due to the uncertainty created by the British Prime Minister's attitude to our membership, Britain has been relegated almost to the position of onlooker. Let there be no doubt in anyone's mind that the development of the Community and the future prosperity of its peoples, including the U.K., now most largely depends upon decisions taken and agreements reached between France and Germany. As far as they are concerned, any moves, good or bad, made by the British Government, are of peripheral interest only. Yet, when the crisis broke in the autumn of 1973, it was Britain and Edward Heath who could have had the greatest influence on the way in which we and our European partners met and dealt with the economic and political situation. At that moment of its development, the EEC depended on Franco-British initiatives for progress. Our entry, together with Eire and Denmark, had convulsed the EEC institutions. Suddenly, British personnel were interspersed throughout the organisation, in the Commission, on the Council and as members of the Parliament. Everyone had to adapt a little, and concede a little. In short, the Community was hesitant to move without the whole-hearted support of its new members, and most often, it was the new members who were doing the proposing. Fortunately at this time, the understanding between Mr. Heath and M. Pompidou was profound. Both men had the same goals for Europe. Both men believed that cautious progress towards unity was what their respective nations demanded. Both men believed that economic progress held the key to the wider purpose of unity. Both men recognised the need for political as well as economic co-operation, though neither was prepared to rush into premature decisions in this sensitive field. Thus, Franco-British decision was vital for any initiative by the EEC. Federal German acquiescence was important, but because of Herr Brandt's Eastern preoccupation, not vital, since she would certainly follow the Franco-British lead, unless her own interests were actually threatened.

Unhappily, because of pressures at home in the U.K. and the direct confrontation by Trades Unions, controlled and directed by Communist elements determined to break our democratic processes and systems, the Prime Minister, Mr. Heath, was forced to concentrate all his energies on dealing with the internal situation in Britain, which led to the General Election and his defeat.

The question is now being asked, where do we go from here? Will the Community survive and will Britain stay a member? In my view there is no doubt that the Community will not only survive, but will become, once again, the envy of the free world.

The first essential, which is now being worked out in Bonn and Paris, is the shoring up and amalgamation of the monetary reserves of the Community which, when completed, should lead to a successful recycling of the Arab oil money, which is causing all the countries of the Community to have balance of payments difficulties. Whether or not we decide to introduce a common currency or a common reserve within the Community is of

minor importance. Probably in time we will, but the immediate requirement, which is being discussed at the present time, is the early pooling of our individual national reserves and their management by a central European authority.

A second significant pointer is the stated aim of the new French President to work towards political, as well as economic unity. The D'Avignon procedure of political co-operation, although successful, has so far been very limited. This is not surprising when one realises the enormous difficulties under which the Foreign Ministers have been trying to work. Let me explain briefly how this most important body does its job. Each Foreign Minister takes it in turn to be chairman for six months. During that time, *his* office has to organise everything, prepare all papers, conduct the preliminary meetings, make all the diplomatic approaches prior to the monthly meetings of Foreign Ministers. All this has to be undertaken with no special or additional staff and with no expert permanent officials. It speaks very highly of the efficiency of the Foreign Ministers that this organisation has survived, let alone accomplished a vast amount of very useful work. Because the Treaty of Rome excludes Foreign Affairs, Foreign Ministers have to meet separately from their normal EEC meetings. Occasionally, we have witnessed the ridiculous situation, as in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1973, when the Ministers met in one room as the Council of Ministers of the EEC and then solemnly moved next door to meet as the D'Avignon Committee of Foreign Ministers! In these circumstances, we in Europe may be forgiven if we have missed some great opportunities to exercise our influence in world affairs. This has been evident in the lack of concerted policy in dealing with the disarmament talks, the Arab-Israeli conflict, and the recent Greco-Turkish confrontation. The French President's conception for the future is that the Community, in the Council of Ministers, should work out common policies for all the vital issues of foreign affairs so that we may speak out united, with the authority and the power of the largest trading bloc in the world.

One of the more hopeful achievements worth mentioning here is the trade agreement negotiated last July between the member countries of the EEC and the non-EEC countries situated around the Mediterranean Sea, by which certain advantages by tariff reductions for exports to the EEC were given to those countries, such as Israel, Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco. This will help them increase their exports and also help our consumers, in that the duties are now considerably lowered. There is no doubt that the future development of comprehensive trade agreements with the third and fourth worlds will progress quickly along similar lines—again negotiated and agreed in Paris and Bonn.

In all this, the U.K. is forced to play a minor role. Her acquiescence is necessary, but her views around the negotiating table, in formulation of these important trade agreements, are not sought, nor will they be as long as she persists in her uncertain attitude towards membership and is unable to indicate her wish, whole-heartedly to contribute to Community affairs.

An example of this is most apparent in the agricultural field. The

Common Agricultural Policy is in a sorry state. The free flow of agricultural produce is bedevilled by all kinds of distortions, monetary compensation to equal out currency differences, national subsidies, national restrictions on imports and a multitude of other impediments to free trade of farming products. Now our farmers are in severe difficulty. We need urgently to help them. Indeed all the farmers in Europe are facing urgent problems. Since the Socialist government came to power in Britain, we have deliberately taken national measures by subsidising not only certain farmers, such as pig farmers, but consumers also, through Mrs. Shirley Williams' Ministry, to the extent of approximately £500m. per year. This action has set off a chain reaction throughout the EEC. France, the Benelux and Italy have all taken unilateral action to help particular sectors of their agricultural industry. The result of this can only be chaos and a weakening of the CAP.

It could be argued that 'needs must when the devil drives'. True, and I would agree if we could afford it. But we can't and the bill will continue to increase. Beef farmers today, poultry farmers tomorrow, cheese today, vegetables tomorrow. There is no end once we start and other countries will do the same. Perhaps if we were expanding our Gross National Product and prospering generally we might get away with it for a time, but even that I doubt. How much better if, as an integral part of the EEC, we had worked out a Community answer using Community funds and Community credit.

Perhaps one of the most unfortunate events recently was Britain's determination to block the proposals for a common energy policy for the Community. Of course, we have got North Sea oil—by 1980 flowing in abundance: the Dutch have got North Sea gas, in abundance now. By 1980, both Germany and France will undoubtedly have a great deal of nuclear energy, at a highly developed stage. The pooling of these energy resources within the Community for the rest of this century is of prime importance to us all. Of course, we should each retain the financial rewards of what we find around our coasts, but we really cannot try to keep it all for ourselves. We still need to import the vast majority of our raw materials. We were, after all, at one time the greatest trading nation in the world. It would be very short-sighted indeed if we did not sit down with our EEC partners and work out a common policy for the utilisation of all the energy resources, including coal and oil, which exist within the Community, for the benefit of us all.

In conclusion, a different animal though it may be from the original conception of the Founding Fathers some 20 years ago, the Community still has great potential for our nation as well as for the rest of Europe. We must move out of our insular, isolationist and nationalistic cocoons and rid ourselves of the fear of so-called foreign interference and loss of national sovereignty. We must learn the lesson from the experiences of recent months that no one country, not even mighty Germany, can go it alone in times of world-wide economic disturbance. Who knows what policies the United States will be pursuing in the 1980s, or what mischief the Eastern bloc may be brewing. It would be foolish to believe that the exponents of

THE UNITED STATES AFTER WATERGATE

by Esmond Wright

FORTY-ONE years ago the US went through a political and economic crisis, and an American President took office when all the banks in thirty-six states were closed. The President launched a programme—The New Deal—which was summarised as Relief, Recovery and Reform. Today the US is passing through a similar crisis, and is in fact at the Relief Stage in the story. It is relieved that the long agony of Watergate is over. Ever since the first evidence of President Nixon's involvement in the cover-up was revealed—in fact now over two years ago—real Executive authority and initiative have been weakened; every Presidential TV interview—and there were not many—was transformed into a trial by TV of the highest officer in the country; his trips abroad became elaborate and embarrassing revelations of a man hungry for popularity abroad because he had lost it at home; politics and democracy were degraded. The resignation of President Nixon at least ended any further ignominy for the office, if not yet for the man.

It is, of course, too early to assess the full impact of the Watergate affair on the United States. Intrinsically it was a trivial episode which had little, if any, bearing on the result of the Presidential Election of 1972. Nor was it especially heinous of a President to try to cover up what happened. George Reedy, who spent hundreds of hours in the Oval office as aide to President Lyndon Johnson, has said that 'I have no doubt that any White House of recent years would have sought to cover up the Watergate break-in.' And Bill Moyers, another of LBJ's chief aides, has said 'It is everyman's first instinct to hide wrong-doing.'

Assuming that these comments are valid—and there will be those who will at once say that they reveal a slump in Presidential standards in recent years—what is striking is that Nixon, unlike his immediate predecessors, seemed to be preoccupied with covering up rather than at getting at the facts themselves. He seemed short of curiosity; he had around him a small inner cadre of utterly loyal but remarkably non-political aides and lieutenants, who not only guarded him from intrusion but who were particularly suspicious of all the rest on the periphery of the White House. Benjamin Cohen, who was brought down to Washington as a young man by Felix Frankfurter from Harvard and has lived all his life ever since in Washington, has said 'I simply cannot conceive of anything like this happening in the White House that I remember. I can see Roosevelt now, sitting in that office, but I can't conceive of him talking about the things that this gang talked about. This is a terrible thing. It is terribly sad for all of us who have worked in the White House and value the time we spent there.' It was not Watergate at all, but the revelation of the scale of the tape-recorded conversations, the language used in them, and the dismissal of Elliot Richardson that were the real turning points in the affair.

American history is, of course, rich in scandals. They have affected almost every administration. They wrecked the administration of President Ulysses S. Grant. The circumstances surrounding the death of President Harding on his trip to Alaska remain mysterious, and that death seems directly linked to the revelations about Teapot Dome in Wyoming. But there is a major difference. The savage and sustained searchlight of publicity that in to-day's world probes and illumines every aspect of the President's activities, makes all such intrigues difficult and probably makes corruption obvious as soon as the first suspicion of it arises. The two year campaign unleashed by the Watergate affair, and begun and developed brilliantly by the Woodward and Bernstein team on the *Washington Post*, was never therefore in essence a probe into Watergate, but from the outset a probe into the ineptness of the President's handling of it.

It is this that makes the charge that President Nixon was the victim of a campaign against him conducted by the media so important in assessing the whole affair. General Haig, his chief of staff in his last year in office, has said that the nation, in its zeal to have the wrongdoing exposed, sanctioned 'Persecutory, investigative techniques', that in fact ran rough-shod over the rights of individuals. He said that while the press acted responsibly on the whole, some publications printed 'scurrilous rumours as fact' and television commentators made 'sweeping and unsubstantiated accusations' that eroded public confidence in the government as a whole. 'We have to be careful,' he has said, 'that the tactics being employed to ferret out the truth don't damage the very things we are seeking to preserve in society.' There is some warrant for General Haig's view, which was the view of many in the Nixon entourage. In their eyes he has always been untrustworthy. 'the tricky Dick' of American politics, and the last two years have simply confirmed their repeated attacks upon him. It is this charge—that the President was being hounded by a virulently hostile 'liberal' Press—that lends especial importance to the report of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, which was originally designed to give the reasons for the Committee's decision to recommend three articles of impeachment to the full House. Ten Republicans on that Committee had voted solidly against every article of impeachment, until Mr. Nixon published his last three tape transcripts, showing that he had in fact taken part in the Watergate cover-up from the beginning. What was now being investigated was not Watergate but acts directly attributable to Richard Nixon himself and admitted by him. It seemed abundantly clear that he was spending the greatest part of his time not on high issues of State, as his aides had long pretended, but listening in anguish to the tape recordings of his conversations and seeking to conceal his accountability for his acts—and indeed seeking to deceive and mislead the American people about his own involvement. The Committee came to the judgement

> We know that it has been said, and perhaps some will continue to say, that Richard Nixon was 'hounded from office' by his political opponents and media critics. We feel constrained to point out, however, that it was Richard Nixon who impeded the FBI's investigation of the Watergate affair by wrongfully attempting to implicate the Central Intelligence Agency—it was Richard Nixon

> who created and preserved the evidence of that transgression and who, knowing that it had been subpoenaed by this committee and the special prosecutor, concealed its terrible import, even from his own counsel, until he could do so no longer.
>
> And it was a unanimous Supreme Court of the United States which, in an opinion authored by the Chief Justice whom he appointed, ordered Richard Nixon to surrender that evidence to the special prosecutor, to further the ends of justice.
>
> The tragedy that finally engulfed Richard Nixon had many facets. One was the very self-inflicted nature of the harm. It is striking that such an able, experienced and perceptive man, whose ability to grasp the global implications of events little noticed by others may well have been unsurpassed by any of his predecessors, should fail to comprehend the damage that accrued daily to himself, his Administration and to the nation as, day after day, month after month, he imprisoned the truth about his role in the Watergate cover-up so long and so tightly within the solitude of his Oval office that it could not be unleashed without destroying his Presidency . . .

There was clearly a profund difference between Richard Nixon's White House and all its predecessors. Here was a loner, surrounded by figures drawn from an advertising rather than a political world, who guarded him vigilantly—'the Berlin Wall', 'the Potsdam Grenadiers'. He was surrounded too by hidden tape-recording machines attached by miles of wire to concealed microphones in every room; at a footfall they would switch on, switching off only after an interval of silence. It was an alarming picture. And all of this information was apparently for history, suitably edited history, of course, with all expletives deleted. It would permit ultimately the production of a vast and costly record of the President's administration, and a record for sale. There was here a vast difference in the nature and the style of Presidential authority from earlier Presidents. It was a crisis of a different dimension from any in the past. The sad fact is that Watergate reveals a slump in standards, but even more a slump in Presidential political expertise.

But, now that the agony is over, we can begin to assemble a tentative balance sheet. The Constitution has again stood the test. Impeachment—real impeachment—has only been used once, against President Andrew Johnson over 100 years ago. It did not come to that this time. Both Senate Committees and the House Judiciary Committee were seen in many sessions on TV, and were seen as worried, responsible and honest in their processes. The 25th Amendment to the Constitution, which outlines how a President and Vice-President are chosen if normal electoral methods cannot be used, has worked smoothly. There is a new President, Gerald Ford, who was himself chosen by President Nixon to be his Vice-President 10 months ago: popular with Congress, where he was for 25 years a Michigan Representative for its fifth district, and standing the test of a massive probe into his financial and personal integrity. He has chosen as his Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, with his 15 years' experience as Governor of New York, on whom a similar probe is now taking place. Although Senator Barry Goldwater has said critical things about him, it is certain that Rockefeller's name will be approved by the Senate when it is submitted to it, and at last there will be two popular and honourable men at the helm, men—it should be noted—

from the East and the Middle West back in control. The Californian period of occupation of the White House is over, and unlamented.

The changes are only just in time. On the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, as the Constitution requires, a new House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate will be elected. Both House and Senate are overwhelmingly Democratic at present, the Senate 57/43, the House 248 to 187. All recent by-elections have gone Democratic, even that in Grand Rapids caused by President Ford's translation. Had President Nixon not resigned and had impeachment been begun, the election would have been fought on his standing as President, and many Republicans anticipated total defeat and disaster. Some of them estimated that they would be reduced to a 'rump' of only 100 seats, a disaster of New Deal dimensions. Their image will now be cleaner. President Nixon served his party well by going when he did. And the Democrats have obligingly returned to their customary squabbles between radicals and Old Guard. Although I believe that both Senate and House will be firmly Democratic in November, and while in some key states, like California and Texas, Republicans have been slow to rally round the flag, a Democratic victory is not now likely to be on so overwhelming a scale as to constitute a barrier to the Ford-Rockefeller programme, a programme not only for Relief but for Recovery and Reform.

It has already begun. The House of Representatives has already passed a bill requested by President Ford to set up a Wages and Prices Review Board to help him fight inflation. That inflation has now reached double figures and if it is not as serious as in Britain, it worries all Americans. The new President has correctly called it 'problem No. 1' and he is likely to use every weapon in the book to control it, from curbs on Federal spending to steeper taxes; he is likely to be a hard money man, and interest rates in the US could well go higher than they are now. A Democratic Congress will not like this, but they accepted President Nixon's freeze three years ago and concede that it did well. I believe another is on the way. President Ford won a tiny victory in his fight against inflation at the end of August, when General Motors announced that it would reduce price increases already announced for its 1975 model cars. John Naughton, a Vice-President of the Ford Company, said that his firm would probably follow General Motors' example. This fight will, of course, neither in the United States nor anywhere else, be an easy one to win. The Dow-Jones Index has registered a fall of more than 50 points since President Ford was sworn into office. The coal strike in August which closed 1,200 pits, and which was a preliminary to the long bargaining that leads up to the expiry of the United Mine Workers' contract on November 12th (when a more protracted strike could follow), has had a sharp impact on the economy. The President's request for a domestic summit meeting on the economy, and for the establishment of a council to monitor but not control prices and wages, are perhaps little more than public relations exercises. But one of these, the televised session with his economic pundits, was effective. And at least the national economy is now receiving the direct personal attention of the President.

The new President is a bold as well as a moderate man. His first speech outside Washington was delivered eleven days after he became President and in it he addressed the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the most politically powerful of American ex-servicemen's groups numbering 1,800,000. They cheered his speech repeatedly, but greeted in silence his announcement that he had ordered a review of the issue of amnesty for deserters and draft evaders. He said that many of those who served in Vietnam were young, and that the few Americans who committed the supreme folly of shirking their supreme duty were also young. 'These young Americans should have a second chance to contribute their fair share to the rebuilding of peace among ourselves and with all nations. So I am throwing the weight of my Presidency into the scales of justice on the side of leniency.' He seemed to have in mind some form of national service for the 50,000 or so men involved. The Defence Department says that over 2,000 of these men are known to be outside the United States, primarily in Canada and Sweden. In fact the figures are much larger than these. The Department admits that from July 1st, 1960 to December 31st, 1973 there were over 500,000 'incidents of desertion', defined as absence without leave for 30 days or more. It seems clear that during the Vietnam War officials tended to minimise the number, in an effort to show that the war was less unpopular than the public knew it to be. Senator Kennedy supported the President's overtures, and most Americans seem to agree that it is time to 'Bind up the nation's wounds' and bring home those young Americans who are ready to earn their way back.

President Ford showed the same courage—which not all Americans have approved—in giving Richard Nixon, in September, an absolute pardon. It was an obvious attempt to close an unhappy chapter in the book. If to some it was a premature act of relief, to most it seemed wise—and generous. As Burke said two centuries ago, 'Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great Empire and little minds go ill together.' And did not Lincoln use the phrase, 'With malice toward none, with charity for all.'?

The country may well similarly endorse Senator Fulbright's call for an end to the twelve-year embargo against trade with Cuba. Since January 1961, when President Eisenhower broke off diplomatic relations, Cuba has been a running sore in American diplomacy. Even President Nixon, who earned world-wide praise for improving relations with the Communist regimes in Moscow and Peking, could not bring himself to do the same with Cuba. In his campaign for the Presidency in 1960 he described it as 'an intolerable cancer'. His intransigence over Cuba was nurtured by his close friendship with Charles 'Bebe' Rebozo. Rebozo is a Cuban and, like many others who have settled in the United States, is solidly opposed to any idea of a *rapprochement* with Fidel Castro. President Nixon ignored the suggestions of Pat Holt, Chief of Staff to the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, who after a visit to Cuba concluded that United States policy towards the country was a failure and should be revised. Advice similar to Mr. Holt's has come from Kalman Silvert, a visiting professor of New York University who is also a member of the Commission on US-Latin American

Relations and Ford Foundation adviser for Latin America. He is a former academic colleague of Luigi Einaudi, who is Dr. Kissinger's adviser on Latin American policy planning. Kissinger has been loyal to President Nixon throughout, but is believed privately to favour the restoration of normal relations with Cuba within the general framework of détente diplomacy. The Cuban Government was certainly glad to see President Nixon go. *Granma,* the official Havana newspaper (named after the rickety boat on which Castro and his colleagues made their way to Cuba in 1957) always spelt Nixon with a swastika in place of the X. The newspaper saw him as 'a man with reactionary ideas, an enraged anti-communist and a personal enemy of the Cuban revolution'. It seems a safe prediction that within the next twelve months the United States and Cuba could be talking to each other again.

One thing does need saying. Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's ablest lieutenant, now under attack himself, is still Secretary of State. and in this sense the Nixon foreign policy will continue into the Ford Presidency. In an age marked by all but total scepticism about all aspects of politics, that foreign policy still has spirit and courage in it. Dr. Kissinger's statement on the role that his country will follow in international affairs during the Ford Presidency was eloquent and hopeful. 'In time of crisis, and at the conference table, America's military might is the fountain of our diplomatic strength . . . Never forget that conciliation is a virtue only in those who are thought to have a choice.' The United States would never, he said, accept strategic inferiority. Dr. Kissinger has emphasised the strenuous but unavailing efforts the United States has made to reach nuclear agreement with Russia, but until agreement is reached, American strategic strength would be maintained with unflinching resolve 'at whatever cost or sacrifice'. Nor should it be forgotten that with all Dr. Kissinger's expertise and flair, this foreign policy in its shape and vigour was Richard Nixon's achievement. He went to Peking and Moscow, he sought to end the Cold War. That honour cannot be denied him. His first four years in the White House were distinguished and they should not be forgotten. But that said, there is relief in the US as the slow fight back to economic and political recovery gets under way.

This is not to say that the legacy of Watergate is anything but one of bitterness. There remains the savage scar on the Presidency left by the revelations of the tapes, the slump in Presidential style since the Kennedy era, the picture of a man improving his private homes at the public expense, the sleazyness that remains as the aftermath of Spiro Agnew's Vice-Presidency. There are the serious problems of control over campaign expenditure, in which indeed the Watergate affair began. President Ford, like every American President since Roosevelt, carries a heavy burden of responsibility that the Constitution never foresaw. An index of that burden is the size of his staff. Forty years ago President Hoover bequeathed to FDR three secretaries. Nixon's White House staff numbered several thousand—a bureaucracy within a bureaucracy, specialised, hierarchical, loaded with responsibility, loaded with hatreds, and dangerously out of touch with the

public mood. As Professor Aaron Wildowski, the Dean of the Graduate School of Public Policy at Berkeley has said, 'Americans have come to demand more and more of government, and to trust it less and less.' But this is a verdict that could be pronounced on all democratic governments on either side of the Atlantic.

In the short term, however, the prospect looks far more hopeful this November than could ever have been expected some four months ago. Watergate will cast a long shadow but, that said, the message seems to be: back to normalcy. The team of Ford and Rockefeller is a strong one with the sort of balance that party managers love, a conservative and a liberal, an Easterner and a Mid-Westerner, an expert on Congress and an expert on State government, and both of them superb campaigners. With Mr. Ford to carry Michigan and Mr. Rockefeller to carry New York, two of the big states the President has to win to get elected, this could be a very strong ticket for 1976. With the Democratic Party divided after their stormy convention in Kansas City, with New York Democrats in their September primaries revolting against the 'caucus' names in a hunt for new faces and untarnished reputations, with Senator Edward Kennedy's prestige so seriously weakened in a post-Watergate age by the memories of Chappaquiddick that he has deemed it unwise to run himself, the odds are not only that a Republican in the White House will see the US celebrate its 200th birthday in two years time, but that a Republican team will be in charge for the next decade: until 1984.

But there is a qualification. Watergate is over, if the fourth estate allows it to be so. The Press and the media destroyed President Nixon. They may have had good reasons for doing so, even if the substantial reasons are still unproven. They certainly disliked his withdrawal from the arena, his agoraphobia (Joseph Alsop's word), his redwood fences and triple, Marine-protected windscreens for his Shangri-Las at San Clemente and Key Biscayne, his proposal (laughed out of court) for a security force in costumes to match the bearskins and plumes of St. James's Park, his obvious monarchical yearnings. There was much here for valid scorn. But until recently it has not been a normal feature of American Government for there to be a permanent confrontation between President and Press. FDR described them as the Ananias Club. Truman was savaged by them. But both men took it. Nixon retreated into a fortress. Denied a face-to-face challenge with him, and frustrated by it, the Press may now see their permanent role as that of an angry and savagely hostile critic of every future occupant of the White House; if so they will not help either the President or the country, and they will decisively alter the constitutional balance, and for the worse. The new President is wise to try to put Watergate behind him; he has been found to be 'clean' and should be given a clear run. The Press should cease to be part of a 'culture of disparagement'. It is on them that the future of the Presidency now depends.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN INDIA

by A. S. Raman

UNINTERRUPTED one-party rule for years on end has one obvious advantage. It ensures continuity in the implementation of policies. But at what price? India has had the benefit of one-party rule for more than 26 years. But her record remains as bleak as ever before. No doubt she has the dubious distinction of being a member of the exclusive nuclear club. More solid achievements, however, are not yet in sight. The absence of economic discipline, social cohesiveness and political *élan* has brought a certain flabbiness to Indian democracy which has been correctly described by an eminent American economist as 'a functioning anarchy'.

The Indian National Congress, founded in 1885 as a forum of nationalist opinion, once played a very effective role as the party in opposition. The policies and tactics it evolved eventually compelled the British to transfer power to Indians. But its career as the party in office, which began on August 15, 1947, has not been very impressive. Gandhi was far-sighted enough to suggest that, with the attainment of independence by India, the Congress had become an anachronism. The earlier it was disbanded as a political party and restructured as an organisation dedicated to the urgent task of improving the quality of life on social, moral and economic planes, the better. But his advice fell on deaf ears, because the erstwhile opposition was impatient for plums of office. Nehru's charisma, vision and drive, however, continued to hold the nation together. The Congress which, under his leadership, was in power for 17 years had no challenge from any quarter, though in some states parties drawing their strength from personalities rather than from policies were seen to advantage. As long as he was alive, he was the boss. That was all. The result was tragic both for the Congress and for the country. The party became stagnant, corrupt and unwieldy. It fell in love with its own image. It now concentrated on winning elections rather than on producing results. Naturally, it soon deteriorated into the hunting ground for power-seeking opportunists and adventurers. As for the nation, deprived of an opportunity to strengthen the roots of democracy, the prevailing mood was philosophical resignation. After Nehru, and after Shastri, Indira Gandhi. But the Congress continued to monopolise political power, with the help of the black money provided by trade and industry. If anything, since the 1969 split, caused by the exit of the tired old guard, the Congress has become stronger than ever before. Today among its members are politicians representing the ideological extremes of the right and the left, though they all strike a socialist stance. One look at them will convince us, not of their concern for the underdog, but of their own instinct for self-preservation.

The choice before India clearly is between chaos and the Congress, between revolution and status quo. Not the sort of revolution that Jayaprakash Narayan, who is essentially an impotent visionary, if not a misguided reactionary, finds himself leading in Bihar, with material as

flimsy as students. His revolution has a limited objective: The replacement of Congress rule by the President's rule. Narayan does not seem to realise that there can be no democracy without elections and the Congress will go on winning them till such time as India comes of age politically. Traditions and institutions which make democracy a way of life rather than a mere form of government have yet to take root in this country. There is nothing wrong with the legislature, the judiciary and the press in India: only the party in power, over-sensitive to criticism, insists on saying the last word. And it is always sure of success at the polls, because the voters, the bulk of whom are illiterate, are socially amorphous, politically immature and economically vulnerable. In a sense, Indian democracy, which is practised more in letter than in spirit, is an extravagant pretence.

Things have been going wrong under the Congress rule. All the problems one associates with India—poverty, illiteracy, unemployment, population explosion, corruption, social tensions, irresponsible trade unionism—are there. The quirk of irony is that as the Congress at the centre and in the states becomes stronger and stronger, these challenges acquire more and more sinister overtones. The tragedy of it all is that no other party has a programme which makes sense in the Indian context. At one extreme, the Swatantra, the Jan Sangh and other right-wing parties favour free enterprise, American style; and at the other, the communists, drawing their inspiration either from Moscow or from Peking, advocate rigid statism. There are others who turn right and left, tossed by circumstances.

Only the Congress has a mind of its own, and a mystique too. Patently, it has a working arrangement with the Communist Party of India. Indira Gandhi emerged from the 1969 schism stronger, wiser and braver and assumed the leadership of the Congress. Her first task was to get rid of deadwood. Now the party, cured of its Gandhian hangover, became openly leftist. But not leftist enough, *vis-à-vis* the urgency and complexity of the problems waiting to be solved. Gandhism was all right for Gandhi, but not for lesser mortals. Similarly, the radicalism of the new Congress was all right for Indira Gandhi, but not for the men of straw on whom she had to depend for making socialism a reality to the common man. Naturally, all the radical measures initiated by her have either remained on paper or been half-heartedly implemented. To take a few examples: Ceiling on agricultural holdings and urban property is still a distant goal. Banks have been nationalised but at the expense of efficiency. State trading in wheat had to be withdrawn because of stiff resistance from vested interests. Industry in the public sector continues to be disastrously mismanaged by the clumsy and corrupt bureaucracy. Defectively drafted progressive legislation, subsequently struck down by the Supreme Court, has resulted in an unseemly trial of strength between the executive and the judiciary. The withdrawal of privileges from the India Civil Service and the de-recognition of the princely order, accompanied by the stoppage of their privy purses, have swollen the ranks of potential saboteurs without a corresponding increase in the number of activists, committed to socialist thinking. Economic growth, as envisaged in the various Plans, is more an illusion than a reality because of the nega-

tive, short-sighted tactics and methods of trade union leaders whose only source of strength seems to be the endemic labour indiscipline. The unscrupulous private sector, preoccupied only with immediate returns, is without a sense of social responsibility. It thrives on runaway inflation and simulated shortages. Indeed, the appetite of the Indian trader is gargantuan. He stops at nothing, if his own survival is at stake. Tax evasion, adulteration, over-charging and under-invoicing and smuggling, hoarding and profiteering are his *modus operandi*. He has reduced the common man's life to a nightmare. There is nothing one can do about it because the Congress depends almost wholly on the business community for its massive funds. If Indian economy today is in very bad shape, the private sector's anti-social practices rather than the government's restrictive policies are to blame. India's public enemy No. 1 is the *baniya*, who is crude, selfish and unscrupulous. Who in his senses can assert that there are no crooks in Europe and America? But I think they have their own code of ethics. And they would not hit one below the belt. I am sure they hate to harass the defenceless consumer who already lives below the poverty-line.

Socialism is the only solution to a poor country's basic problems. But it cannot be achieved, unless the nation totally participates in it. Indira Gandhi's political intuitions are sound. Only her calculations sometimes go wrong. There is an impression that she is authoritarian in her methods. She listens to everybody, it is said, but follows none. Perhaps she wishes to accept full responsibility for the decisions of her government. Within the cabinet, she has a few dedicated colleagues who share her fears, dreams and urges. Inside the party, too, she works with a team of workers, unembarrassed by their communist background. They are involved in the painful process of speeding up the social rebirth and the economic resuscitation of India. But basically Indira Gandhi is alone in the sense that few respond to her sophisticated style of functioning. The world has few leaders with her genius for *realpolitik*. She no doubt feels for the hungry Indian masses, but her sympathies are wider and deeper. She has inherited her father's idealism which she enriches with her own activism. While she stands committed to the ideology of socialism, she is aware that no government, however progressive and enlightened, can formulate policies which are irrelevant to the realities of the Indian situation. While her vision is international, she is alive to her immediate challenges. She has no use for can't. Nor does she follow short-cuts. Also, she has no interest in alliances which are not strengthened by identical ideas and interests.

Why does the Congress, under the leadership of Indira Gandhi, find itself drifting towards the Soviet type of socialism? We must remember that Mrs. Gandhi has inherited her fervour for the USSR from her socialist father who never concealed his admiration for Lenin's vision and achievement. The Soviet Union appealed to Nehru for two reasons. Ideologically, it strengthened his socialist belief in the destiny of man. Emotionally, it impressed him because of its predominantly Asian character. One more reason perhaps can be added. Nehru's admiration for the wisdom and maturity of the Soviet statesmen was further strengthened by the politically

naive US leaders' attacks on his own policy of non-alignment which Dulles described as 'immoral'. Nehru admired the West for its thoroughness, discipline, efficiency and sophistication. But spiritually he felt closer to the USSR because of his own sense of human values.

What made Indira Gandhi's rapport with Moscow complete and irreversible was the USA's stupidly partisan intervention in the confrontation between India and Pakistan which led to the birth of Bangla Desh. Even here it was Indira Gandhi's political instincts which paid off, not the clumsy calculations of Nixon or Yahya Khan. Finally, the Twenty-Year Treaty of Peace, Friendship and Co-operation that India concluded with the USSR on August 9, 1971, clinched the issue. Today the two countries stand or fall together.

Politically, India's astute and dynamic Prime Minister can win any battle. Her greatest triumph in the recent years was the birth of Bangla Desh. Now she has removed a major irritant in the relations between India and Sri Lanka by conceding the latter's claim to the small, insignificant island, Kachchativu, in the Palk Straits. She has succeeded in democratising the administration in Sikkim. Bhutan, grateful for the constant flow of economic and technical aid from India, has become a loyal and dependable ally. Even the knotty Kashmir problem is about to be solved. The Plebiscite Front has given up its basic demand and is ready to discuss the details of the future set-up of Kashmir within the Indian Union. Whatever be the degree and quality of autonomy the troubled state will demand and achieve, the ultimate gainer will be India and not the erstwhile secessionists. The Buddhists of Ladakh and the Hindus of Jammu no doubt have their own misgivings about the shape of things to come. The future governments at Srinagar will be, as now, dominated by Muslims. But the Union government will ensure that the interests of religious minorities are fully protected in secular India. As for Pakistan, she will have no option but to accept the cease-fire line as the new boundary.

One hears about regional autonomy in other states also. The trend in non-Congress circles, understandably, is towards gradual decentralisation of power. Among the champions of regional autonomy the most vocal ones are Biju Patnaik of Orissa and M. Karunanidhi, the Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu. Patnaik not being in office makes little impact. But Karunanidhi who is the undisputed leader of the ruling party in one of India's most compact and civilised states, Tamil Nadu, creates a stir whenever he talks about regional autonomy.

Among the major states, only two have non-Congress governments: Tamil Nadu and Kerala. In Tamil Nadu, the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam (DMK) is in power, while Kerala has a pro-Moscow, communist-led United Front government under the leadership of C. Achutha Menon. The Kerala government has a clean record. Even the members of the Communist Party of India do not approach ministers with embarrassing requests for favours. This is possible because of the high esteem in which the party's rank and file hold the chief minister who is fiercely upright and was un-

approachable. There is a joke about him. It is said that he will be ready to lead an anti-government *morcha* (demonstration) at the shortest notice possible, the moment he is out of office. The line that separates his official residence from the open street is much too thin. Apparently he has one foot in the first and the other in the second.

The DMK has a more colourful leadership. There has been, in spite of rifts and defections, a steady improvement in the morale of the DMK which in the higher echelons comprises a team of astute strategists and pragmatists whose success lies in their strong political intuitions. The party that rules Tamil Nadu was once suspected to be irrelevant, retrograde and ephemeral. But today it has an image which is in perspective.

The DMK's rapport with the underdog, achieved more through performance than through promise, is close and firm enough. In fact, among the states, the two non-Congress ones, Tamil Nadu and Kerala, are possibly the best governed. Here the masses, the worst victims of political manoeuvring and bureaucratic bungling in other states, find themselves in tune with the government which they feel gives top priority to their problems, demands and urges. Of course, the DMK government in Tamil Nadu and the CPI-led United Front ministry in Kerala have also had their share of public wrath, caused by the vitiating atmosphere of charges and counter-charges levelled against one another by politicians. In India today no one in power is assumed to be clean. Everybody is corrupt till the contrary is proved. Corruption has gone beyond endurance. But still one cannot deny that a few states do have comparatively clean and respectable governments.

The DMK which cannot be easily defeated politically is sound at the grass-roots level, while the leadership continues to be responsible, realistic and resilient. Chairman Karunanidhi's charisma, of course, is a great plus point. His gift of oratory, his genius for organisation and his grip on essentials make him politically indestructible. By all accounts, the man who is worth watching is the General Secretary of the Party, V. R. Nedunchezhiyan, who is also the Minister for Education and Tourism. He is loved and respected by everybody inside the party and outside. People in Tamil Nadu openly say that the DMK will collapse like a house of cards, the moment Nedunchezhiyan quits it. And he will not do so because of the strong emotional ties that bind him to the party with which he has grown up. The DMK cannot exist without him and he cannot exist without the DMK.

What are the objectives of the DMK? According to Nedunchezhiyan and his chief, Karunanidhi, the list is long and it includes regional autonomy, democratic socialism, economic equality, social harmony, scientific rationalism and other pleasant-sounding platitudes. But I guess regional autonomy has top priority. What precisely does this mean? Says Nedunchezhiyan:

> 'The centre should safeguard the interests of India, and the states, the interests of the Indian people. You know what I mean? Defence, External Affairs, Communications, Currency and other federal subjects can continue to be the responsibility of the centre while the other items should be transferred to the states which should be given full powers and facilities without which they cannot develop freely and competitively. Look at the freedom the units enjoy in the two countries, the USSR and the USA, popularly known as Super-Powers. These

two countries are strong because their units are strong. The centre is free to collect taxes for purposes of defence and for the common pool from which funds can be diverted to the development of backward states. Regional identity is achieved and preserved only through autonomy. Actually, under the 1935 Act, the provinces had greater autonomy and the Cabinet Mission also envisaged greater and greater autonomy for the federating units of the future. It was our constitution-makers who took away whatever powers and privileges the states had. The underlying objective was to strengthen the centre. But the price paid by the states was too high: They became impotent.'

So Indira Gandhi has problems of a very complex and challenging nature. She does not know where to begin. Nothing seems to go right in India today. Education, industry, trade, bureaucracy, labour, the arts; these and much else, all are in a state of chaos. Her biggest problem is the steep decline in moral values. The people have no feeling of fellowship. They are all engaged in a free-for-all. Socialism is all right, but without people's total participation in it, it will remain merely a slogan. If Indira Gandhi's leadership flounders at all, it will be only on the economic front. But she is too shrewd, strong-willed and self-respecting to let the situation go out of hand. At the moment she is not interested in the ideological niceties and nuances of her progressive policies. She is keen only on strengthening the morale and economy of the country which has a tarnished image both at home and abroad.

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CHILDREN AND HOMELESSNESS

by Michael Locke

IN schools the impact of the home environment on a pupil's achievement is recognised. Indeed, the theory is so much part of the conventional wisdom that one suspects that poor home conditions sometimes provide a handy excuse for failures which may derive rather from the school and its teachers. I recently undertook a research study for Shelter, the national campaign for the homeless, which sought to bring together the information available from the education service with that from social and medical services on the impact of the worst home environments, homelessness itself and appalling housing conditions. The evidence is not surprising except perhaps in its conclusiveness. Workers in these services and research evidence confirmed the damage done to children as a consequence of homelessness.

The strength of the evidence is such as to make irrelevant what is often a stumbling block in the debate about possible social reforms, those arguments over cause and effect. On one side it may be argued that people are homeless because of their own personal and social inadequacies, in other words because of personality factors, and therefore, it may be argued that simply rehousing a family will not solve any problems because the parents have—through genetic or environmental means—transmitted these same defects of personality to their children. On the other side it may be argued that it is the social and political situation which produces homelessness, in which case one might be led into expecting immediately observable improvements as a result of rehousing. The evidence from studying the effects on children points neither one way nor the other but, I believe, reduces this debate to mere semantics. It is very clear that children and families who are or have been homeless are worse off socially, psychologically and educationally.

Moreover, it is clear from the evidence that homelessness is a trap and that the children of the homeless are prone to repeat the experience upon their own children. It is unrealistic to expect people by their personal effort alone to extricate themselves from this trap. A local authority social worker explained the situation to me in graphic terms:

> The chances are that the child from bad housing who goes into care or temporary accommodation finds it difficult to learn at school and to handle social relationships at school . . . He comes out of school with poor achievement and has to take a low level, badly paying job. Because of the insecurity of his childhood he probably finds social relationships difficult and can't sustain stress situations. He is likely to marry someone from a similar background which means that the marriage is likely to be unstable. It's a trap.

Those of us who have never been homeless are most likely to have learnt of homelessness through dramatic single case-histories of which the BBC's film *Cathy Come Home* is the most outstanding. Yet I was continually taken aback whilst doing this research at what I can only call the ordinariness of

homelessness. A man who had had his own grocery business was when I met him living with his wife and two children in a van in a carpark in south-east London and he commented:

> We used to see pictures on television of people sleeping in the backs of cars and wonder how on earth it could ever happen—but now it's happened to us. It's staggering. We scrimped and saved to keep up mortgage payments until, with all the increases and the cost of living, it got too much. Then we came to London and saved. And now this has happened.

Homelessness is an increasingly common problem. Figures produced during the period of this research from five Housing Advice Centres showed a dramatic increase in the number of families being evicted from furnished accommodation:

	1st quarter '72	1st quarter '73
Deptford HAC	99	213
CHAS Manchester	26	44
CHAS Croydon	43	68
CHAS Birmingham	43	86
SHAC London	327	932
	538	1,343

For many of these families one is not anticipating absolute destitution or complete social breakdown. There are observable effects, short-term and long-term, on the children, however.

These effects were described in the report which Shelter published, *The Kids Don't Notice.* We looked at the effects on children both of homelessness—that is, those children who were in care or living in local authority temporary accommodation for lack of a family home—and of appalling housing conditions. The appalling conditions—overcrowding, lack of basic amenities—included both the privately rented sector and local authority temporary accommodation, and some of the most harrowing stories came from people living in the latter.

The effects can be roughly grouped into three. Children notice the stresses and strains which are placed upon their mothers and fathers by bad housing, by overcrowding or by dilapidated conditions, by homelessness. Children are affected by the tensions, the irritability and the despair produced in their parents. It may be observed in increased scrapping between brother and sister or aggressive behaviour with other children at school or in the opposite way, in withdrawal from social contracts. It is not only temporarily painful but can give rise to long-term personality and behavioural problems, perhaps delinquency and crime, perhaps an inadequate unhappy adult life.

Secondly, there are medical effects. Children in bad housing are more prone to illness, both the psychologically based illnesses often produced by stress such as eczema, and illnesses resulting from insanitary conditions and infection through overcrowding.

Thirdly, there are educational effects. In becoming homeless children often have their schooling interrupted; sometimes children in temporary accommodation are not going to school either because of confusion about catch-

ment areas for schools or because of their having slipped through the net of welfare workers. Moreover, the National Child Development Study has calculated that overcrowding in a child's home has the effect of retarding his reading age by nine months at the age of seven. Lack of basic amenities has a similar effect, and the two factors also worsen arithmetical achievement and social adjustment in school. (*From Birth to Seven*, Longman in association with the National Children's Bureau 1972.)

Our study collected evidence from teachers, doctors, social workers and psychiatrists and quoted from a number of interviews. They demonstrated that bad housing conditions are impeding their ability to help their students and clients. One teacher was more abrupt than most of her colleagues would be prepared to be:

> If you've got 40 in a class and there are children living in one room with several brothers and sisters, it's sheer hypocrisy to pretend you're teaching them anything.

A social worker described his job in such conditions as 'like trying to give artificial respiration under water':

> Homelessness is one of the major problems a social worker has to deal with. Too much of our time is taken up with problems that stem from housing conditions or homelessness or in fighting the housing department.

For much of the report the case-histories and interviews with homeless people spoke for themselves. A former teacher who was living in temporary accommodation in a street due for redevelopment saw the demoralising effect on herself and her neighbours:

> I think most homeless families give up. I'm worried for some of the other people in this street. You can see all too easily how that lady's children are going to end up in care. Just being homeless is a shock and I can see them going to pieces. I did know what was happening and it's very depressing watching your kids deteriorate . . . Now I know why some of the kids I taught when I was a teacher were quite unable to concentrate.

The field officer of a family squatting association described how children could be made the victims of the housing situation:

> Parents are scared to let children talk in case the landlord hears. When a landlord wants people out of a flat, he goes for the children. He stops them playing in the yard. He says they are making too much noise. In one family I know, if the children wanted to go to the toilet or down to the kitchen, mother or father had to go with them because the landlord was being so nasty. If there's a whole family living in one room, there is nothing for the children to do but sit on the beds. They can't do anything by themselves. If one wants to play, he disturbs the others.

The report describes children with persistent infections and worrying behaviour problems. There are case-histories of a family of seven living in a caravan, a family of five having to share with the in-laws, a family living in a damp and decaying tenement.

Some of the most depressing aspects of homelessness are the solutions proposed for dealing with cases by public authorities. The practice of taking children into care because of homelessness or bad housing conditions is discouraged by the Government which recommends that families should be

kept together except in exceptional circumstances. A social worker explained the rationale:

> As a rule of thumb, even in the worst housing conditions it is more in a child's interest to be with the parents than to be taken into institutional care.

It is widely accepted that separation from parents is very harmful. Nonetheless, the number of children taken into care in Britain in 1972/3 because they were homeless or because of unsatisfactory home conditions increased to a total of 7,281 children.

A child psychiatrist expressed great concern:

> Usually we reckon that less than a month in care is not too damaging: they can remember their home and look upon it as a holiday. After that they become very withdrawn and depressed. That's a very serious omen because it shows they've lost hope. They feel rejected.
>
> As a group, children in care are extremely disturbed. Psychiatrists are often asked to see disturbed children who've had to be taken into care because through social circumstances the family has broken up. One feels angry because it is the sort of thing which would have been prevented by intervention before the breakdown.

The long-term effects were noted by a Family Service Unit social worker:

> Many of the parents we work with have spent part of their lives in care. They lack the capacity to make relationships, to feel valued and to have a sense of competence and their own worth. They have a problem in taking responsibility for their own lives and taking control of their destiny.

Numerically the larger problem is of children living in temporary accommodation because of homelessness. In March 1973 there were in England alone more than 12,000 children living in temporary accommodation. Local authorities have a duty to provide this accommodation, and it is often called 'Part III accommodation' after the relevant section of the National Assistance Act 1948. It is accepted that families should not be left to sleep on the streets and that families should not be split up if possible, and various kinds of temporary accommodation are therefore provided. Depending on the local authority, it may consist of old houses or blocks of flats due for demolition, hostels and bed-and-breakfast rooms in guesthouses and hotels. Some of the most appalling housing conditions are in Part III accommodation, perhaps a house nearly derelict from years of misuse and impending demolition, a house that is only fit to be pulled down. Such an old house may have no hot water or bath, may be chronically damp or have rotten floorboards and damaged walls.

The uncertainties of temporary accommodation are as hard to cope with as the physical conditions. Some families are put into bed-and-breakfast rooms for a few nights and then abandoned. Others put into short-life houses or flats, expecting any week or month to move, and not knowing what the local authority intends to do with them. The depression and tensions brought upon mothers and fathers are more dangerous for the children than the health hazards of the accommodation. A child psychiatrist at a child guidance clinic in south London concluded:

> Most psychiatrists consider that putting families in Part III accommodation and splitting families is disastrous. This is the way in which housing conditions have

> their worst effect psychologically, and being shifted around is probably the worst aspect. When we get a family which has been in Part III for some time, we get very depressed about their chances. Temporary accommodation is worse than overcrowding. It adds considerably to a child's insecurity.

A family is seldom just homeless if one is discussing in terms of social disadvantages. In an individual case it may be, as social workers tend to describe situations, that the family is homeless because the mother's or father's own emotional or psychological problems reduce their ability to survive in the competitive housing market. It may be that a family is forced out of its home by economic pressures, their own low wages or their landlord's need to make higher profits, and as a result of their housing problem the family is precipitated into other problems in a vicious downward spiral. The family may just have been terribly unlucky. Probably one could in most cases compile a combination of factors, and it is not always possible to separate out the effects of homelessness from other problems. The evidence is, however, clear that homelessness is a crucial factor in the damage done to children. The National Child Development Study in *From Birth to Seven* put this point neatly:

> It would, of course, be naive to assume a direct causal relationship between, say, lack of hot water in the household and a child's reading attainment. But poor housing conditions may well lead to a low standard of physical health, depression and irritability in parents, and may produce a feeling of 'distance' from the more privileged sections of society (with which the school may be identified).

Housing is moreover a factor which society can do something about. The government and institutions of society probably cannot make perfect parents, perfect teachers or even perfect social workers but could provide sufficient and decent housing for families. In face of the evidence—and Shelter's *The Kids Don't Notice* is by no means unique—I think we should recognise that lack of action by central or local government is tantamount to a deliberate decision to damage children. This is not only making people unhappy now but is setting up the same problems for the future.

[*The Kids Don't Notice* by Michael Locke and Moira Constable is published by Shelter, 86 Strand, London WC2R 0EQ, price 15p. Also by Michael Locke, *Power and Politics in the School System: A Guidebook* published by Routledge and Kegan Paul in March 1974, and *Your Local Education* (with John Pratt, Tyrrell Burgess and Ralph Allemano) published by Pelican.]

PROBLEMS OF GIFTEDNESS

by Pat Wood

DELEGATES to the National Association of Head Teachers' Annual Conference held this year at Blackpool voted unanimously to set up an investigation into ways of improving education for gifted children. This will please the National Association for Gifted Children, a body which represents their interests and attempts to provide suitably mentally enriching activities for local groups. The theme of its conference two years ago was that exceptionally bright or talented children run the risk of boredom, frustration and suppression of their abilities in ordinary schools.

But how true is this assumption, and what *is* giftedness? If one takes this as meaning 'of superior ability' it would follow that suitable education would provide scope for the exercise and extension of these abilities, in the same way as one would wish to provide scope for the maximum exercise and extension of the abilities of a normal child. One might argue, as Liam Hudson once remarked,[1] that perfectly good cases—some humanitarian, others expedient—can be made for allowing the able to fend largely for themselves, and devoting most effort to children who are less privileged, because they deserve it, or simply in the hope that some meaning can be lent to their lives, before they rise in despair and destroy us.

Now Miss Heather Hughes, a Bolton headmistress, has said that the two per cent of children who are gifted 'are our future scientists, inventors, leaders, teachers, artists and musicians—or they could be tomorrow's drop-outs or delinquents.'

Janet Watts, in *The Guardian*, said that the gifted child could find himself in a world just as cold and lonely, as incomprehensible and uncomprehending, as the subnormal child's, and that exceptional children all need exceptional handling; practical and emotional help of a special kind. Without it, a gifted child is as deprived as a lame child without crutches.

It is a mistake to assume that a clever child will get on, no matter what, as a proud teacher-colleague remarked to me once about her daughter, who had just come top of the class. Many do, and are no problem to themselves or to anyone else, but there are examples in *Able Misfits*[2] of child guidance clinic records which indicate that ability is not always recognised in time to prevent serious educational and other problems. Examples quoted include victims of too high parental expectations; they also include those whose parents expected too little of them. All were children of above average ability who had been referred to the clinic because of educational difficulties. Their I.Q.s ranged from 120 to 200.

In *Gifted Children and the Brentwood Experiment*[3] a description is given of experiments in teaching groups of children of high measured I.Q. during afternoon sessions at a college of education.

A nine-year-old boy wrote about 'Heterocyclic systems five membered rings' and went on with reference to the substitution of an oxygen molecule,

writing in a topic book. Bridges, the author, remarked of this boy that he was poised for a considerable advancement in knowledge and skill, but he was not receiving the help he required.

Some of the children, although first in their classes, were still under-achieving, coasting along quite satisfactorily but with little use of their superior intellectual powers. One admitted that he and his fellows worked more slowly than they need so as not to show how slow the other children in their school classes were. I have had a similar experience, when a bright child, bored at school, at last admitted she was not working as hard as she might 'for fear of standing out'.

Such cases are a powerful argument for recognising children of unusual ability and allowing them for some of their school time at least to mix with their intellectual peers. It is also an argument for enriching the opportunities available within the class of mixed ability children for individual work of a more advanced nature than that being done by the majority of the class for those who can cope with it. This is, of course, done in the less formal British junior schools, where individual and group project work is encouraged. In such an educational climate, the bright child is valued as an asset to the group work; the gifted artist illustrates the group project; and the gifted athlete is valued for his contribution to school or group prestige.

I once worked with a junior class in such a school where two pleasant but high-spirited little boys showed every sign of high creativity. One such sign was a non-conformist attitude to discipline and an uncanny knack of instant disruption of classroom harmony when they were bored by the work set. They caused no more trouble and were a source of delight and stimulation to us all when launched on a project to relate the force required to accelerate a toy boat from rest to various velocities reached over a measured length of the school swimming pool. They needed help in constructing a pulley system to support their weighted golden syrup tin, in organising and timing boat runs, and in obtaining equipment. We had to convince the swimming instructor that our work would produce some useful mathematics, and limit our endeavours to parts of the time-table he had not ear-marked for training the school team. Inspiration for designing the experiment came from outside the school, and I borrowed gear from the local technical college. I see no reason why experts in the wider community should not be used to augment the ideas of teachers and children alike.

A three-year-old boy who watched advanced schools programmes on television and explained to his astounded parents exactly how a motor bike worked had his problem solved in a different way. He reads his father's newspaper every day and quite exhausts his parents who try to keep up with him. He was moved to a school able to cope with his appetite for learning. His I.Q. was estimated at 170 (100 is average).

A little girl was taken to her doctor at two and a half because she had spasms of breath-holding, leading to unconsciousness and heart-breaking sobs when she came round. The doctor diagnosed intellectual frustration, and the rest of her family were told not to help her to work out problems until

she had had time to try and solve them for herself. The disturbed behaviour stopped, and at four and a half she was reading children's novels. When admitted to infant school at this time she was put straight into a third year class, her intellectual level. Here the other, bigger, children treated her as a doll, and she regressed to babyish behaviour. She readjusted to school when switched to the admission class with five-year-olds, and subsequently was accelerated by one year into junior and grammar school, where she has settled happily with class-mates a year older. This case illustrates well the emotional difficulties which can beset a child whose intellectual development far outstrips emotional maturity. Although doing well in school, she still sometimes suffers from boredom. One of her teachers recently remarked that she 'is really very gifted and it would be nice if she could have an enriched curriculum. It is difficult to know how this could be managed in a classroom context'.

Another child, recognised by her parents as possibly gifted, could read children's stories well and fluently, aloud or silently, prior to school entry. She also painted structured pictures at an early age. On entering play-school at four, she began to imitate other children's colourful splodges, and at school read haltingly aloud in an expressionless, sing-song voice. When she began to do this at home too she was challenged about it by her mother. She replied 'but that's the way everybody reads at school'. She had merely conformed to group norms. When the problem was pointed out to her head-teacher, the mother was told 'your view of your daughter could be of a different child from the one we know. It would seem that her home environment has been so stimulating that school has presented no challenge'.

As teachers' views on giftedness seemed to be crucial to how we are to deal with gifted children I enquired into views held by teachers, a few years ago (1970-71). My work was done with the help and advice of Dr. Eric Ogilvie, whose recently published book, *Gifted Children in Primary Schools*, covers his concurrent Schools' Council enquiry into the teaching of gifted children of primary age.

A number of British junior school, senior school and infant school head teachers were interviewed, and nineteen head teachers filled in questionnaires. Most accepted that changes in intelligence and creativity can occur. All those teachers I spoke to were enthusiastic about encouraging creativity, but some seemed to equate 'creative' with 'artistic', which is too narrow a view of the complex mixture of the ability to think originally and high motivation which it is so necessary to nurture in the gifted child. Most teachers recognised that there were at least two kinds of children, the creative and the intelligent, and all agreed that some children were creative in one particular field only. The majority agreed that it is important to recognise both types of child, and that gifted children present special problems to teachers, but many of those believing that early detection of talent was important, held the concurrent view that early specialisation by the child was unimportant.

It was agreed by over half that many gifted children go unrecognised in our schools, and half of those who were prepared to express an opinion

agreed that 'intelligent children are readily recognisable, but creative children present difficulties and frequently go undetected'. It is, of course, relatively recently that creativity has been intensively studied, whereas intelligence, usually regarded as partly innate, is tested by easily administered and well-established tests such as those used in 11 plus selection. Although strictly speaking these really only measure the ability to answer a particular type of test question, the results are found to correlate fairly closely with abilities generally regarded as due to intelligence.

An interesting remark by a teacher who claimed to have no children gifted 'in terms of specific creative ability' in her school, was this. She said there would be more in a professional area, because 'it often depends on parental interest . . . they are encouraged to develop skills . . . for instance, a musician may teach his child to play . . .'. The same lady emphatically disagreed that the early detection of potential talent was important to teachers, because, she said, 'They tend to forget about anything else, and it's sometimes because they (the children) have had a little bit more tuition in that line and are a little bit precocious.' Early specialisation by the child, she thought, was 'always unimportant'. One wonders in such an area as the catchment area of this school, where parents don't help the potentially gifted, and the school does not encourage their recognition (or regards them as 'precocious') how many potentially gifted children fail to develop. It seems to me that, although apparently motivated by an altruistic intention to give equal education to all, and to recognise all children as equal, she must fail to give an opportunity to all to develop to their full capacity. What child would wish to display or develop skills which were de-valued as 'precocious?' I take her point, however, that interests and skills may develop as a result of parental interest, or identification with a member of a primary social group.

My own feeling was that specific gifts seemed to develop as a result of an interest gained through experience, and to try to test this hypothesis I chose skills with which the experimental groups of junior school children I worked with were not likely to be familiar. I taught a subject—art—for which my own enthusiasm was likely to provoke a favourable teaching situation. I also wanted to find how difficult it was to notice creative potential in junior school for experienced teachers, so asked their teachers to chose the children I was to work with. To find whether the label 'creative' affected a child in relation to his work and his teacher, I deliberately did not look at the list I had been given of the children's attributes prior to finishing a good deal of my work with them.

I used two groups of children. In each, four were selected for known high I.Q. or verbal reasoning ability; four because they were recognised by their school as creative but were not of known high I.Q., and four who came into neither category but were interested to try the work I would be doing, and wanted to take part.

From my two very brief sets of observations it could be seen that the recognition of creative potential was not easy, even for experienced teachers.

The highly intelligent are not necessarily highly creative in all fields, e.g. artistic expression. Those who are not recognised as highly intelligent may be creative in some fields, e.g. artistic expression and creative writing. It would be wrong to assume that any child is not creative in any field until he has been given the opportunity of experimenting in that field and developing an interest. Lack of interest produces lack of effort or even complete avoidance of the activity where possible. (One of the chosen intelligent pupils played hookey from the organised artistic experiment to watch a sports match, because he didn't like art and didn't care for the embarrassment of explaining this point!) whereas high interest is more important than high measured intelligence in producing creative work. Most important to me in my results was that none of those selected as merely interested failed to produce some creative response. These effects showed up because inequalities due to previous experience had as far as possible been eliminated. It would be interesting to see results of similar experiments done in different schools. The indications are that a rich and varied experience in the junior school years must be encouraged for all children.

Of the views of the teachers I interviewed, I think their strong feelings on the adverse affects of large class size on gifted children's education should be taken into account. Some of the pleasing effects of my experiment could be attributed to the small size of the teaching unit; and the fact that every child had easy access to help and encouragement from an interested adult. As gifted children so often respond best to some form of individual or group teaching, sheer class size often makes it extremely difficult for a class teacher to do all she would like for those at either end of the intelligence scale. Any possibility of providing this extra attention for the gifted exceptional child by counselling from a sympathetic teacher, involvement in school life of a parent qualified in the child's main subject interest and willing to advise, or encouragement of the child to take part in after-school small group activities, would mitigate the effects of large classes. I am sceptical about the advisability of moving all gifted children to special schools—for one thing, if one includes those with specific gifts as well as those with the top two per cent of the I.Q. range, very large numbers are involved, and we should learn to cope with them in the ordinary school system. Another point is that parental encouragement and example is so important to many of these children it would be a pity to remove them from a favourable home environment. Where home circumstances add to their difficulties, or there is absolutely no local provision for their needs, one would consider a special school, but the younger the child the less useful a move this is likely to be.

Certainly, maximum flexibility should be employed in deciding the best way to help individual children, and Dr. Ogilvie's conclusion to his Part I is worth quoting: that the problems of giftedness are simply an important aspect of those teaching difficulties which are enshrined perhaps in the phrase 'the individualisation of learning'.

Notes

1 Liam Hudson, *The Times*, November 7, 1970.

2 *Able Misfits*, Kellmer Pringle, 1970. Longmans.

3 *Gifted Children and the Brentwood Experiment*, Bridges. Pitman 1969.
Reference may also be made to: *Gifted Children in Primary Schools*, Eric Ogilvie. Macmillan, 1974.
Daily Telegraph, May 1974.
Sunday People Special Enquiry, June 2, 1974 (one of the examples).
Giftedness in Schools, Pat Wood, 1971. (Unpublished research, Weymouth College of Education.)

[Pat Wood is at present a teacher on the staff of Wyvern Day Special School, Weymouth.]

Note

A World Conference on Gifted Children will be held in London on September 8th-12th, 1975 at the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn and at Bedford College, Regent's Park. Full particulars may be obtained from: World Conference on Gifted Children, 43 Charles Street, London W1X 7PB, or from: The National Association for Gifted Children, 27 John Adam Street, London WC2N 6HX.—*Editor.*

HEALTH FOR EVERY CHILD

by Schmidt-Kolmer

THERE are 4,764,125 children and young people living in the GDR today from 0 to 18 years of age. They enjoy the special encouragement and protection of a socialist society, on the one hand in education and training and on the other in the field of health. Health promotion covers physical and mental development and efficiency but also includes protection from injury and therapy. That requires a systematic, planned organisation of living and environmental conditions, and of educational and training facilities, from which a large number of tasks for a well-organised protection of the health of children and young people are derived.

In the GDR, founded in 1949, the health protection of children and young people was looked upon from the very beginning as a medical task that would be decisive for the future. The Second World War had also left a frightful heritage in the field of health protection. Infant mortality had climbed from 6 per cent before the war to 13 per cent in 1946 and was thus on the level of about 1920. Epidemics (typhoid and typhus) raged among the people as they had done at the end of the 19th century. The physical development of children and young people corresponded on the average to the level of 1910. In addition there was the fact that in the immediate post-war years there was scarcely any milk and only insufficient quantities of essential foodstuffs.

Already after five years it was possible, thanks to the comprehensive efforts made by the government and society, to reach the pre-war level in infant mortality (in 1973 it had reached the lowest level up to now of 1.7 per cent). After ten years (the construction of socialism began in 1952) the improvement in the standard of living of the working people had had such an effect on the weight of babies at birth that there was no difference between the average weights of the newborn babies of workers, peasants and intellectuals. With the further construction of socialist society the different average physical development of children and young people in town and countryside also disappeared. Apart from the fact that social differences were abolished, there was an accelerated rate of development. Children and young people of today develop more rapidly than their parents did, and on the average they will also be bigger and stronger than the parental generation.

How were these first successes obtained and how is the health protection of children and young people organised in the GDR today?

One of the first basic and guiding *laws* was that on the protection of mothers and children and the rights of women, enacted in 1950. Together with a law on the promotion of young people in school and professional life, essential prerequisites for the protection of the health of pregnant women, mothers, children and young people were created.

In the course of the next few years a dense network of consultation centres

for pregnant women, mothers, children and young people came into existence. These consultation centres also organised the current health supervision of children and young people in the form of periodic mass screenings, also the supervision of dental health and the care of the teeth by dentists.

In 1960 a programme for the systematic future development of health protection of the people, beginning with health education as the most general form of prophylaxis to the highly specialised treatment in connection with the rehabilitation of injured children, was adopted.

Of special importance for combating infant mortality was the development of good powdered milk, mixed foods especially prepared for babies, the dispensing of vitamin D in the maternity consultation centres and the introduction of new vaccines against diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, polio and (in the last few years) also against measles. All children are immunised at no charge against smallpox, tuberculosis and the already mentioned infectious diseases in accordance with an immunisation schedule.

The introduction of mass X-ray screenings not only helped to discover and treat tuberculosis at an early stage but also to protect children against being infected by undiscovered tuberculosis among adults (especially tuberculosis among the aged). All health protection measures were organised uniformly and at no charge both in town and countryside.

As a consequence of the measures listed and many others which cost the state thousands of millions of marks every year, the health protection of children and young people in the GDR can refer to a number of tangible results.

Every pregnant woman is registered in a consultation centre for pregnant women from the third month of pregnancy and given medical care until she has given birth. All children in the GDR are born in a maternity hospital. The newborn baby is not only cared for by maternity nurses but also by a children's doctor already in the infant ward. The doctor is present during difficult births so that he can immediately introduce measures to safeguard the life of the child. As soon as the mother is at home again the maternal consultation centres take over the medical supervision of the babies and small children until the age of three; if the child is cared for in a crèche, all measures are carried out there.

In every residential area the social welfare worker of the consultation centre concerns herself with the family situation of the child and advises the mother on the care and feeding of the baby. In the first year the child is examined every month, in the second year twice and in the third and further pre-school years once a year, before starting school and during the school period at intervals of three years. All children with health peculiarities are sent to appropriate specialists and are supervised by the consultation centre more frequently or they are visited at home. Regular immunisation at no charge—from the very first day—is a matter of course in the GDR. After birth the babies receive their inoculation cards. All inoculations are recorded in them by the doctor.

An ever larger proportion of the children of working parents are cared

for during the day in crèches, kindergartens or all-day classes in school. Good sanitary conditions, scientifically planned nutrition and varied systematic education are prerequisites for the development, health and efficiency of the children. Through this systematic co-operation between the parental home and the children's institution, children are given better possibilities to develop than the family can provide alone.

All measures for promoting health and development are further complemented by a network of diagnostic and therapeutic institutions for sick children, by pediatric hospitals, children's departments in health centres and pediatricians engaged in primary outpatient care. The number of pediatricians has been considerably increased in the last few years. In the future the pediatrician is to be just as much a family doctor for children as the general medical practitioner is for adults whom they care for and advise in times of good health and in times of illness.

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The December issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Political Situation in France* by Bernard Lavergne, *A Recently Discovered Letter from T. E. Lawrence* by Viscount Samuel, *A Modern Illusion* by A. N. Gilkes and *Brazil: The Spirit-Possession Cults* by Frances Rust.

THE SINGER AS ACTOR

by Robin May

DURING the rehearsals of *Otello* at La Scala, Milan, in 1887, the seventy-three year old Verdi is said to have clambered onto the stage to show the trumpet-toned but stiff Francesco Tamagno how he wanted the title-role played. He even risked and survived a demonstration of how the great tenor should fall down some steps.

Alarming as this display was for the onlookers, there was nothing eccentric about Verdi's behaviour. Like most, probably all, operatic composers, he longed for singers who could act physically as well as vocally. There have always been those on stage, backstage and in the auditorium who have proclaimed loftily that only the music matters, though few are so grossly insensitive as the guest of the dancer Karsavina, who shared a box with her at a performance of *Boris Godunov*, with the incomparable Chaliapin in the lead. As she related in *Theatre Street*, she was dabbing her eyes surreptitiously during the famous death scene when she noticed to her annoyance that her guest never took his eyes off the score.

There are also those who are not even greatly concerned with the music, though they like a good tune. They are at the opera solely for the singing and are known as canary-fanciers. These attitudes have helped hold the staging of opera back, though things have improved greatly over the past few decades.

If Verdi had trouble with his Otello, Bizet had an even tougher time during the rehearsals of *Carmen* at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, where he vainly tried to turn the ladies of the chorus into convincing cigarette-factory girls. He never succeeded. Wagner was naturally obsessed with the importance of acting, directing rehearsals himself whenever possible. As Ernest Newman has pointed out in his monumental life of the composer, Wagner was a better actor than any of his actors, though apparently at least one member of the original cast of *The Ring* at Bayreuth in 1876 satisfied his every demand and never threw any temperaments. The paragon was the horse, Grane.

It is significant that when he was young, Wagner's thoughts were turned to music drama by a performance of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient as Leonore in *Fidelio*. She was a thrilling though vocally imperfect singer, but she was a great actress, also blessed with striking personality. Benjamin Britten is another who demands—publicly on occasion—that singers must act, and Puccini wanted, and all too rarely got, the same thing. Typical are his comments to his wife Elvira during the rehearsals for the première of *La Bohème* in Turin in 1896:

> . . . The baritone is full of good will, but a terrible actor . . . this opera needs vivacious acting . . .

Operagoers are used to criticisms of opera as an art form. Many are made by people who have been to a single performance, which has been

badly staged or sung, or both. Some objectors, oddly, are prepared to criticise opera even without having attended one. This fatuous form of abuse is irritating but irrelevant. So is the objection which was once very common in English-speaking countries that the art is a bastard one, and equally irrelevant is the complaint that it is unnatural to sing rather than speak, which is sometimes illogically even levelled by those who enjoy Shakespearean blank verse.

This leaves us with two crucial objections, neither of which can be dismissed by the opera-lover as mere philistinism, or perversity, or invincible ignorance.

The first, naive perhaps, but potent enough, is that opera singers are fat, or, more politely, do not look their parts. It is blatantly obvious that even in the 1970s, when many singers are careful of their figures, huge hills of flesh can still be encountered. Puccini was as unhappy as anyone else with this state of affairs, complaining on one occasion how the massive tenor, Leo Slezak, down to play Rodolfo in *La Bohème* in Vienna, would create the effect of 'an elephant wooing a weasel.' There are some parts in particular which are singularly unconvincing when the performer is totally wrong physically. An elephantine Carmen (fortunately a very rare species) is an artistic obscenity. Yet even in an age when many singers watch their weight and some who do not, especially women, will not be given work in the best houses unless their voices are great, it would be absurd to ask too much of the 'look' of singers. One may, however, ask much of designers, whose costumes have been known to work miracles in the way of concealment or, conversely, turn even reasonably slim prima donnas into mobile tents. It is the simple duty of operagoers who wish to convert others to ensure that the casts first seen by newcomers look at least adequate on stage.

The other complaint, the burden of this article, is far more serious. Many who will forgive faulty looks find it hard to tolerate the standard of acting, though, as already noted, it is gradually improving. It is easy enough to prove that composers wanted and want their casts to be theatrically convincing, but until very recently, perhaps up to the 1950s, it was a case of those who could act did, and those who could not stood stock still or indulged in ludicrous semaphore gestures, while doing their best to look straight at the conductor at all times. Though in Britain with its strong dramatic tradition this unhappy state of visual pain is nowadays quite rare, it is common enough in some countries. It matters less (except artistically) in countries like Italy and Germany with a strong operatic tradition, and it is not disastrous in Britain or America when the house is filled with enthusiasts. Yet there will always be some who are so upset by the worse-than-amateur dramatics on display, that they will write off opera for ever.

Fortunately, the director has come to stay in the opera house. In Britain he is still known as the producer, even though the theatre has for more than a decade adopted the logical American word.

The more austere critics resent the appearance of strong producers in opera and, unless a producer does next to nothing, he is likely to be

accused by at least half the critics of inventing 'fussy' business and so distracting the audience's attention from the music. Sometimes the charge is a fair one and a producer works against the music. But the chief function of a producer is to teach singers to act, relax and look as if they belong on a stage, a trinity which is vital to good theatre.

There was a time in the late 1950s and early 1960s when Franco Zeffirelli was being attacked by at least half the London critics, even those who actually love opera, for over-production, notably in his scintillating *Falstaff* (1961). Yet he raised the standard of acting at Covent Garden by both principals and chorus higher than it had ever been before or has ever been since. Thanks to good resident producers at the Garden, Ande Anderson and John Copley, the night-by-night standard is higher than it used to be and leagues ahead of the more star-studded Metropolitan, New York, but no one, except Luchino Visconti in *Don Carlos* (1958) has matched the regular achievement of Zeffirelli. Sadler's Wells Opera has always believed in the importance of acting.

It should be stressed that operatic acting is simply—acting. The idea that it can be discussed as something divorced from 'straight' acting used to be far more commonly believed than it is today, but it is still put forward. Of course, a Wagnerian singer is likely to be acting in slow motion much of the time, long stretches of his professional existence being spent merely standing still. (Modern designers make things more difficult for his calf muscles by having him regularly placed on a steep slope.) This form of acting, with occasional moves and sudden flashes of action, is obviously a less quicksilver activity than taking part in a Feydeau farce. But it is also, or should be, totally different from acting in *Falstaff* or *The Barber of Seville*. In the same way television acting requires a different technique from playing Shakespeare in the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

Yet there is only one basic skill in question, whatever the medium, and regardless of whether it is done well or badly. At once it must be admitted that few agree as to what is good and what is bad, even professionals, for all their ability in assessing technique, disagreeing about the result on many occasions. Typically, there are those actors who found Laurence Olivier's famous Othello at the National Theatre in 1964 not only intensely exciting but deeply moving and truthful, others who found it exciting enough, but unconvincing as a characterisation, and some who were totally unmoved and considered the whole affair a bag of tricks. The ultimate truth of Olivier's performance lived in the eye and ear of the beholder, amateur or professional, but it belonged to exactly the same branch of art as Ramon Vinay's rendering of Verdi's Otello, the finest assumption to be found in the 1950s. That the music of an opera carries some of the acting along is indisputable, but that is no excuse for dropping its visual expression on the stage, i.e. reducing the performance, as some critics and operagoers would secretly like, to a glorified concert-in-costume. Too fussy acting may be bad, whether ordered by the producer or conceived by the singer, but too little is lamentable, even though if a performer's personality is strong enough it may go some way towards redeeming lack of acting talent.

Can any acting, though, be too fussy if it is done well enough? The answer lies in the tail of the question, always assuming the performance is true to the music and libretto. The average good Violetta in *La Traviata* can never hope to indulge in the detailed work that Callas and Visconti created together for the now legendary performances at La Scala in 1955. Again, no modern Tosca can hope to approach the detail Callas brought to the part in the 1964 Covent Garden production by Zeffirelli. Her portrayal of a woman in love in the first act in the scene with her lover was of a subtlety and visual warmth rarely seen in the theatre and almost unknown on the lyric stage, while her tigerish leap at his oppressors in Act 2 (in which she had a Scarpia in Tito Gobbi who was her histrionic equal) was, like other moments in her matchless career, a *coup de théâtre* in the tradition of Edmund Kean and Sarah Siddons. Who would dare say that such moments distract from the music? Certainly not the composers, one may confidently assert. Her memorable handling of words and phrases were part of her matchless art, but do not directly concern this argument.

These Olympian heights can only be reached, even by a great actor or actress, with adequate rehearsal, something Callas fought to obtain and was branded as difficult for her pains. The best chance of enough rehearsal is provided by giving operas either in ideal festival conditions (Glyndebourne) or for a number of performances each season, either in new productions or re-productions, in each case with the casts unchanged. The other system, an endless repertory of works, with even a new production suffering cast changes after several performances, is a guarantee that most nights will show many signs of being under-rehearsed. And the jet age has hardly helped, allowing singers, who are in constant demand, to fly from country to country, fitting in to productions as best they can. As modern settings more and more abandon traditional designs this makes the singers' task harder. There was a time when, though production was minimal by today's standards, famous singers were often part of an ensemble, especially in Germany and Austria, for months on end, but those days are gone for ever.

Ironically, in the early nineteenth century, allegedly an age when all that mattered was *bel canto*, meaning 'beautiful singing' or 'beautiful song', and almost a century before the director became a power in the straight theatre, star singers were not only expected to act, but their acting was commented on in the Press at greater length than ever happens today. It was not a time of anything remotely resembling ensemble in opera or the theatre, but it was an age which saw some great operatic acting.

First of a mighty handful of supreme actor- and actress-singers who are still able to stir opera-lovers with a sense of history was Giuditta Pasta (1798-1865), the first Norma. (The common description of phenomena like Pasta is 'singing-actress', an unsatisfactory one, for it implies that acting is disguising lack of voice.) A superbly dramatic singer and a most moving one, her voice was not perfect throughout its range, but this 'Mrs. Siddons of the lyric stage', as Chorley called her, was a tragedienne in Stendhal's estimation 'almost as outstanding as Talma [the greatest actor of the age]—yet how different, how much simpler'. Yet this classical goddess could become Rossini's Cinderella.

Like most great actress-singers of her century, Pasta taught herself, 'from a thousand and one casual little observations', Stendhal believed, though she also studied the great performers of her day. The greatest of her successors was Maria Malibran (1808-1836), a mezzo-contralto with the range of a soprano who, as Théophile Gautier said, 'had the genius to die young' (after a fall from a horse and complications which ended her rocket-like career). The daughter of the great Manuel Garcia who was the first Count Almaviva in Rossini's *The Barber of Seville,* she was hailed by George Sand as 'the foremost genius of Europe, as beautiful as one of Raphael's Virgins, simple, vigorous, unaffected, she is the foremost singer and the foremost tragic actress'. Her early death assaulted the feelings of Romantic Europe. No singer has been more mourned.

Malibran left a younger, plain sister who was to conquer in her turn, Pauline Viardot-Garcia (1821-1910), best known, except by opera-lovers, as the mistress of Turgenev. One of her greatest parts was as Gluck's Orpheus in Berlioz's arrangement of the opera. Chorley wrote that there was 'not a single effect that might be called a *pose* or prepared gesture', whereas, of course, he saw the illusion: it was rehearsed up to the hilt. She transcended her ugliness—she was totally lacking her sister's sex appeal—and drew from Charles Dickens this tribute—'a most extraordinary performance—pathetic in the highest degree, and full of sublime acting'.

Opera has always been blessed with a few such goddesses and gods in each generation, and finally one appeared who reached perfection in every department, for even Malibran had flaws in her vocal equipment which she cunningly concealed. The freak of nature was Chaliapin, though few are now alive who heard him in his vocal prime. This 'limitless phenomenal talent', as Rachmaninov called him, won the admiration of that most influential of theatrical figures, Stanislavsky, to the extent that he used him as a model for his theory of acting. So much for those today who never saw Chaliapin but can be heard suggesting that he was 'ham'. There is a marvellous story about him in the translator's note to his *Autobiography As Told to Maxim Gorky* (Macdonald, 1968). He was at a party in a studio where everyone was arguing about the meaning of Art in true and endless Russian fashion. Chaliapin took no part, then slipped out of the room, bursting back into it and standing looking dishevelled and pale, and uttering the one word: 'Fire!' At once, pandemonium and stark panic broke out, some guests even trying to escape through the window. Chaliapin watched, then smiled and said: 'That, gentlemen, is what I call Art'. The actress Savina, who told this story, related that those who were in the room actually believed that they saw flames under the door.

Chaliapin, who was watched by Nijinsky whenever the great dancer could be present at his performances, was unique, especially later in his career away from the Russian ensemble in which he was chief star among many. From the 1920s to his death in 1938 he was a wandering comet. His two magnificent successors, Boris Christoff and Nicolai Giaurov, both Bulgarians, are merely great at their finest, not unique. Genius has no duplication.

Today, just fifty years since the death of Puccini and twenty-five since Richard Strauss died, no living composer commands the affections of the majority of opera-lovers, while the giants who keep opera-houses open are generally better performed than they were in their lifetimes. Today's composers whose works are accepted for performance can at least hope for excellent premières at major opera houses. Michael Tippett, for instance, has been blessed with two of surpassing brilliance, *King Priam* (1962), with Sam Wanamaker as producer and Sean Kenny as designer, and *The Knot Garden* (1970), Peter Hall and Timothy O'Brien.

Perhaps the two greatest producers of opera since the war have been the late Wieland Wagner and Walter Felsenstein. The first, Wagner's grandson, working with his brother Wolfgang, transformed Bayreuth from visual provincialism to the very forefront of European theatre, most notably in his use of lighting and banishment of his grandfather's naturalistic demands. A superb teacher of acting, even he, Visconti and Zeffirelli have not surpassed the theatrical achievements of Felsenstein at the Berlin Komische Oper, though this great Austrian producer is blessed with something as vital as genius—adequate rehearsal time. Though it is dangerous to pick the moment when opera production came of age, in Britain at least the exact night is known, May 28, 1934, when Glyndebourne opened with *The Marriage of Figaro,* conducted by Fritz Busch and produced by Carl Ebert.

Because of the sheer crushing complexity of staging opera, even when subsidies and rehearsals are respectively large and long enough, there will never be a time when indifferent and downright bad acting is banished altogether, so there can be no guarantee that there will not still be those who abandon the art after hardly giving it a fair trial. Yet standards rise, and the sheer passion that opera arouses amongst its devotees, professional and amateur, must surely help ensure that they go on rising, inflation permitting. The musical gods looking down from Valhalla are doubtless enjoying the proceedings.

[Robin May, author, journalist and ex-actor, is at present working on *A Companion to the Opera.* Other publications include *Operamania, Who's Who in Shakespeare* and *The American West.*]

YITZHAK RABIN: Prime Minister of Israel—A Profile

by Jeanette Miller

YITZHAK RABIN is Israel's fifth Prime Minister, and as the Israeli Ambassador to Britain put it, 'home-made' being the first native born Israeli to hold that office—all his predecessors being born in the Jewish world of Eastern Europe. He is also the youngest and represents for the first time the country's younger generation.

He is an auburn blue-eyed 'sabra' (Israeli born), his place of birth being in Jerusalem in 1922. Both parents were born in Russia but it was from the United States that his father Nehemia went to Palestine as a volunteer in the Jewish Legion, being active in all spheres of the Jewish Labour Movement. His mother, among other commitments, was a Tel Aviv City Councillor, so that Yitzhak and his sister breathed the air of socialism from a very early age. He grew up with the desire, the direction and the inspiration to assume positions that involved responsibility and public service. In his youth he lived in a modest two-roomed flat where money was never a motivation and thoughts of personal wants and material things was something that did not exist, for the emphasis was always on humility and the giving to mankind—thus Yitzhak was imbued with the attributes that stood him in such good stead during his military and political career. As he wrote in one of his articles 'it is necessary to put the public interest before personal considerations; to see not to become confused and not to forget that there is always a cause that is greater than you.'

Though most of his career was in the military field, as a boy he had no idea of becoming a soldier as he went to an agricultural boarding school, the famous Kadoorie College, where as he graduated with honours the then Mandatory Government offered him a scholarship to study water engineering in the United States. But World War II broke out with the tension in Palestine and with his enlistment in Palmach and the invasion of Syria the turning point in his life came, away from the direction originally planned, towards a military career involving matters of security. In 26 years Yitzhak Rabin came through the ranks from private to Chief of General Staff, during that period serving virtually in every major section of the army and making important contributions to national policy. He has a wry sense of humour and can laugh at himself as the following story shows. He tells of the time when he was a young private on his first commando raid, when he was ordered to climb up a pole in Syria and cut telephone wires. In his eagerness he cut the wires holding up the poles as well and finished up hanging in a high wind wondering whether he would ever reach solid ground again.

In June 1946 (when the British interned Palestinian leaders) he was arrested and imprisoned for six months in the Rafah Detention Camp. 1948, during the War of Independence, saw him appointed Commander of the Harel Brigade, prominent in the fight for Jerusalem. His next appointment

was Chief of Operations of the Southern Command until the Armistice Agreement with Egypt, being himself a member of the Israel Truce Delegation to the Rhodes Armistice talks. In 1952 he came to Great Britain to attend the Staff College at Camberley and on his return he started paratroop training for all senior officers, being himself one of the first to do so. After he served as C.O. Northern Command from 1956/59 he was appointed Head of the General Staff Branch and in 1961 Deputy Chief of Staff. Then in 1964 he became the seventh Chief of Staff and was in the years of great tension which led up to the Six-Day War, when the Israeli armour and air-force were brought to a high level of efficiency and readiness. Rabin was surrounded by a gifted staff and they all worked as a close knit team. The 1967 crisis placed upon him the greatest strain of his military career as the deeply sensitive man felt that the lives of thousands of his fellow-men and the fate of the nation weighed upon his shoulders. And as we all know he came out with flying colours, for though he faced numerically overwhelming odds in the enemy camp in less than a week succeeded in routing his foes. This then was the culmination of his career as a soldier and together with Moshe Dayan, the then Defence Minister, he basked in world-wide acclaim and adulation. He received shortly after this period an Honorary Doctorate from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

In 1968 he left the army and began his career as a statesman, being appointed Ambassador to the United States of America, this being his first diplomatic role. A pressman who first saw him in the early days of his appointment said that he was taken aback by 'this unassuming man who was the warrior, the brilliant planner, the intrepid fighter who so ably safeguarded Israel's survival.' People liked working with him as he gave explicit guidance to everyone and they liked his firm, specific ideas. He was easy to talk to, a good listener, though taciturn, having a natural reserved style. He is a man with a conscience and not a 'flag waver'. For the first time he exposed himself to popular demand by making speeches up and down the country to Jewish and non-Jewish audiences at Universities and Military Academies. He was once called upon to explain Israel's strategic doctrine before an assembly of high military and civilian officials at the U.S. War College. When he finished it was clear that he had created an audience of true believers. As one American diplomat put it, 'He's one of the world's most persuasive of men.' His effectiveness was measured by a single formula: how do you deliver and what is the evaluation and impact on the policy making of your country? He never talked 'diplomatique' but argued straightforwardly and in a very clear and decisive manner. During his five year stay in Washington he established a reputation as an unusually influential ambassador and his political and military knowledge won the attention of the administration, congress and the public generally. Rabin came to be mentioned in the same breath with the Soviet Ambassador Anatolyn Dobrynin as one of the two most effective envoys in the nation's Capital. In 1970 he was in charge of the 'hot-line' and was a frequent and welcome visitor to the White House.

During this time the depths of understanding with America increased

greatly and Israel had a relationship with her that she had never had before and which, as events have shown, has from that time been strengthened. The then Assistant Secretary of State, Joseph Sisco, who was in charge of Near Eastern Affairs, said of him 'he is a very strong man who really delivers.' Rabin also at that time had excellent relations with Henry Kissinger who was then Adviser on National Security in the White House and established good friendships with such central figures of Congress as Henry Jackson and Gerald Ford. It was as Ambassador to the U.S. that Yitzhak Rabin revealed the qualities that were eventually to elevate him to the post of Prime Minister of Israel.

Returning to Israel in the spring of 1973, he became active in the Labour Party ranks and in December 1973 gained a Knesset (Parliament) seat and, with the formation of the Golda Meir Cabinet in March 1974, was appointed Minister of Labour.

He then headed also the Voluntary War Loan Administration and it was in that capacity that I shared a platform with him when the British Settlers' Association organised a meeting in Tel Aviv which attracted a large audience, when Lieut. Gen. Rabin (as he then was) spoke on 'The Political and Military Situation of the Day'. It was just after the Yom Kippur (October) War when the audience was still very tense and apprehensive. In his quiet but effective way he gave a comprehensive survey as far as he was able and as security allowed and allayed many of their fears. It was the way he spoke not actually what he said that gave confidence to his audience. He was completely unruffled by the hecklers and he showed then the making of the politician and leader he was to become; though none of us at that time envisaged him as being the future Prime Minister of Israel.

Those who know him say he has a formidable intellect; he gets through an enormous amount of reading material by a system of speed reading; he himself starts at his office at 7-7.30 a.m., sometimes working until 11 p.m. at night in his tastefully furnished office in Jerusalem, on many days working right through and having his meals sent up from the staff canteen. He gets on well with his staff and expects them always to be up to scratch. He speaks very good English and nearly always writes his own speeches.

The Prime Minister has a Cabinet of 19 Ministers; no less than 10 are new or nearly new and the average age is 55. Among the Knesset members are veterans who watch 'from the wings' like Golda Meir, Abba Eban, Moshe Dayan, Pinhas Sapir, but the young Israelis of the populace watch from the 'front stalls'. His cabinet comprises all shades of opinion and many think that the task he now faces of keeping his cabinet together and of running the country is even more formidable than when he was confronted with the Six-Day War. However, despite its narrow parliamentary majority, 61 out of 120 members, Yitzhak Rabin's Cabinet has done during this short period better than many expected. In politics he is a middle-of-the-roader, a hard liner as far as security for Israel is concerned but is flexible with regard to negotiations for peace in the Middle East. The more the Israelis see of and hear from their new Premier the more they are beginning to like and trust him.

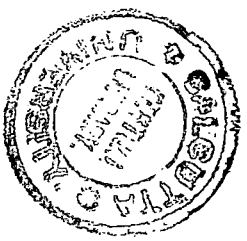
Rabin made a very strong impact at the Socialist International meeting recently held in London impressing all the world leaders with his forthrightness and the justice of his cause for peace in the Middle East. His quiet but persuasive manner together with his patient sincerity enhanced by firmness and resoluteness made a very deep impression. This incidentally was his first entry into international politics as Israel's Premier. He handles the press with tact and understanding, never over or under stating and the pressmen find him easy to talk to, his shyness being one of his most endearing qualities.

He is an ardent soccer fan, and as far as work permitted watched the main matches of the last World Cup. He plays tennis, likes photography, is an assiduous reader and together with his wife has a very fine art collection.

He is also lucky in that Leah Rabin personifies the ideal helpmate as a Prime Minister's wife. She, unlike her husband, came from a wealthy German Jewish family and through her cultural background slipped easily into the role of the Ambassador's wife and now that of the Premier. She is a vigorous, dynamic person, a good hostess, elegant in dress, speaks many languages, and is a personality in her own right. The Rabins have two children, Dalia, who is married and is a graduate in Law, and through her Leah and Yitzhak will be, by the time this is in print, grandparents, and a son, Yuval, aged 19, who is now on active service as a tank commander in the armoured corps.

Though Yitzhak Rabin is the first Israeli born leader of his party he is very much aware of the unity of the whole of the Jewish people and time will show his qualities of heart and character which will be fully revealed in performing the arduous tasks that lie ahead of him as Prime Minister of the State of Israel.

[Jeanette Miller was born in London and now lives in Ramat Gan, Israel. She is Chairman of the Tel Aviv Branch of the British Settlers' Association. In England, she was the first woman President of the Hendon South Labour Party and held many offices in the Zionist and Jewish world including the Zionist Federation and the World Jewish Congress. She was also a Governor of eleven schools in the Borough of Hendon, both Jewish and non-Jewish.]



POETRY NONETHELESS: EARLY AUDEN

by G. C. Millard

THE alterations, or put more discreetly the revisions, which Auden made to his early poetry before the canon of 'Collected' might finally label him, show his concern with poetry rather than propaganda. But the fact that most of the early poems survive with only the lapses redressed indicates the extent to which they were poems nonetheless. Some were bad and Auden never allowed them to be reprinted. Shortly before his death, so Cyril Connolly tells us, and in the BBC television programme on him in 1968, Auden confessed to being embarrassed by much of his earlier work. Quite a number of poems, however, some of which were excluded from the Penguin collection in favour of the post-war poems, show clearly how the propaganda or partisanship, or even the revolutionary fervour, were incidental to the poet's joy and pride in his craft.

One poem in particular, *Consider this and in our time*, is a highly skilful translation of obviousness into art. Written in 1928 when Auden was only twenty-one, it seems overtly to say that a revolution is imminent and that people of privilege are going to suffer. The leering overview of corruption and the venomous prediction of its demise might neatly fit one's awareness that Auden was reading Marx and Freud at the time.

However, a careful consideration of the poem reveals that it has a density, energy and drama inappropriate to a poem of overt propagandistic intention. Inner tensions and semi-conscious paradoxes have no place in robust battle-cries or scathing manifestoes. This poem is wholly generated by paradox.

The opening lines are a courteous invitation to examine selected evidence which might prove the case that Europe was a corrupt society of privilege and oppression:

> Consider this and in our time
> As the hawk sees it or the helmeted airman:
> The clouds rift suddenly—look there
> At cigarette-end smouldering on a border
> At the first garden party of the year.

The 'hawk' and the 'helmeted airman' do more than vivify the concept of perspective and objectivity. Secondary associations with prey and warfare suggest impending action; 'helmeted' is vaguely heroic; let people but see clearly and there will be those ready to act. However, when 'The clouds rift suddenly', there is no singled-out, naively posed *'enemy'*. We are immediately one of the guests, acutely conscious of detail. Rather than villainy or selfishness we are made to feel the deep, perennial weariness of these people. The placing of 'end' (1.4) and 'first' (1.5), indicates a self-consuming cycle of group-devotion. Absentmindedness and intense self-preoccupation cling to 'smouldering on a border', and there are less distinct but deep associations in 'smouldering' with the steady anger of those who are, like the cigarette, carelessly used.

But the poem here equates *all* kinds of suffering. The anger and the perennial weariness are both evidence of the paradox that no kind of theory of social justice is valid until the psychic inadequacy of privilege and power is understood. This means that the aspirations of those who struggle for their conception of social justice must be free of envy. It means that the evidence used to prove the fact of injustice must not be of the superficial and sour grapes kind, such as sneering at a garden party or other pleasures of the rich. Otherwise—and the poem goes on to emphasise this—otherwise the rewards of the ideological struggle for the victors are likely to be these same pleasures in a disguised and hypocritical form.

We are invited to look further, and again we are taken intimately close for a while to those who sit and look at the mountains from their hotel:

> Pass on, admire the view of the massif
> Through plate-glass windows of the Sport Hotel;
> Join there the insufficient units
> Dangerous, easy, in furs, in uniform
> And constellated at reserved tables
> Supplied with feelings by an efficient band
> Relayed elsewhere to farmers and their dogs
> Sitting in kitchens in the stormy fens.

The average man's inclination to escape, to be on vacation, to be insulated against his reality (plate-glass), to luxuriate in things which his susceptibility to tourist-jargon and current fashion holds out as a real achievement (Sport, massif) all combine to universalise the 'enemy'. We are invited to 'join' these people, these 'insufficient units', a term which can be taken in two ways: insufficient for themselves, and insufficient for society as a whole. The dry impersonality of both words suggests that the people have become victims of abstract forces beyond their understanding.

The partial sympathy with, or at least an insight into and a close, detailed experience of the 'units', is linked to the vague 'easy' by the undirected potential of 'dangerous'. But *how* are they dangerous? It is certainly not emphasised that these people are idle-rich, cruel oppressors. Rather, the psychic inadequacy of their lives is emphasised. This inadequacy makes it improbable that these people will *prevent* social upheaval. They are thus unwittingly 'dangerous'. Just as in the poem *Spain* individual human inadequacy becomes universally obvious when the taken-for-granted structure of civilisation trembles, so here it refuses the poet the permission to villainise one section of society. This psychic inadequacy, so central in all Auden's work, now invites further elucidation.

The sexes among the 'units' are loosely divided by 'furs' and 'uniform' into the pampered and the standardised, while each word has a direct bearing on the society and way of life beyond the 'plate-glass', over the 'massif', from which their respective owners come. A hierarchy yields uniforms and privilege; 'uniform' suggests conformity and a kind of *defensive* relationship with society; 'furs' suggests *defensive* withdrawal and the flaunted rewards of inequality. The actual individual unhappiness of these 'insufficient units' hovers, though we are not asked to help them, or pity them.

These words lead into 'constellated', gathering the people of power still

further into a static belief in an eternal and vaguely deified order of things. In its context the word 'reserved' evokes elegance and a sophisticated assertion of power, an act of social orderliness and considerateness within the immunisation. 'Supplied with feelings' both dehumanises these people and also implies their unconscious need for 'feelings', while 'efficient' evokes the smooth, streamlined slickness of modern entertainment which can be so effective, as a general social anaesthetic, that 'farmers and their dogs' participate passively. The extreme contrast between the remote, luxury hotel and the 'sitting in kitchens' emphasises the technological harmonising of society with, unfortunately, the emotional sterilisation which power and suggestive mass-communication can together effect. Once again the 'enemy' is linked to common humanity, in this case through the ignorance and servility in the opposition, or rather, the reluctant human material of revolution. But there is understanding too (in the allusion to the struggle to be secure) of the universal domestic roots of all life. Some people are literally inside sheltering from 'the stormy fens', as others are luxuriously inside sheltered from moral awareness. We have the classless, universal tendency in human nature to feel, here-and-now, safe. How different is the second part of the poem:

Long ago, supreme Antagonist,
More powerful than the great northern whale
Ancient and sorry at life's limiting defect,
In Cornwall, Mendip, or the Pennine moor
Your comments on the highborn mining-captains,
Found they no answer, made them wish to die
—Lie since in barrows out of harm.
You talk to your admirers every day
By silted harbours, derelict works,
In strangled orchards, and the silent comb
Where dogs have worried or a bird was shot.
Order the ill that they attack at once:
Visit the ports and, interrupting
The leisurely conversation in the bar
Within a stone's throw of the sunlit water,
Beckon your chosen out. Summon
Those handsome and diseased youngsters, those women
Your solitary agents in the country parishes;
And mobilise the powerful forces latent
In soils that make the farmer brutal
In the infected sinus, and the eyes of stoats.
Then, ready, start your rumour, soft
But horrifying in its capacity to disgust
Which, spreading magnified, shall come to be
A polar peril, a prodigious alarm,
Scattering the people, as torn-up paper
Rags and utensils in a sudden gust,
Seized with immeasurable neurotic dread.

This second part of the poem contains abrupt juxtapositionings of opposites, in tenses, in tones of the casual and the deliberate, in the particular ('barrows', 'Pennine') and the general ('they', 'your admirers'). The result is that what appears to be a call to action is filled with the quiet irony of intelligence which cannot but express itself with a sense of complexity and many-sidedness. The poet cannot bring himself to call out the slogans, but,

rather, with a scrupulous attention to the concrete close-up detail of whatever his thoughts lead him to, he compels himself to have his personal impetus of anger contained by an intellectual response to 'externality'. Through our inevitable, momentary dwelling within the detail, we participate in so many associations that the current of urgency in a call to action breaks up into a realisation which embraces mankind as a whole, namely, that people have little imagination, or sense of wrong or right, whoever they are, however they may *feel* in their particular condition. (The first seven lines of this second part of the poem are unnecessarily 'difficult', owing mainly to unusual punctuation.)

The image of the whale, with the dignity and global spaciousness of 'great northern', suggests vast non-human (stored-up) power and energy. There is a deliberately created feeling of remoteness, similar to that of the 'hawk' and 'airman'. Just as the overview can select evidence of injustice, overall judgement and universal remedy are metaphorically conceivable. Neither is, in this poem, an inspiration to revolt.

The sequence of three names, 'Cornwall, Mendip, or the Pennine moor', ancient names of geographically permanent, fixed and unchanging regions, aggravates the sense of exploitation by those who, assuming titles of leadership (captains) which once belonged to a social unit, direct the careless, transient industrialism which has been imposed on an older humanising of non-human earth. The line 'Lie since in barrows out of harm' is subtly linked to mining, shovelling and transport. Unwanted ideas appear in these lines to be less valuable than wanted ore. The places where these ideas germinate or take root are the kind where you might expect to find disused 'barrows', i.e. 'strangled orchards', 'silted harbours', 'derelict works', all unwanted and neglected, all breeding places of ideas about injustice.

'Order the ill' is now the rhetorical appeal to the 'Antagonist' (historical and theoretical justice), to go against its nature and assert itself positively, to give expression to a single individual's sense of helplessness in the face of injustice. It becomes an appeal to those who are suffering injustice to acknowledge their own condition. But the disposition of human nature acts against this possibility. The 'leisurely conversation' indicates an innate lack of aggressiveness while 'sunlit water' induces a sense of transcendent consolation.

Perhaps one or two of those who have reason to be discontented will interpret what they want the 'Antagonist' to be. Their immediate and obvious allies will be among people who have only life itself to hate for cheating them of normality ('handsome and diseased youngsters', spinsters); and there will be those whose primitive side can easily be stirred and used. The cynical view that the force of revolution will be found in neurosis and perversion rather than in the conversion of the more 'normal', is realistic, not the romanticism of a dreamer of utopias. The 'disgust' is a cynically accurate prediction of the immediate, superficial reaction of those caught unawares by ugly violence. Yet the disgust is unable to offer any real defence against the crumbling of each person's sense of identity which the status quo, for which one is now grateful, had sustained. Just how much this

identity is sustained by externality is conveyed in the blind panic of 'Rags and utensils in a sudden gust', an identity becoming as no more than equipment without the direction of social use or functional meaning. Everyone suffers. It is 'the people', not one group of them, who are 'seized'.

The third and final part of the poem contains the eight lines which Auden later cut out in his Collected editions. The leering certainty of the prediction, the pose of superior morality, deprive the first eight lines of any worth:

> Financier, leaving your little room
> Where the money is made but not spent

But the ten lines that follow through to the end of the poem are dense with paradox. The condensed life-span drama of a middle-class child which ends in some kind of neurotic impasse is a brilliant evocation of the individual psyche trapped by both tradition and modernity.

> Amid rustle of frocks and stamping feet
> They gave the prizes to the ruined boys.
> You cannot be away, then, no
> Not though you pack to leave within an hour,
> Escaping humming down arterial roads:
> The date was yours; the prey to fugues,
> Irregular breathing and alternate ascendancies
> After some haunted migratory years
> To disintegrate on an instant in the explosion of mania
> Or lapse for ever into a classic fatigue.

The topicality of international tension and individual suffering in the twenties is mirrored. Flight, dread, nostalgia, surrender are all packed into these lines. The individual becomes his times. The urgent unrest in society is a thing within the individual. Not merely a section of society is pointed to but, by implication, all people. This universalising of the middle class boy and man is effected by the emphasis on the individual psyche and its neurosis. No particularity of person or class can stand excepted from this emphasis. The sheer verve of the poetry, the studied control of the bold fusion of psyche and externality transcends any residue of propaganda.

Auden, involving his intelligence and wit and temperament with the stereotypes of then current social doctrine, and with his alertness to the publicised condition of Europe, finally expressed what all great poetry must —his artistic self-ordering. In order to do this he had to write against that part of himself which was susceptible to generalising and preaching. As a result his poetry is dynamic in its detail and controlled by an implicit, if helpless, morality.

[Dr. Geoffrey Millard is Head of the Literature and History Department of Portsmouth Polytechnic. He is at present working on a study of W. H. Auden.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE BIOGRAPHER AND THE ARTIST

Augustus John. Vol. I: The Years of Innocence. Michael Holroyd. Heinemann. £5.75.

There are those who argue that it is impossible to write biographies of artists, dancers, musicians and all those engaged in the performing or creative arts, that such men can only be understood through their art and that they *and* their art constitute the individual. One without the other is, they argue, incomplete. Indeed, many biographies of artists only bear out the contention that it is futile to write such biographies although the futility may be founded in the writer's capacity rather than in the subject matter. In his Preface, Mr. Holroyd quotes Flaubert's dictum that 'L'homme c'est rien, l'oeuvre c'est tout.' He also admits that 'to write about painters is notoriously difficult, since they tend neither to talk nor to think in concepts.' Sometimes, of course, they tend never to do the latter and often their genius lies in their talent and therefore in their work, but this brings us back to our original starting point. Having introduced the argument, in order to show his readers the difficulty he faced in writing the book, Mr. Holroyd puts the argument aside and asserts that biographies are worthwhile not because they are histories of individual men but because the biographer's 'real purpose is to re-create a world into which readers may enter, where they may experience feelings and thoughts, some of which may remain with them after the book is closed'. In a peculiar sense, then, Mr. Holroyd stands as the artist and has Augustus John sit as his subject.

The portrait he draws is a fascinating one and one which leads the reader into a skilfully created world centred amongst the artists of the late Victorian and Edwardian eras. The author has done an extraordinary amount of research which makes the book one of the best researched biographies written in many years, regardless of the subject. He recreates with a deft hand the world into which John was born and one must overlook the occasional contentious statement such as: 'England was on the decline. Over the next thirty years psychic forces that would earlier have gone into politics or art seem to have turned inwards and inflated the personality.' Whether or not this was so, one must be sure exactly what one means by 'decline' for what is decline to some is progress to others. That 'psychic' forces operate in history is arguable to say the least. That personalities, either in the art world or outside, were more 'inflated' by the death of Queen Victoria than they had been at her birth, is highly debatable.

The author ends this first volume in 1910, when John was 32 and still had before him a long period of creativity on the one hand and gradual decline on the other. Mr. Holroyd has created an arresting account of an individual's life, of a Victorian family and of an Edwardian 'bohemian' existence in an era before everyone over 16 and under 46 began imitating such an existence. It is a fascinating account, well written and well constructed. One looks forward to the second volume which is promised in due course.

J. E. B. MUNSON

ALDOUS HUXLEY IN AMERICA

Aldous Huxley. Volume II. 1939-1963. Sybille Bedford, Chatto with Collins. £4.50.

Sybille Bedford's second and last volume of the life of Aldous Huxley covers the period from 1939 to his death in 1963, most of which was spent in the United States of America. Within these years, partly in Hollywood and partly in the Nevada Desert, the story concerns Huxley's vivid intellectual life, including as it does the publication of many of his most widely known and most popular novels, biographies and personal essays. There is little obvious contact with the Second World War from the vantage point of the film world and Los Angeles. Indeed, it is as though *Grey Eminence, Ape and Essence, The Devils of Loudun* and, above all, *The Art of Seeing* could hardly have been written in any immediate contact with the European holocaust. Perhaps this very remoteness allowed of a larger reading public both during and after the war than would otherwise have been likely.

The most important events of Huxley's personal life were the death, in 1955, of Maria Huxley, his first wife, on whom he had come to depend utterly, and his marriage in 1956 to Laura Archera in Arizona. A large, perhaps too large, part of Mrs. Bedford's book is devoted to letters from Maria to family and friends. It does, however, fittingly celebrate Maria's devoted and delightful concentration on Aldous's welfare and happiness, even though at times her many swift references to individuals are confusing to the reader. In at least one instance, Maria's consciousness of Aldous's duty to his public has strange repercussions. The well-known passage in *The Art of Seeing* where Huxley lyrically describes the effect of mescalin on his vision of the texture of his 'grey flannel trousers' was, Mrs. Bedford tells us, in reality a vision of his blue jeans, but Maria had suggested 'You should be better dressed for your readers.'

In this second volume, more attention is paid than in the first to an appraisal of Huxley's writing, although some of the brief critical passages have the air of being abruptly interleaved in the narrative. Of the greatest significance, however, to a reader of Huxley's many-faceted prose is Mrs. Bedford's meticulous documenting of his deep involvement with parapsychology and philosophy and with the effects on human consciousness of drugs. His constant search for a state of self-transcendence was matched by an unusual range of knowledge; and through his varied accounts of this search his writings will have a particular hold on the enduring literature of the twentieth century.

BETTY ABEL

UNREST IN THE VICTORIAN COUNTRYSIDE

Rural Discontent in Nineteenth Century Britain. J. P. D. Dunbabin. Faber and Faber. £6.50.

This is a valuable and unusual book for several reasons. First, it deals with a subject largely neglected in modern historical writing. Secondly, it deals with the whole of Britain. Finally, the author calls upon two other historians to examine certain local incidents of rural unrest. Mr. Dunbabin, an Oxford history don, maintains that the Victorian countryside can be 'painted both black and white' depending upon which sources one uses. Throughout he is careful to use a wide variety and therefore to present a balanced survey. He argues that the lot of the agricultural labourer improved in the latter half of the century. Indeed, this was also Gladstone's view. The purpose of this book

is to portray the development of rural protest and the progress of agricultural trade unionism particularly after the campaign of Joseph Arch in 1872. It shows how the movement developed into a national one seeking political aims and trying to influence public opinion.

Although most of the book is concerned with the latter part of the century, Mr. Dunbabin provides an introduction in which he discusses some of the disturbances of the early nineteenth century. He admits that the only serious and protracted outbreaks of violence were in 1816 and 1830 (this latter episode, the famous Swing Riots, has been well dealt with in a book by Eric Hobsbawn and George Rude: *Captain Swing*). Nevertheless there were continuous outbreaks of unrest often accompanied with minor violence which provoked various responses from authority. There was, for example, the destruction of hedges and fences at the enclosed moor at Otmoor in Oxfordshire. In common with the Rebecca rioters in Wales, the angry labourers went about their work of destruction disguised as females. In the Rebecca attacks upon toll gates, we see a pattern that was often repeated in later disturbances: farmers and some local gentry offered sympathy and some assistance to the labourers.

One of the best features of the book is that it concentrates on particular localities rather than offering vapid generalisations about the whole nation. Thus, Dr. Peacock contributes an incisive survey of village radicalism in East Anglia from 1800 to 1850. Drawing for the most part upon the local press, Dr. Peacock shows that the agricultural labourer 'protested *all* the time, and most of the time very effectively indeed.' In East Anglia there were continuous acts of violence particularly arson. However, not all of these were political acts. Often they had personal motives of resentment and in one case, the landowner caused the fires himself in order to collect insurance. In the early part of the century the law was quite severe and many of these crimes were capital offences.

Mr. Dunbabin continues with a discussion of the rise and fall of agricultural trade unionism. He shows that there was more unrest and more union activity in periods of prosperity. There were several factors that aided these unions: the end of rural isolation, the rise of cheap newspapers, the penny post, and the railway (those three great achievements of Victorian society now dying) and the help given by urban trade unions and the benevolent societies. Yet in spite of these factors the unions were not a great success in many rural areas. Farmers could, and did, use the lock-out to penalise union organisers. The agricultural depression of the 1870s led to a decline in these unions. There was a revival in the late 1880s inspired to some extent by the London dock strike. The union became more political after the third Reform Act, which extended the franchise to the agricultural labourers. They became heavily involved in Liberal politics. Dr. Pamela Horn, the biographer of Joseph Arch, offers a study of the unions in Oxfordshire. She shows how frequently the leaders were Non-conformists, in particular Primitive Methodist lay preachers. One of the many fascinating topics she discusses is the relationship of trade unionism with the migration of labourers within the country to more prosperous areas. She also shows how the union and its leaders encouraged emigration as a way of making labour more scarce and consequently more valued.

The rest of the book is by Mr. Dunbabin and examines other manifestations of rural unrest. The peculiar customs of Northumberland with its female farm servants (which so fascinated the diarest Munby) and its hiring fairs is well explained. There are two chapters on Scotland where there are some interesting contrasts with southern agriculture. The 'Crofter's Land War' is examined

in great detail as well as the attitude of both Liberal and Conservative Governments to the dispatch of troops to quell the disturbances and allow rent to be collected. Mr. Dunbabin also shows how the example of the Irish Land League and the ideas of Henry George influenced the various rural movements. Although most of the book is concerned with the labourer, there is a chapter on his employer the tenant farmer and the campaign for 'tenant right' against the landlords. Finally there is a consideration of the Welsh Tithe War in the 1880s and 1890s where we see again the alliance between political discontent and political Non-conformity.

This book, then, is a welcome contribution to the growing literature of the Victorian countryside. For anyone interested in trade unionism and working class radicalism, it is important reading. It will be of considerable interest to all those who live in the countryside either in fact or in imagination. It will have particular appeal to those who live in any of the areas examined in detail: East Anglia, Oxfordshire, Northumberland, Scotland and Wales. The book is well written and should have an appeal outside of academic circles.

R. F. MULLEN

FROM MARSHALL TO KISSINGER

Anglo-American Relations Since the Second World War. Ian S. Macdonald. David and Charles. £5.50.

I have not had the pleasure of reading other books in this interesting series which have the general title of Sources of Contemporary History, under the general editorship of Ben Whitaker. I must therefore, make my assessment of this book from my specialist knowledge, remembering that it is intended for sixth forms, colleges and universities. Each book in the series is accompanied by an introduction, editorial commentary and a selected bibliography.

How far does this particular book pass the tests of reliability which must be applied to others in the series? On this point I can give a positive and definite answer. The selection of official documents, press communiqués, articles and speeches gives a very fair history, almost a narrative history, of the thirty-two years, 1941-1973. It must be assumed that readers have a working knowledge of foreign affairs; but what most of them lack is the time and opportunity to burrow in the libraries to find out the actual texts of, for example, The Atlantic Charter, the Fulton speech of Winston Churchill in 1946 when the phrase 'Iron Curtain' was coined, the speech by George Marshall at Harvard which launched the Marshall Plan, the texts of NATO and SEATO, speeches on the Suez crisis 1956, the main speeches by Harold Macmillan and Kennedy on Cuba (1958-62), other remaining speeches by Harold Macmillan, Edward Heath and Kissinger dealing with the new relationship created by Britain joining the European Community. Throughout the book there is an even balance kept between British and American leaders, so that the reader can trace the development of American policy from the actual words of Roosevelt, Truman, Acheson, Eisenhower, Dulles, Lyndon Johnson, Kennedy, Fulbright, Senator Javits and Kissinger, as well as from our own statesmen.

There is in both the United States and in our own educational system a proliferation of courses on Current Affairs, some of which are soft options and many of which are woolly. If a student or general reader has mastered the sixty selected passages presented by the Editor, he will still need a first class tutor or teacher to knit together the various strands and to help him to see the subject as a whole. How is it, for example, that on three occasions our

differences with the United States had their origin in the Near or Middle East? Again there is much to be said for interdependence or partnership between Europe and the United States for obvious reasons; but there is less to be said for equality, if only because countries of equal size have more often been enemies than partners. So the wise tutor might continue and thus illuminate the dry bones of documents and stimulate the imagination of the readers. I recommend this book for adult students who want to see the wood and the trees of history.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE NATURE OF HUMAN AGGRESSION

The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness. Erich Fromm, Jonathan Cape. £4.50.

Any book of Dr. Fromm's must be an enlarging experience for the reader, and this study of aggression and cruelty is a major work—possibly his magnum opus. It is more than a collection of clinical papers; like the greatest of the psycho-analysts, he is always a commentator on the human condition, which he describes with beauty and compassion. As a social philosopher, he is always a critic of the contemporary social scene. Sometimes he is a visionary; he is basically optimistic about mankind, and commonsense keeps breaking in. He not only sees *why* Freud conceived certain theories, such as the death-instinct, but, with later insight and perspective, also reformulates with discretion and imagination. Naturally, he infuriates some groups, as when he argues that 'Psychology seems to have wanted to attain respectability by imitating the method of the natural sciences, albeit those of fifty years ago, and not in terms of "scientific" method current in the most advanced natural sciences. Furthermore, the lack of theoretical significance is often covered up by impressive-looking mathematical formulations which are not germane to the data and do not add anything to their value.'

Interestingly, he particularly approves the work of Dr. R. D. Laing. This present study of Dr. Fromm's is extremely diffuse, since he ranges through so many disciplines in pursuit of his hydra-headed quarry; an abridged version might reach a wider public. It appears, moreover, that a further, full-length exposition on sadism and modern literature is planned.

He refuses to accept either the instinctivist or the behaviourist theories on aggression, and, in so arguing, carries out a major attack on the popular views of Lorenz, going (in great detail) to the fields of neurophysiology, animal psychology, paleontology and anthropology to oppose the instinctivists. With equal vehemence, he resists Watson, Skinner and 'operant conditioning'—'Basically, Skinner is a naïve rationalist who ignores man's passions' and who 'recommends the hell of the isolated, manipulated man of the cybernetic age as the heaven of progress.' The somewhat notorious Stanley Milgram experiments at Yale University on the 'Behavioural Study of Obedience' in which subjects were required to administer what they thought were electric shocks to 'victims' must not be applied to real life.

He distinguishes 'benign' or self-preservative aggression and malignant aggression—which is specifically human and involves discussion of man's nature. He will not allow that war is caused by innate human destructiveness; for example, 'The First World War was motivated by the economic interests and ambitions of the political, military and industrial leaders on both sides.'

The concept of character is crucial for the understanding of the manifestations of malignant aggression, and the source of the sadistic passion lies in the

character and not in a phylogenetically programmed neural area. Sadism is the passion to have absolute and unrestricted control over a living being, and, finally, to have absolute power, as when Camus' Caligula cries, 'I want the moon.' Sadism is the 'Transformation of impotence into the experience of omnipotence; it is the religion of psychical cripples.' What matters is the *intensity* of the sadistic passion within the character structure of a given person. 'Sadism will disappear (except as an individual sickness) only when exploitative control of any class, sex, or minority group has been done away with.' Understimulation and joylessness in early life may lead to a dangerous sense of powerlessness: here we are reminded of the recent findings of childhood deprivation in a significant number of those soldiers who committed atrocities in Vietnam. Frequently, Dr. Fromm continues, there is a connection with the anal-hoarding characteristic, where such a person has only one way to feel safe in his relatedness to the world—'by possessing and controlling it, since he is incapable of relating himself by love and productivity.' By further extension along a continuum, the 'necrophilic' character is life-destroying, filth and decay loving, often with a 'sniffing' facial expression. Stalin, Himmler and Hitler provide Dr. Fromm with only too apposite case studies, which might well be read in conjunction with Gitta Sereny's study of a Nazi extermination camp commandant, *Into that Darkness* (André Deutsch), also published this autumn. Finally, Dr. Fromm warns that even though they do not wear horns, 'there are hundreds of Hitlers among us who would come forth if their historical hour arrived.'

MOLLY TIBBS

A CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT

The Pleasant Years: Being the Fifth Book of an Autobiography, 1946-1972. Cecil Roberts. Hodder & Stoughton. £4.95.

In this wind-up of his Autobiography Mr. Roberts says the five volumes 'have cost me ten times more worry and labour over ten years than any others I have written.' The range of experience is prodigious, and at the end one can only exclaim: *What an amazing life, what an achievement!* An inveterate traveller, he covers here worldwide wanderings from Europe and the US to the Far East, guest-visits to villas, castles, chateaux of the élite with their period treasures—so many, so vividly portrayed, that one may be moved to protest: Enough! Such pageantry dazzles me and makes my own life seem abysmally humdrum.

But always, everywhere, he enriches the social scene with apt anecdote. In Grosvenor Square, near the shell of the house where Lady Cunard held court, her maid Gordon stole out one night to bury her ashes secretly in the lawn to fulfil her mistress's wish; and each anniversary placed a rose there. When the Germans invaded Rome Roberts' friend, Prince Filippo, a resolute anti-Fascist, took refuge, disguised, from the Gestapo in a poor cobbler's house in Trastevere. A million lira reward awaited anyone disclosing his hideout, but the cobbler refused to betray him. Lady Mendl told Roberts of an exquisite gold unicorn she owned in Paris. When war came she fled to America, leaving her house in charge of a faithful old couple, Jean and Marie. Returning after the war, she found the house bomb-damaged. Marie, now a widow, had lived in one small room, hungry, cold. The occupying Germans had stolen everything—but not the unicorn. 'Jean buried it under the tree at the bottom of the garden.' 'But, Marie,' Lady Mendl said, 'you should have sold it, and have lived comfortably.' 'Oh, no, Madame, Jean said it is a sacred animal. It preserved your life.'

A Rome friend, Maurice Sandoz, showed Roberts Ludwig II's death-mask and Haydn's skull, giving an intriguing account of its assumed authenticity. At the Venice Academia the Director showed him the pale hand of the great sculptor Canova, preserved in alcohol: a rare honour. In Pamplona Roberts went through bursts of cross-fire in a strike shoot-up rather than miss visiting the Sarasate Museum. At a British Embassy party in Madrid ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia told him: 'You know you were the cause of my meeting my wife!' She had read *Victoria Four-Thirty,* fallen in love with 'Prince Sixpenny'—who was Peter—and wasn't happy until she had met and married him. 'So you see it was through you,' he said.

Other friends and contacts include Max Beerbohm, Masefield, Betjeman Dr. A. L. Rowse, Lord Birkett, Romola Nijinsky, Massine, Paul Getty, Baron Eugene de Rothschild, all revealingly presented. The Autobiography, I'm sure, will outlive his other forty-odd books as a chronicle of a social world now in limbo, of acute nostalgic appeal.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Tenements of Clay (Julian Friedmann. £3.50). This fascinating anthology of fifteen medical biographical essays has been chosen and edited by Professor Arnold Sorsby, Emeritus Research Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons. They have been taken from medical literature over the last sixty years, and 'with the exception of a professional historian's comment on one of the essays (that on George III), they have all come from physicians with knowledge of general medicine, otology, opthalmology, anthropology and other relevant specialities.' Professor Sorsby regards these essays on the medical aspects 'as authoritative, though of course not incontrovertible.' Indeed, on some he is highly critical. For example, in his editorial note on Sir Arthur Keith's anthropological study of Shakespeare, he declares as 'preposterous' Sir Arthur's assertion that Shakespeare's round head 'was typical of the stock or race that has produced the world's finest artists.' In the article on George III's insanity by Ida Macalpine and Richard Hunter, porphyria is diagnosed, but the editorial note asserts that much more requires to be known and 'so for the moment nothing is proven: the debate continues — medically and historically.' The other biographies are Noah by the Editor, Job by Charles J. Brim, Henry VIII by Ove Brinch, disease in Shakespeare's handwriting by R. W. Leftwich, Milton's blindness by the Editor, Swift by T. G. Wilson, Samuel Johnson by Sir Humphrey Rolleston, Jane Austen by Sir Zachary Cope, Beethoven's deafness by Maurice Sorsby, Napoleon by Arnold Chaplin, Darwin's health in relation to his South American voyage by A. W. Woodruff, and Abraham Lincoln's Marfan syndrome by Harold Schwartz. It is certainly a volume of great interest.

Film Language (Oxford University Press. £6.25). This almost wholly technical book attempts 'to apply the insights of structural linguistics to an area which has a definite language of its own'. The very blurb, for once, indicates accurately what is to follow. Christian Metz's essay, first published six years ago in France, considers the sort of language film may be said to have, and in the later stages of the book studies Rozier's 1962 film Adieu Philippine and Fel-

lini's 8½ (1963). Whilst this is a valuable book for film theorists and critics it is unlikely to appeal to the general reading or filmgoing public.

Visionary Film (Oxford University Press. £8.00). Slightly less of a specialist book than the last, this study of the American Avant-Garde film by P. Adams Sitney works carefully through the film makers such as Deren, Anger, Mekas and Stan Brakhage analysing their most important films. Sitney rightly traces the avant-garde tradition in America back to that of Europe of the twenties and he pays due homage to the familiar faces of Cocteau, Dali and Bunuel but surprisingly not to the important Jean Vigo. Whilst it has more appeal to certain kinds of readers this is not the sort of book to give your aunt, reared on Ealing comedies, for Christmas.

Early Physics and Astronomy. O. Pederson and M. Phil. (Macdonald. £10.95). This is essentially a book of reference and as such it is of considerable value. The scope is indicated in the sub-title, *A Historical Introduction*, and the objective is to assemble, in a single volume, the vast amount of relevant information. The opening chapter discusses Greek physical science as a preparation for tracing the factual information about the heavenly bodies available to Greek scientists at the time, moving on to one of the most challenging periods in the history of astronomy, the Middle Ages. Figures, line drawings and prints are lavishly reproduced and the authors, lecturers at Copenhagen and Aarhus universities respectively, have made a worthy contribution to Macdonald's *History of Science Library*.

The Effects in 1973 on the United Kingdom of Membership of the European Communities. European Parliament. Case Postale 1601, Luxembourg. The publishers of this copious and informative report remind readers that it has been prepared mainly for the information of Members of the European Parliament, the intention being to issue a revised version each year, since events move so swiftly that some sections are already in need of up-dating. Chapter headings include *The Functioning of the Common Market* and *The Development of Common Policies*. A limited number of copies may be available and requests for these should be made to the Principal Administrator for the Secretary-General, Frank Carmody.

Word Play. Peter Farb. Jonathan Cape. £3.95. Sub-titled *What Happens When People Talk*, this is one of those extensively documented studies of a slightly 'off-beat' subject at which American research workers excel. The basic theme is the power words have over human beings and their ability to exalt or humiliate as the speaker may decide. From there it is but a short step to an analysis of language and grammar in general. The close packed volume, running to more than three hundred pages, includes two bibliographies and an index of language and cultures. Section headings range from *The Ecology of Language* to *The Language of Children*.

The Breach of the Wall. Enid Saunders Candlin. Cassell. £3.75. An unusual childhood forms the basis of a very unusual book. Enid Saunders Candlin, the daughter of a tea merchant, was brought up in Shanghai at the turn of the century, a background which she claims was full of variety and the opportunity for enjoyment. A loyal native staff, dances, acting—all these might be merely the trivia of the English settler out East, but for a sound backing of Chinese history. Without this and other sound observations on the events which led to the Sino-Japanese War in 1937, the book would be rather lightweight.

26 MAR 1975

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £4.80; U.S.A. and Canada $15.00. Rates for all other countries on application.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

December 1974 Vol. 225 No. 1307

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE

by Bernard Lavergne

ON May 19, 1974, Mr. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was elected President of the Republic by one half of the French people plus one to Mr. Mitterrand who obtained the votes of one half of the French people minus one. Mr. Mitterrand, the sole candidate of the left, got 10,864,992 votes at the first ballot, i.e. 44.09% of the suffrage. Mr. Chaban-Delmas won 3,646,918 votes, i.e. 14.75% of the suffrage. These results are those of metropolitan France and the Overseas territories.

On May 19, at the second ballot, the figures were the following: of 26,724,595 votes Mr. Giscard d'Estaing obtained 13,398,203, i.e. 50.81%; Mr. Mitterrand got 12,971,804, i.e. 49.19% of the electorate. The elected candidate therefore obtained 426,403 more votes than the eliminated candidate, i.e. 1.62% of the suffrage. It is not surprising that the left-wing parties which came so very close to victory should still be full of ardour and expect to get their own back at the 1978 elections. Mr. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's success seems to be due to the women voters.

Thus we are in the presence of two blocs, numerically almost equal. In vain does the President state that he will endeavour to re-establish cohesion among all the French people. Success is out of the question. As soon as the outcome of the election was known, Mr. Mitterrand declared that the struggle would go on without truce or mercy.

Since the French electorate, just like the electorate of any other nation, is very ignorant about the actual problems, none of the candidates dared to say a thing about the grave difficulties that lie ahead in the very near future. Not a word was mentioned about the rise in the price of energy, nor of the rising prices of raw materials, the deficit of the foreign balance of payments, the problems related to the European Economic Community, the relationship between France and Germany, the relationship between Europe and the United States, the question of relationships between the East and West, the problems related to European security and disarmament, nor of the developing nations and the famine that is threatening several of them.

It is very remarkable that all three of the serious candidates who stood for election made the same demagogical promises. They all spoke about their plans to attain the same targets, such as bringing happiness to the people and necessary changes. The identical statements made by the three

serious candidates did not make it clear that if elected, each candidate would adopt extremely different methods.

Electors are in the habit of casting their votes according to what they believe to be in line with their immediate material interests. That is what they call their ideological choice. When two or several candidates all seem to be able to meet these interests, the electors then choose the one they consider the most pleasant, the most photogenic. After that, imponderables are taken into consideration. The evident ignorance of 99% of the voters as to the genuine qualities and defects of the candidates incites them to give importance to downright futilities, if not to rumours circulating from mouth to mouth. *A fortiori* they are completely ignorant about the plans to be carried out by the candidates, should they be elected. Because of all these drawbacks, to elect the President by universal suffrage is far more like a lottery than a real election. Things are different in England for the Opposition have always taken the trouble to form a shadow cabinet, hence people know the names of the ministers who would be in office should their party win the majority. In France we do not know a thing on the subject because the candidates remain mute about it. When a legislative election takes place the situation is different because people know the candidates personally or can easily gather information about them since the electoral district is not large.

The three serious candidates were Mr. Giscard d'Estaing, Mr. Mitterrand and Mr. Chaban-Delmas.

What can be said about each of the three important candidates? Obviously, Mr. Giscard d'Estaing is a very distinguished, highly intelligent and handsome man. As host of the Elysée Palace he will receive the ambassadors and heads of foreign countries who visit him with dignity. A very good technician, in economic affairs he will make most opportune decisions. He is one of the best managers of the present capitalist system, but although he declares that he will operate great changes, he may well be a disappointment.

Now about Mr. Mitterrand. Without doubt he is a man of very great political intelligence, but unfortunately, technically, he is far beneath Mr. Giscard d'Estaing. During the campaign his statements about the need to revalue the French franc were nothing but pure fantasy.

The force that Mr. Mitterrand incarnates stems from the fact that he embodies the great hope to achieve a radical change of society. He represents the hope of the French people for more equity in the allotment of the national income, the great hope of mankind for a better life and more freedom. Although since 1958 the majority did not manage too badly technically in the field of economy, many French people are prone to object that twenty years of power in the hands of the same team is a wager.

Even if the left-wing candidate was to have been in office and had succeeded in making no mistakes, he would have had a terrible handicap, namely the fear of many people that the communists would hold seats in the government. Even if they were not to be appointed to the key ministries, such as Foreign Affairs, the Interior, National Defence, Finance, Mr. Mitter-

and would nevertheless have been obliged to nominate six or seven communist ministers.

In the present condition of French and international public opinion, were there to be communists in the government, right or wrong, the experience would be a failure for no external support would be given to the new team.

During his campaign Mr. Mitterrand took great pains to show that he is a man animated by the wisest intentions, in order to avoid frightening the electorate. Personally he does indeed seem to have moderate intentions, to the point that he might even have wished to part company as soon as possible with the communist ministers, like Mr. Ramadier did in 1947; but what was possible 27 years ago is no longer possible today. Should it be the victim of such a scheme, the communist party would be in a position to launch a general strike. In fact, Mr. Mitterrand would rapidly have been forced by the communist party to nationalise all the important private industries and all the credit establishments quoted in the Common Programme. The situation would become rapidly difficult because as yet the left-wing parties have not discovered any successful method for managing the nationalised concerns. To talk about workers' self-management is just talking about something meaningless. To utterly destroy the present order, quite unfair as it is indeed as far as the allotment of the national income is concerned, without another profitable economic system to put in its place means driving the country into distressing poverty with no good result for anybody. However, half of the French people accept the risk.

Therefore it is clear that to wish to keep the French people in the *status quo* is madness. That is what Mr. Chaban-Delmas, the third candidate, had understood. The French electors were not in favour of this statesman who, for eleven years, from 1948 to 1959, had presided over the National Assembly and who for three years, from 1969 to 1972, had been Mr. Pompidou's Prime Minister. No doubt the electors were misled by the candidate's looks, and his tone may have displeased.

On May 28th the list of new ministers was issued. Surprise and disappointment were great. Doubtless, most of the French who approved the list of new ministers were those who had themselves just been designated for these functions. The list comprises sixteen ministers, namely twelve Parliamentaries and four non-Parliamentaries.

Except Mr. Chirac and Mr. Poniatowski, both graduates of the *Ecole Nationale d'Administration* (E.N.A.) and Mr. Lecanuet who has a fellowship in philosophy, none of them has graduated from a *grande école* (most important French schools for specialists), or have put up for high competitive examination. This situation contrasts with that of the previous ministry which included a majority of E.N.A. graduates.

It seems dangerous to grant ministerial powers to men who are mostly but apprentices in that field. One can well say that the President of the Republic dominates most of his ministers, just as a teacher dominates his pupils. It is obvious that he has sought to surround himself far more with *servants* than with collaborators.

More than ever the host of the Elysée Palace will be the absolute master. Thus the presidential régime is reinforced. Parliament will play a still smaller role and this is to be regretted.

There is one strong man in the government, Mr. Poniatowski, who is not only highly intelligent but who, for twenty years, has been the close friend and confidant of the President. He alone has been appointed State minister while being also charged with the Interior.

The majority poll leads necessarily to the formation of two opposed blocs. To avoid this drawback the suggestion has been made for a return to the system of proportional representation. Each political party would then have a number of seats in proportion to the number of votes it obtains. The alliance between socialists and communists in the electoral field would no longer be needed to allow the left to come into office. However, the experience of Belgium and Italy where proportional representation exists, and that of France from 1945 to 1958, shows that the system tends to deprive any country of a stable government. The different parties are so exactly balanced that it becomes impossible to ensure the formation of a strong government. With proportional representation mathematical justice is satisfied, but the country never has a government worthy of the name.

However, surprisingly, the French government is the emanation of groups which at the Chamber of Deputies have no more than 89 representatives, namely the 55 Independent Republicans and the 34 Reformers. Only three of the ministers belong to the Independent Republicans: Mr. Poniatowski, Mr. Ch. Bonnet and Mr. d'Ornano. It is astonishing that this group, the pivot of the government, should be represented by so few. Four ministers come from the Reformers' group. The group called Democracy and Progress, to which Mr. Fontanet belongs, is not represented.

The five other ministers are supposed to come from the U.D.R. which is the name of the 181-strong Gaullist group, but their appurtenance to the U.D.R. is of special character. Ranking first among them is Mr. J. Chirac, the newly-appointed Prime Minister. He is a very far-seeing and efficient politician. All the U.D.R. leaders have been eliminated. As a result, for the first time since 1958, the U.D.R. do not feel concerned by the government's policy and are no longer responsible. This group shall not oppose the ministry but will remain neutral.

Even if the government consider that the 30 representatives of Progress and Democracy and naturally the 89 representatives of the Independent Republicans or Reformers are favourable, absolute majority can be ensured only with the aid of the 127 U.D.R. representatives. However, the overthrow of the Cabinet is not to be feared. All the members of Parliament, whoever they are, dread like fire that the President might use his right to dissolve the National Assembly. Here we have the final consequence of the 1958 Constitution: we are in the presence of a *minority* cabinet whose genuine foundation represents less than the sixth of the totality of the members of Parliament; there is nevertheless no risk of dismissal because of the fear of dissolution.

De Gaulle and Mr. Pompidou, like Mr. Giscard d'Estaing, were monarchs appointed by plebiscite, but they took care to constitute governments that

corresponded with the National Assembly's majority. *Mr. Giscard d'Estaing is the first President who has in fact deliberately chosen to constitute a minority ministry in Parliament.* It is quite obvious *that the government has to please the President but not at all the Assembly.* We are faced by a reinforced presidential régime. Anyway, it is in conformity with the new President's well-known intentions. He would like France to get still closer to the American pattern, however imperfect it is in our opinion. Besides, the President of the French Republic is already more powerful than his American counterpart, for the latter is not entitled to dissolve the House of Representatives or the Senate.

It is difficult to understand why the President has chosen to designate as ministers Gaullist deputies who, except Mr. Galley, have hardly any influence within the ranks of the U.D.R. One cannot help feeling that this new ministry is an act of anti-Gaullist revenge.

What lies ahead for the future? One cannot tell for some time; nevertheless, the presence of Mr. Lecanuet and Mr. Abelin is rather disquieting because according to their views, Europe is a religion, as it was for Mr. Schuman. They are unable to consider a solution to any kind of problem except in relation to the construction of Europe. They believe in electing a European Assembly by universal suffrage, although it would be quite untimely. The French do not feel inclined to obey orders from an Assembly in which their countrymen would not represent even a sixth of the members. Insoluble conflicts would break out between the French Parliament and this European Parliament. The times are not yet ripe for such an important innovation. It should also be stressed that these two men were General de Gaulle's chief opponents during his entire rule.

On June 12th the government issued information on their plan to cope with inflation. The government have had recourse to the most classic methods: higher taxes and credit cuts to reduce domestic consumption and increase exports. Credit tightening has become quite severe but the tax rises are rather moderate. In general, this plan is considered as insufficient to cope with price increases and less still to rebalance our foreign trade. The government will therefore have to adopt more drastic measures.

On June 19th the government indicated which increases would benefit old-age pensioners, large families and the physically handicapped. Thus the President has carried out his promises made during the campaign.

The minimum guaranteed wage has been increased to 1,200 francs per month; the government have also promised to examine without delay the question of lowering the age of retirement to 60 years, to improve work conditions and even to study reforming the status of enterprises. It is to be expected, however, that the Government will take only rather timid steps. In any case, Mr. Chirac, the Prime Minister, is engaged in a policy of permanent consultation with the workers' unions.

To everybody's surprise the Government have decided to lower the voting age to 18 years. According to a recent poll, 59% of the 18 to 21 age group would have voted for Mr. Mitterrand and he would have been elected if the younger generation had been able to go to the polls.

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One can foresee that the younger generation will vote against the government to show their gratitude, at the next election.

The tragedy for the President is that due to two reasons, neither himself nor anyone else will immediately be able to put a stop to inflation. Prices are now rising at the rate of 18% per annum. The first reason is that the United States is continuing to pour quite huge amounts of dollars into our country; these dollars automatically increase the monetary supply in France and as a result prices are rising. Secondly, all countries are the victims of the famous infernal spiral: higher prices lead to higher wages which in turn lead to higher prices. In order to escape from this vicious circle, all French people, including the wage-earners, should accept a temporary decline of their purchasing power; thus prices could become stable if the measure were adopted at a time when the cost-price of goods is not rising. In this respect the Brazilian example is significant. In Brazil, in 1963, prices rose by 89%. The military junta in power did not hesitate from 1964 to 1971 to lower the workers' purchasing power from 100 to 85. France for the time being is not in a position to accept such a severe remedy. The problem will be all the more difficult to solve now that the monetary chaos is persisting, since the United States refuse to re-establish the convertibility to gold of the dollar. As a result nobody at present can put a stop to price increases. It would be a good thing for a start if they were limited to 10 or 12% per annum.

The rise in the cost of living will certainly displease the mass of the population. As a result, the Presidency of the Republic will become unpopular. Furthermore, the deficit of the French commercial balance which, owing to the fuel price increases amounts to approximately 24 billions of francs yearly, will oblige the government to adopt unpopular austerity measures.

The President's address to Parliament on May 30th showed that Mr. Giscard d'Estaing's rule will be much like Mr. Pompidou's. The present régime proposes nothing else to the French people than a form of intelligent and liberal conservatism.

As at home and abroad Mr. Giscard d'Estaing intends to follow the pattern of Mr. Pompidou's presidency, it is difficult to understand why the Giscardians are waging a war upon the U.D.R.

The measures that the government have decided to take will probably fail to prevent a victory of the Popular Front.

Indeed, it should be realised that ever since 1958 the majority, representing the parties in power, has become smaller and smaller. At the time of the referendum of September 28, 1958 which ratified the present Constitution, de Gaulle won a majority of 13 million votes. By the 1965 election, de Gaulle was elected President only after the second ballot with a majority of 2,400,000 votes. At the legislative elections the parties in power won by a majority of only one million votes, although the Reformers voted with the U.D.R. at the second ballot. For the recent 1974 election right and left obtained almost equal results. The elected President had but 370,000 more votes than his opponent, whereas 26 million electors had gone to the polls. How can one help feeling that the left-wing parties will soon win, since the

younger generations are oriented towards the left? It is a mistake to believe that at the next election the government will get 13 million votes similarly to Mr. Giscard d'Estaing at the second ballot.

The President claims that he intends to govern from the Centre. This is all the more surprising as his government in fact represents the right and extreme-right wing. It is by accident that the Independent Republicans and Reformers, in the semi-circular arena of the Bourbon Palace, are seated on the left of the U.D.R. The latter, from the social point of view, is more progressive than the Independent Republicans and Reformers. In France, the Centre has never succeeded in grouping more than 10 or 15% of the suffrages. By declaring war on the U.D.R. and on the left-wing parties, how can the government expect to win the majority of the electorate? Mr. Giscard d'Estaing's recent victory over Mr. Chaban-Delmas does not in the least warrant the victory of the Independent Republicans and Reformers over the U.D.R. It is highly probable that all these Machiavellian calculations will be thwarted by the French population and that the left-wing parties that obtained 49.19% of the votes of the electorate on May 19th, 1974, will ultimately be the winners and dismiss the antagonistic brothers, the Gaullists and Giscardians.

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THE OCTOBER GENERAL ELECTION

by Enid Lakeman

This parliament is becoming unmanageable
(Government Chief Whip, during February 1974 parliament.)

A minority government has to trim its policies to the winds of popular protest.
(Government candidate in Woolwich West, October 1974 election.)

A democrat might suppose that this second remark was intended to show what a fine thing minority government is, giving the people power over their own government. In fact, the speaker was attacking minority government and pleading for his party to be given a clear majority over all others combined in the House of Commons, so that it should be able to carry out every item in its programme without needing to pay any heed to popular protest. That although, his party having been supported by only 37 per cent in February, he could not possibly have expected that it would get over 50 per cent in October; it would certainly be a minority imposing its will on the majority. As for the Chief Whip's suggestion that parliament is something to be managed by the government, this sounds more like King John. We need a new Magna Carta. It is the people this time, not the barons, who need to stand over the present wielders of arbitrary power and insist that they surrender it. 'Arbitrary' power? Yes, for it is achieved largely by chance, not by the sanction of the people's will, and is too often exercised without regard to the wishes of anyone outside the governing party.

Consider the events of 1974. The Conservative government, although having a comfortable parliamentary majority (for 46 per cent of the votes), called a general election in February eighteen months before it was due and without heeding warnings that it would wreck the progress made in Northern Ireland. Its vote dropped to 38 per cent and it found itself with fewer seats than Labour with 37 per cent. Labour took office but, lacking the overall majority of seats needed to impose its whole programme, called a new election in October in the hope of achieving that majority. This it did, but very narrowly and on only 39 per cent of the votes. The chancy nature of British elections is indicated by the fact that if only 102 of the 16,156 people who voted Labour in Rossendale and 164 of the 17,320 in Selly Oak had voted Conservative instead, the government's overall majority of three seats would have disappeared. While in Rhondda 17,000 could have changed sides without making the slightest difference.

There is endless argument about what the nation really wanted when it voted in either election. The present government claims a 'mandate' for its whole programme; its opponents object that over 60 per cent voted for something else, to which Labour replies that the 60 per cent are not agreed on any other programme. The only certainty is that no one party's programme commands the entire assent of half the voters. Parts of it may and probably do, but the election affords no evidence of which parts these are, and certainly provides no guarantee that those parts will be carried out and others will not.

Not only does the parties' representation in the House of Commons bear little relation to their support in the country (especially in the case of the Liberals, who continue to be backed by about half as many voters as either of the two larger parties but win less than one-twentieth of their seats), but the voters' views on other matters are not reflected at all. How many of those who voted Labour can rightly be counted as accepting the whole of the party's manifesto, including the nationalisation measures associated with its left wing? How many, on the contrary, voted Labour in spite of those items and agree with the right wing in wishing to see them dropped? How many of those who put their X against Mr. Heath's name in Sidcup did so in enthusiastic approval of his leadership, and how many because they wanted a Conservative government and therefore could do nothing but vote—reluctantly—for him? How many of those who voted Liberal would like that party to form a coalition with another, and with which one? Nobody knows. The two ex-Labour rebels who successfully defended their seats in February disappeared in October, together with two others; does this mean the whole electorate is content that every MP shall be a party nominee who can be relied upon to toe the line? How many people voted for the candidate, or the party, they really considered the best, and how many voted 'tactically' for the second best in order to keep out whichever they believed to be the worst?

It is clear that even the votes cast in a British general election are no reliable measure of the voters' opinions, and the seats resulting from those votes are far less so. This is most clearly evident if we look at particular parts of the country. As far as the House of Commons is concerned, it appears (as usual) that nobody in Sussex holds any opinion other than Conservative and nobody in Co. Durham any opinion other than Labour. The differences which do exist between the south of England and the north, between East End and West End, between town and country, are greatly exaggerated. Taking opposite corners of England, 100 constituencies in the south-east (excluding London) and 82 in the north-west, we find that the political complexion of their populations differs relatively little, but their representation in parliament is vastly different.

	votes %			seats %		
	Conservative	Labour	Liberal	Conservative	Labour	Liberal
South-East	45	31	24	82	17	1
North-West	37	43	19	32	67	1

All this arises from two features of our electoral system: that the voter has only a very restricted choice, and that the choice he expresses is as likely as not to have no effect on the result.

The October 1974 election would appear to have offered the voters a wider choice than ever before—for the first time in our history, no seat was contested by fewer than three candidates, and seven constituencies each had as many as six; the total of different designations under which candidates fought amounted to no less than 56. However (excluding Northern Ireland), it was only Conservative, Labour and Liberals and the two nationalist parties which obtained representation or any substantial share of the votes; the choice was essentially among these. And that meant that

anyone wishing to support one of those parties had to vote for the one candidate selected by that party in the place where he happened to live. Labour candidates like Michael Foot or Tony Benn are clearly not the same as Labour candidates like Roy Jenkins or Shirley Williams, but there is no way in which a Labour supporter can use his vote so as to promote the predominance in the parliamentary party of the one type or the other.

In the second place, even if the elector's vote is a true expression of his support for that particular candidate as well as the party, it is very likely to have no effect. Everyone is aware that, of the five million who voted Liberal, the great majority failed to elect a Liberal MP; what is less widely recognised is that over four million Conservative voters and over four million Labour ones had equally little effect; in both this year's elections, the total of those ineffective votes amounted to a little more than half the total poll (51 per cent). In particular areas, it was often much more, reaching in Edinburgh the figure of 61 per cent. Moreover, in many cases it is the same people who vote in vain every time; a Conservative in a Welsh mining valley or a Labour supporter in a south coast resort can have few twinges of conscience about going on holiday on polling day, for he knows the result will be the same whether he votes or not. There should also be added the votes that are ineffective for the opposite reason—because the candidate would still have been sure of election if large numbers of his supporters had stayed at home.

With more than two candidates everywhere, there were a large number of constituencies in which the total votes cast for losers outnumbered those for the winner—380 of them, compared with 408 in February. There were no less than 31 constituencies in which the MP was elected with less than 40 per cent of the total vote, the lowest percentage being 31.1 in Dunbarton East (nearly a record). However, even if there were no minority MPs the overall result could still be just as unrepresentative—anything between the winning of every seat by a party with 51 per cent of the votes in each constituency and the defeat of a party with much larger support because that support is wasted in piling up a few huge majorities while its opponents slip into many seats by tiny ones. With single-member constituencies, there is no means of giving any effect to a minority, however large, and no means of giving any more effect to the majority of 34,481 in Rhondda than to a majority of one vote.

In the six constituencies within the London boroughs of Croydon and Sutton, 125,000 people voted Conservative and elected all the six MPs; 84,000 Labour voters and 58,000 Liberal ones elected nobody. It is true that each Conservative was elected on a minority vote and might have been defeated in a straight fight, but this would not necessarily have made the result any fairer. For instance, if, in the four constituencies where the Liberal was third, most Liberals had voted Labour instead, this could have given Labour four of the six seats while still leaving its total votes some 14,000 short of the Conservatives'. The only way to ensure a fair result is to make a much larger proportion of the votes effective, and that cannot be done with single-member constituencies. It can be done if we make that whole area one six-member constituency, within which any candidate sup-

ported by about one-sixth of the voters would be sure of election. (The actual quota required would be one vote more than one-seventh of the total.)

This also enables us to give effective expression to the voters' opinions about any matter they consider important—not only the parties. By numbering candidates in the order of his preference, instead of using Xs, the voter instructs the returning officer to give his vote to his first-choice candidate, but if it cannot help to elect him (because he has enough votes without it or because he is without hope of election) to give it instead to his second choice and so on if necessary. If most of those who vote '1' for a Liberal vote '2' for another Liberal and so on, most of the 58,000 Liberal votes will accumulate on their one most favoured candidate and will elect him; Labour, with more than twice the quota of votes, will elect two, and the Conservatives, with three quotas, three. Similarly, an area like Lewisham plus Greenwich, where Labour now holds all six seats for just over half the votes, would have due representation of its Conservative and Liberal minorities. Over the whole country, the seats won by any party would correspond approximately to its support among the voters.

But the effects would go far beyond fair party representation. The seats won by any party would be filled by those of its candidates whom the voters considered the best. In Northern Ireland last year, the voters generally gave recognised party leaders votes of confidence, in the form of very large numbers of first preferences, but some whom their party had been able to award safe seats under the old X-voting system were rejected. One consequence, therefore, is a lessening of party discipline.

There must also be a softening of divisions between parties, for the voter is obliged to recognise that, among the candidates of his preferred party, some are more desirable than others, and he is invited further to show (without any risk of harming his party) that he finds something to be said for some candidates of other parties. The voters can show (for instance by giving preference to Benn-type Labour candidates or Jenkins-type Labour candidates) which policies the bulk of them approve, and they can show what kind of coalition (if any) they favour—in the Irish election of 1973, the majority voted 1, 2, 3 . . . for Fine Gael candidates and went on to Labour ones, or the reverse, thus putting into power a coalition which is unquestionably the people's wish.

This greatly facilitates co-operation between people of different parties when circumstances demand it. Since the October election, the Prime Minister has been saying that elections are divisive, but that now the battle is over we should unite in the interests of the whole nation. But an election in which we are forced to vote as if we thought candidate X perfect and had no use for any other, and in which each party's aim must be to 'kill' its opponents in each constituency, is a poor preparation for working together. As the then leader of the opposition, the Prime Minister gave his support to the restoration of the single transferable vote in Northern Ireland whose object was to enable people of different parties to work together. It succeeded—is still succeeding in the district councils—until wrecked by the X-vote

election of the twelve Northern Ireland MPs last February. Why resist its extension to all other United Kingdom elections?

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The January issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Industrial Democracy in Germany* by Rudolf J. Vollmer, *Rural Car Services and Other Ways to Revive the Rural Transport Network* by D. G. Rhys and M. J. Buxton, *The Dangerous Law of Conspiracy* by Robert Hazell and *The Czechoslovak Scene in the Last Seventeen Years* by Veronica Weir.

BUCHAREST IN RETROSPECT

by James Avery Joyce

THE 'population explosion' has been the topic of so many serious studies and popular jeremiads that the World Population Conference, which met in Bucharest in August, 1974 was undoubtedly the best informed of U.N. Conferences ever to be held, if facts and figures had mattered. The documentation of the Conference could not have been more painstakingly prepared by the organisers and their supporting experts in New York. The attendance was gigantic, with full delegations from 135 Governments and hundreds of voluntary organisations, who met in a parallel conference uniting the world's leading authorities in the field.

So why did this mountain produce a mouse? Why did even responsible journalists—and Bucharest swarmed with them—report that the Conference was at best a disappointment, but not a disaster?

The basic reasons, to the mind of this writer, who sat through most of the sessions, were three. And these three reasons will form the gist of the present article, to the exclusion of many other important aspects of the Conference which filled the Conference's journal, day by day, with an array of fascinating and worthwhile material.

The first reason was the refusal of the big majority of governments to face the elementary facts of population growth, which the organisers had skilfully presented in so many well-authenticated reports and studies. The second reason was related to this and can best be described as the intrusion of the most blatant expressions of national egotism. While the third reason was reflected in an almost hysterical opposition to any project or programme tainted with Western ideology in general and American hegemony in particular.

When the official report of the overworked sessions (some of them going on till after midnight) is published, I am sure that the wide sweep of the debates will be found to be quite impressive. And the modified Plan of Action (the main item on the agenda) will be found to be one of the most significant declarations of the 1970s. But, without these three keys in our hands, the true import of the Conference will be missed, and the containment of the 'explosion' will seem even more remote.

This assessment will become apparent if we consider first the announced objectives of the Bucharest exercise and how they were rejected or bypassed by the voting majorities. Dr. Leon Tabah, Deputy-Secretary General and Director of the U.N. Population Division in New York, told the Conference when he introduced the World Plan of Action, that the world had been too reluctant to face up to the reality of unprecedented population growth, or to realise how long it would take to change the course of events. But, he warned, to try to find in the draft Plan a solution to *all* the ills of the world was only to detract from its primary function. 'We must live with the thought of a population of 6,500 million by the end of the century and learn to meet that problem,' he said. So the Conference was limited to

population. No integrated population policy so far existed anywhere outside the Conference. While recognising the national sovereignty of nations and the human rights of individuals, the Plan was a challenge for the Conference to demonstrate an understanding of the practical issues by reaching a consensus.

Dr. Tabah was careful to explain, of course, that development and population unquestionably interacted. Activities to control population were no substitute for all-round development. But there must be an active approach to the influence of population policies on all-round development. The idea should be dropped that population policy was related exclusively to birth control. Nevertheless, over half the peoples of the earth were in serious trouble because of population growth. So the Plan aimed to deal with the real problems of these people.

It is significant that the Conference should have been held in a pro-natalist country where *limitation* of population growth was legally proscribed. In welcoming the Conference, at the opening session, the President of Roumania, Nicolae Ceausescu, no doubt rightly interpreted the long-term objectives of everybody present when he asserted:

> We consider that in tackling the population question one should necessarily proceed from the fact that man is the determining factor of economic and social progress. Hence, the entire organisation of society, the general policy of States, must have as their supreme goal the welfare and happiness of the people, the guarantee of man's freedom and dignity, the development of his personality, and the participation of the masses in making their own history.

But, as host, Mr. Ceausescu lent no voice to the Plan. He preferred to generalise:

> . . . In our opinion, in tackling the complex population questions one must bear in mind the necessity of continuously developing productive forces, on which decisively depends the meeting of the peoples' life requirements and the general progress of society. In this context, ensuring a high rate of growth of the material assets makes production of special importance for the way in which the population question is solved within every nation.

Speaking in support of the Plan, a quite remarkable woman, both in name and reputation as a demographer, who had presided over the several lengthy meetings of the U.N. Population Commission which had prepared the Bucharest agenda, was Mercedes B. Concepcion, Dean of the Population Institute, University of the Philippines. She reminded the Conference that 'an Advisory Committee of Experts on Global Population Strategy had been established in 1971 during the sixteenth session of the U.N. Population Commission to assist in undertaking a study on global strategy in order to highlight the world-wide implications of population growth and to devise a global strategy that would help bring population and economic growth into balance on a global basis.'

Population growth, or more strictly speaking, population change, she stated, was after all a consequence of the interaction of its two main components—mortality and fertility. Different combinations of these two components would result in various types of change: increase, decline or no change. Thus, to focus attention merely on the quantitative growth targets, without taking into account the components of change, would lose sight of

the principal determinants which should be altered to achieve the targets themselves. Therefore, mortality reduction is sought in both the developed and the developing world as a matter of national policy through the implementation of health measures and preventive measures affecting large numbers of people. Dr. Concepcion gave it as her opinion that:

> The U.N. projections assume very little change in crude death rates in the *developed* regions. In fact, the death rate may rise slightly from 9.2 to 9.4 per 1000 by 1985. On the other hand, for the developing regions, the death rates are expected to undergo further decline, from a level of 14.3 per 1000 in 1970 to 10.9 by 1985. Only one extra year of life is anticipated to be added to the life expectancy at birth in the *developed* countries during 1970 to 1975 (71.2 to 72.2 years), according to U.N. medium estimates. Substantial increases, however, are envisaged for the developing countries where the life expectancy, which was over 52 years in 1970, may increase by about six years to 1985.

Dr. Concepcion went to the heart of the Conference's main objective by stressing that the Plan provided that by 1985 family planning information, education and services should be at the disposal of all couples desiring to plan their families. Implicit in this provision was the right of each couple to have the desired number of children—'hopefully only a few,' she said—the assumption being that the upsurge in population growth is a function of unwanted births. Hence, if couples had access to the *means* to limit births, the problem of too many births would eventually be solved.

She enforced this view by pointing out that the spectacular decline of the birth rate in many developing countries could already be taken as evidence of successful population programmes. Favourable developments in family planning had, in fact, occurred in Colombia, Costa Rica, Fiji, Indonesia, Iran, Mauritius, the Philippines, Thailand, and Venezuela, in addition to Hongkong, Republic of China, Republic of Korea, and Singapore, which had been the subject of careful U.N. studies.

The relevance of family planning programmes was quickly to become the crux of the debate between the governments represented at Bucharest. The moderate and reasoned language of the Plan's leading architects was soon submerged by amendments discouraging joint action. Argentina was observed lobbying for 68 unilateral amendments and trying to consolidate its views with seven other countries which wanted to whittle down each of the four sections of the document. China at once confirmed her opposition to the Plan's basic assumption that rapid population growth was threatening the quality of life. Brazil and Russia announced sympathy with most of the Argentine amendments, which were intended to stress economic and social goals and to reduce birth control proposals to 'reasonable proportions.' On the other hand, Tunisia, Mexico, Iran, Korea, Indonesia and Jamaica were among the countries which spoke out in strong support of the Plan and gave detailed accounts of their own strenuous national efforts to reduce population growth.

Intervening at this point, Professor Richard Hoggart, speaking for Unesco, speculated that one of the causes of the evident backlash to vigorous population policies was the too sudden, too massive and too ill-considered assault on old cultural balances. Unesco was therefore studying the interaction between social change and family structure.

Also, alongside the main debate, India, Canada and the United States tabled proposals to raise the status of women. All three countries urged a fuller integration of women into social and economic life, with India calling especially for more education and job opportunities, especially in rural areas. These proposals served to strengthen those sections of the Plan that were inspired by the United Nations Human Rights Conference in Teheran in April, 1968, when the following declaration was unanimously passed: 'Couples have a basic human right to decide freely and responsibly on the number and spacing of their children and a right to adequate education and information in this respect.'

Turning now to the 'opposition,' we can roughly divide them—or rather they divided themselves—into three groups: Communist, Latin American, and (some) African countries. Asia, as we have noted, was strongly committed to population control. Naturally, China and the Soviet Union had some nasty things to say to each other, politically, as well as about the Plan. But China's position created a great deal of sympathetic interest and could well be described as more positive than the Soviet Union's. Many people have been impressed with China's reconciliation of Marxist ideology with population control.

The Vice-Minister of Health, Mr. Huang Shu-tse, insisted that population growth was not a problem for the world and that exploitation by the superpowers was the root cause of under-development. Recalling the hue and cry of Thomas Malthus, he said that China's population had grown from 500 million at the beginning of the Republic to 800 million today. But grain production had risen from 110 million to 250 million tons in the same period. China's policy was birth planning, not birth control. It was true that in some minority communities measures were being taken to increase the population, while in over-populated areas family planning was promoted. China was not against population policy, but was firmly opposed to using external technical assistance to bring about population control. The secret of China's special pill, however, Mr. Huang did not divulge.

Argentina's 68 tabled amendments included the deletion of the important U.N. aim to give 'all who so desire' the information and means to practise family planning by 1985. Explaining his stand, the Argentine delegate said it was impossible to accept the approach that population should be treated in a 'peculiar and singular manner.' It had been taken out of the context of development, social justice and the equal distribution of wealth. This was not true of the Plan, of course, but most of his amendments were intended to correct this alleged error.

He urged that the parts of the Plan devoted to birth control should be rewritten. His amendment (which the Working Group accepted by 52 to 42 votes) would alter the key clause to read simply: 'to encourage appropriate education concerning responsible parenthood and make available to persons who so desire advice on the means of achieving it.' But moves by Ireland and the Holy See to delete a reference to reducing illegal abortions were defeated on two successive votes. Yet a triumph for the role of women was achieved when the title of a section of the Plan, previously 'Reproduction and Family Formation', was altered to include 'and the Status of Women'.

In fact, the many past U.N. Declarations and resolutions on Human Rights, as instanced above, set the framework of the discussions centred on the principle that responsible parenthood carried the right of couples to space their family.

It was symptomatic of the 'in-fighting' that prevailed during most of the sessions, that the word 'individuals' had been knocked out of one paragraph on human rights by 51 votes to 14 on an Italian motion to substitute the word 'couples' instead, following cautious behind-the-scenes negotiations with Vatican representatives. A Yugoslav amendment later, however, would restore the word 'individuals' by using both 'couples and individuals'. Protests from the Irish delegate called for a legal interpretation of the rules of procedure. But as the group followed the normal U.N. practice of being master of its own proceedings, the word 'individuals' was thus restored to the text by a vote of 48 to 41, with 8 abstentions.

No one can deny that the Bucharest event was a rewarding experience for studying national and ideological psychologies. European values were, of course, constantly denigrated; yet, strangely, African representatives were, on the whole, supporters of the Plan. The Western theory of demographic evolution from high birth and death rates to a new stability at low rates through economic development was questioned by Professor F. O. Okediji. Classical relations between industrialisation, urbanisation and birth control had to be reviewed in taking European population history into account, he said. Almost as many countries were exceptions to the accepted model as conformed to it. The demographic transition theory had little or no predictive utility. It could not answer basic questions such as: When will a fertility decline begin? With what speed will it proceed? Family planning programmes are intended to change reproductive behaviour, but how effective could they be as an instrument for changing cultural values, which will in turn bring about changes in reproductive behaviour?

The attack on the Western approach came also from Jimoh Omo-Fadaka of the Africa Environmental Research Group in London. He told the parallel NGO's conference that African countries look for a rural rather than an urban solution to their problems—'an organisation of stable, self-financing human-scale communities enjoying that life style prescribed by their own traditions, customs and beliefs.' He rejected both the free enterprise system, as incapable of handling problems as complex as those faced by African countries, and also Soviet solutions, as being unsuitable because of their authoritarianism and their increased preoccupation with materialism. Classical economics of laissez-faire, as well as Marxist socialism, both came out of the English 19th century industrial Revolution. The Soviet bloc is no more capable of solving the problems of African countries than its Western imperialist rivals. 'However, on balance,' he concluded, 'I think the Chinese approach to the problems of economic backwardness has more to teach the people of Africa than most current literature on development has conceded.'

The relationship between population problems and social and economic development was brought in, somewhere, in every speech, though few delegates—East or West—gave any credit to the U.N. itself for setting the

Plan's proposals squarely within this very same context. To do so, would have committed their governments to back more wholeheartedly the new world economic programme which was advanced at the last General Assembly this spring.

Some NGO delegates frankly admitted their perplexity. In the 1950s, said Saad Gadalla of the University of Cairo, Egyptian political leaders saw the relationship between population and social and economic development in terms of ideology. They believed that economic development would take care of the population problem. So the main focus of attention was agrarian reform and industrialisation. President Nasser said he did not believe in birth control, either by decree or by persuasion. But, when in the '60s it became evident that population growth was easily absorbing any increase in economic growth, political leaders were forced to think again. They advocated family planning as a supplement to development. In the 1970s, however, Egyptian planners realised that the standard family planning model was not solving the problem, so a new scheme was devised which integrated family planning services into a development programme. Professor Gadalla said he feared that the family planning sections of the Plan were not getting the attention they deserved.

Although the Plan did survive by consensus as a balanced world programme of broad guidelines, pointing to the future and integrating all kinds of national policies, space does not permit further examples to be given here of the foibles and pretensions of the national governments and the special interests who, at times, seemed to use the Plan more as a convenient Aunt Sally to hide their own confusions and inconsistencies.

There were many hard-headed and practical, yet world-minded authorities present who knew that, through the Plan, as it evolved and expanded, their own special commitment to the population challenge would be nearer solution. It is therefore appropriate that I should perhaps close with some remarks by Mr. Bertil Bolin, Assistant Director-General of the International Labour Office. He asserted that, by the end of the century, the world's labour force would grow by about one billion, with 90 per cent of the change taking place in the developing countries. There should be fewer anti-natalist generalisations. Instead, population questions should be looked at with more subtlety and geographical selectivity. The ILO's own research and action programme in population questions had its main emphasis in undertaking specific country case-studies carried out by local individuals and institutions in the developing countries, rather than imposing preconceived studies on them undertaken by foreigners.

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BRAZIL: THE SPIRIT-POSSESSION CULTS

by Frances Rust

TO distil the essence and convey the flavour of over six months' vivid research experience into the confines of a short article is a task almost as daunting as that of the research itself. Inevitably, this must entail a certain amount of generalisation, omission and 'sharpening'. The objective of my research (carried out during two successive visits to Brazil) was to gain some understanding—historical, sociological and psychological—of the spirit-possession cults in that country. My time was spent in and around Rio de Janeiro, in Salvador (Bahia) and in Porto Alegre (Rio Grande do Sul), covering an area of well over 2,000 miles. What follows relates only to the cults in those areas: the *Candomblé* in Bahia, the *Macumba* and *Umbanda* in Rio, and the *Batuque* in Rio Grande do Sul.

The historical background to the spirit-possession cults (more accurately termed Afro-Brazilian religious cults) provides some explanation of the high degree of syncretism (or attempted fusion of diverse elements) in the cults. At the time of the Portuguese conquest and colonisation in the 16th century, Brazil was the home of four Amerindian tribes (Caraibas: Tupis: Tapuias and Aruaques) and these play their part in the cults. Since the indigenous population was totally unsatisfactory to the Portuguese as a labour force, slaves were imported from Africa to work on the sugar, tobacco, cocoa and coffee plantations. Shipments started in 1530 and continued for well over three hundred years. With them the slaves brought their recollections of African culture and religion, and it is this which forms the very essence of the cults.

The coast of Bahia took the first shipments of slaves, and the state of Bahia is undoubtedly the most 'African' in the whole of Brazil. Seventy per cent of the population is of African descent, and African influence is strong in dress, food, music, dance and especially in the *Candomblé*, the spirit possession cult of Bahia. The process of syncretism is present even in this African influence, since it is, itself, an amalgam of the culture of Nagos from Nigeria, Jejes from Dahomey, Bantus from the Congo and Angola and Mussulmen from Luanda. The Nagos, speaking the Yoruba language and bearing the Yoruba culture, were able to predominate and exerted a strong influence on all the others. For this reason, the cult of *Candomblé* is very strongly linked to the belief system, the hierarchy of gods (orixas) and the language of certain parts of West Africa, in particular, Nigeria. (*Orixa* is usually translated as 'god' or 'deity', but is more correctly thought of as the force or power through which the deity becomes intelligible to humans.) The language of the ceremony throughout, including the songs and chants, is Yoruba (immediately recognisable to any Nigerian Yoruba speaker, though containing some words no longer in common use) and the Yoruba religion strongly influences not only the pantheon of gods, but also the vestments, ritual ornaments, sacred objects, rhythm and dance appropriate to each *orixa*.

In Salvador, there are as many as 700 Candomblé centres. Many are small and private, others are larger, well-publicised and have no objection to visitors at the public part of the ceremony. Most 'outsiders' take it for granted that the public part of the ceremony is all there is, but in fact every ceremony has three aspects:

1. a private 'communion of the blood' ceremony (attended by initiates only) where sacrifices are offered to the *orixas* so that they will appear when called. An animal is killed and its blood has to touch the head of the initiate who will later 'receive' the *orixa*.
2. a public festival where the *orixas* are called.
3. a private ceremony where everything that the blood has touched has to be cleaned and put away in a special place.

The ceremonies occur strictly according to the calendar. Usually stage 2, the public festival, begins about ten o'clock at night. The cult house, known as a *terreiro*, is gaudily decorated with strips of paper in ritual colours and sometimes with screens made by threading together small pieces of white *pipoca* (popcorn). The *orixas* are called by drumming (on the sacred *atabaques*), by rhythmic striking of the *agogo* or double-headed iron bell, by singing, chanting and dancing for about two hours. It is very much a female-dominated occasion. The leader, in complete charge of the *terreiro*, is generally a woman, called a *Mae de santo* (Mother in holiness), though some cult houses in Bahia do have a *Pai de santo* (Father in holiness). The *mae* has a number of girls and women (usually not fewer than seven and not more than eighteen) who have gone through three years of initiation, are then called *Filhas de santo* and work closely with the *Mae*. Occasionally, one sees a young man initiate (*filho de santo*) but this is regarded as unorthodox. For two hours the *mae de santo* and the *filhas* dance, sing and chant—to the accompaniment of the drums. On these sacred drums (strictly forbidden to the women) the men beat out the rhythms for each *orixa* in turn, tirelessly, faultlessly. The singing, chanting, drumming and dancing is for each *orixa* separately, since each *filha* is the *cavalo* or horse of one particular god who manifests himself through her body.

In the course of two hours, first one, then another *filha* becomes possessed. The early stages can be alarming to the onlooker. The *filha* is seized with convulsions, bends her body over to resemble a horse, staggers, falls to the ground and hurls herself around, jerking convulsively. Soon she calms down, can dance again but is now in a state of trance. Even more alarming can be the unintended possession of an onlooker. Overcome by the atmosphere generated by the drumming, the chanting, the colour, movement and sense of occasion, the susceptible can be seized by a kind of epileptic fit and have to be carried away bodily from the scene. Towards midnight, the *orixas* will usually all have responded to the call, and the *filhas*—all having manifested the possession state—will be led away, in trance, to the changing-room.

There is now a pause in the proceedings—no more drumming, chanting and dancing. Unsuspecting visitors have been known to go home at this stage thinking that the ceremony is over. All that has gone before, however,

is but a preliminary to the most significant aspect of all—the arrival of the gods.

Outside the cult house the warm dark Bahian night is suddenly shattered by the whizz of firework rockets, searing the sky, bursting into coloured stars and exploding like revolver-shots. Nearby, a loud bell clangs urgently, adding to the tension and noise. The atmosphere is electric. The scene is set and now the gods, in procession, slowly enter the cult house. They are the *filhas de santo*, led by the *mae de santo*, but now they are all 'manifesting' or incorporating the *orixas*. They are all in a state of complete trance and are clad in the ceremonial vestments, the ritual ornaments, the beads and emblems appropriate to each *orixa*. Now follow a further two hours of joyous, uninhibited singing, dancing and pounding of the drums: the gods have come, joy is unconfined. The *mae de santo* and the *filhas* move among the onlookers, embracing, consoling and blessing anyone who needs help. It is not they, but Oxala, Yemanja, Omulu, Oxun and so on who are giving succour and support. Soon the *filhas* return to the middle of the room, still in a state of trance and responding only to the drums. I watched one stand on the same spot for over an hour, motionless except for the quiver and shiver of her ecstasy. Suddenly the drummers started to beat out the rhythm of her *orixa* (Oxun) and, immediately, she came to life and began the dance of Oxun, the water-goddess.

The foregoing account of a typical 'authentic' large-scale Bahian *candomblé* brings out clearly its strong African flavour. In many *candomblé* centres in Bahia, however, an additional syncretic element occurs in the shape of the *Caboclo* Indians—or the spirits of the original Amerindian indigenous population. Many ceremonies are designed specifically to call up these Amerindian spirits, often termed 'entities'. On such occasions, the *mae de santo* and the *filhas* wear elaborate head-dresses of Red Indian feathers, feather anklets and leather boots. The *caboclos* are extraordinarily gay spirits. When they descend and take possession, the *filhas* become noisy, animated, cheerful, drink *cachaça* (cane spirit), laugh and joke. The authentic Bahian *candomblé* is highly ritualistic and inflexible: everything has to be done in the manner laid down centuries before. The *caboclo* ceremonies, on the other hand, allow for change and modernisation. One I attended included electronic amplification of the sacred drums, and a jazz trumpet—unthinkable for the African *orixas*, but apparently welcomed by the *caboclos*.

A further important syncretism which occurs is with popular Catholicism. Most *orixas* are identified in the minds of the followers with corresponding *santos* (saints). Everyone knows, for example, that Xango (god of thunder) is St. Jerome: that Omulu (Obaluaie), god of smallpox and sickness, is St. Lazarus: that Oxossi (god of the hunt) is St. George and so on. People lead a 'double' religious life. They have their 'santo' and they have their 'orixa', with identical days of the week, colours and beads. The syncretism with Christianity is completed by the correspondence between Oxala (god of creation) and Christ, and between Yemanja (goddess of the sea and mother of all the orixas) and the Virgin Mary. Historically, this fusion arose as a

defensive measure. For many years the Church tried to outlaw and ban the cults, but since Afro-Bahians could see such clear affinities between their gods and Christian saints and divinities, they simply used the names of the latter for a time and maintained that they were being good Catholics. The cults are now completely free from religious persecution, but the strong syncretic element remains.

It was not only Bahia that received shipments of African slaves. They were landed in substantial numbers in many other parts of Brazil, notably Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Minas Gerais, Pernambuco, Rio Grande do Sul and Parana. All these localities are characterised by some form of spirit-possession cult.

In and around Rio the cults are termed *Umbanda* and *Macumba* (there is another favela cult called *quimbanda*, where the emphasis is on black magic and revenge), the main difference being that Umbanda has its following mainly among the well-to-do, middle-class whites, whereas Macumba is the cult of the poor in the *favelas* (shanty-towns) on the Rio hillsides. *Umbanda* in Rio may take many different forms: *Umbanda Pura*—for members only, in private houses, or public *Umbanda* taking place in a temple or in the open air, by a waterfall, on a Sunday afternoon. Bahian *candomblé* was seen to contain a syncretism of Afro-Caboclo-Catholic elements, but in Rio two further elements have to be added. These are the *Pretos Velhos* (Old Blacks) and Kardecism—a form of spiritualism deriving from Alan Kardec, a mid-nineteenth century French doctor-scientist, whose researches and writings are extraordinarily well-known in Brazil.

During my stay in Rio I was able to attend all types of *Umbandista* ceremony, and thanks to a Dominican brother who worked in a favela I was able to go to a *Macumba* ceremony. The Rio cults do not exhibit the strong African influence typical of the cults in Bahia. No word of Yoruba is spoken, Portuguese being used throughout. The word 'medium' designates those who 'receive' or become possessed by the spirits—and these spirits are not the African orixas of the Nago pantheon, but the spirits of the Caboclo Indians and the Pretos Velhos (certain old black slaves who are thought to have died before their mission in life was completed). In contrast to the *candomblé*, the dancing is almost vestigial, consisting only of turns or whirls to music. The music, however, is provided by the African drums, or *atabaques* except in private houses, where rhythmic hand-clapping is more usual: and the *orixas*, including their messenger *Exu* (in Rio often identified with the devil) are invoked by song and ritual.

The jasmine-scented, white-washed room where I attended a private (i.e. members only) *Umbanda* ceremony was a researcher's dream of syncretism and symbolism. A massive tree-trunk in the middle of the room represented the Caboclo indians: on it stood the ritual Kardecist glass of water: a simple altar at one end of the room was crammed with images of the Catholic saints (festooned with strings of beads appropriate to the African *orixas*), flowers, candles, a cross, another glass of water (this one draped with a string of white beads) and an iron sword. Nearby were framed paint-

ings and drawings of *Pai Joaquim* and *Tia Maria* (two famous Old Blacks), with candles burning in front of them, and on the floor were little ritual dishes of white food, mostly popcorn.

There were five mediums, dressed completely in white: one was a man, three were beautiful young girls and two were older women. The *pretos velhos* and the *caboclos* were called by a complicated ritual centering on rhythmic movement, handclaps and singing in an atmosphere hazy and aromatic from the incense burning in the censer. As in Bahia, the possession state manifested itself by convulsions, staggering, yelping, falling to the ground, accompanied by a complete withdrawal from reality. When possession occurs, the mediums 'are' the particular Old Black or Caboclo Indian who has answered the call. Their faces (including the young girls') become twisted and contorted in a resemblance to gnarled old men, they stoop, smoke their pipes, spit, and talk in a stream of gibberish. The *pretos velhos* are rather serious, the *caboclos* talk and laugh, but all move amongst the small audience of sect members, getting rid of everyone's evil spirits by ritualistic brushing and 'passes'. They talk, comfort, console and pass on instructions (now in intelligible language) to certain of the members who eagerly scribble it all down on little bits of paper. The members of this particular sect were, without exception, middle-class, white, well-dressed and had mostly arrived at the meeting in their cars.

The public *Umbandista* ceremonies bore many resemblances to this private ceremony but, of course, were on a much larger scale. Those I attended generally had white, mulato and black mediums and the audience consisted of a typical Brazilian 'racial mix'. Frequently a black or mulato medium would be seen, in the course of the ceremony, comforting, consoling and giving instructions to some impeccably-dressed white businessman. This role-reversal apparently surprised no one, in the context of *Umbanda.*

The *macumba* ceremony in the favela was held in a squalid but brightly decorated shack, without proper floor or windows, the poorest and smallest *terreiro* that I had as yet visited, reached by climbing up a flight of stone steps set in the hillside, past immense piles of evil-smelling garbage. Frei Raymundo, the Dominican who accompanied me, chatted blandly to everyone through the haze, noise and confusion. One of his favourite remarks was 'All religion is good' and to me he observed that he made it his business to look in at *macumba* from time to time, so that the church could keep in touch with the cults. The ritual was similar to the Afro-Caboclo-Kardecist ceremony of Umbanda, but here there was more emphasis on *Exu,* and possession-states were even more frenetic. Here in the *favela* few were white, many appeared tired or sick, and all were extremely poor.

In Porto Alegre, well over 1,000 miles to the south of Rio, the prevailing spirit-possession cult is called *Batuque* and exhibits many of the characteristics of Umbanda and some of the characteristics of *candomblé* (notably, the animal sacrifices before certain *festas,* or public ceremonies). One *terreirô* I visited showed the usual syncretism of Afro-Caboclo-Catholic elements but Kardecist cult objects were notably absent, and the name of

Kardec meant little there. The evening concluded with a session of what can only be termed witchcraft. Several members of the audience—female, black, poorly-dressed and in a state of anxiety—got up from their seats and entered the ceremonial circle, handing over bundles of clothing. These the mediums would shake vigorously, and draw their hands over to *tirar mal* or 'take away the bad'. Perhaps these clothes belonged to sick children, perhaps to erring husbands . . . but in any event hopes were raised by the magical 'passes' of the mediums that all problems would be solved.

Many people will find it difficult to believe that such 'primitive' cults can survive and flourish in a country modernising as rapidly as Brazil. It is, however, certain that economic growth and industrialisation in Brazil has *not* been accompanied by any decline in superstition or in the Afro- Brazilian cults. At the present time it is estimated that there are ten million cult followers (which means initiates, sect members and occasional participants), of whom one and a half million are in the Rio de Janeiro area and a similar number in rapidly developing Sao Paulo and its neighbouring port, Santos. This represents a considerable increase over the past ten years, and this increase is continuing. In Salvador there are said to be 700 *Candomblé* centres, where approximately 75% of the non-white population attend.

As has been seen, historical analysis provides the clue to the origin and complicated lines of development of the Afro-Brazilian cults, but it contributes nothing to an understanding of why, having taken root in this way centuries ago, they continue to flourish in contemporary Brazil. Dürkheim insists that for the understanding of social facts the functional approach should supplement the historical: thus: 'The determining cause of a social fact should be sought among the social facts preceding it . . . ' and ' . . . to explain a social fact we must show its function in the establishment of social order. . . . ' Pursuing this line of thought, if 'function' is defined, following Merton, as 'the observed consequences which make for the adaptation or adjustment of a given system' the question arises as to whether the cults are, in the sociological sense, functional.

Here it must be borne in mind that

(i) Brazil is a country of great (and increasing) inequalities, where, for example, in 1970 the poorest 40% received only 8% of the National Income;

(ii) the lowest socio-economic positions tend to be occupied by those with the darkest skins: in other words, the Afro-Brazilians;

(iii) with the exception of the Umbanda cult in Rio, the participants are overwhelmingly drawn from the under-privileged Afro-Brazilian population;

(iv) the cults as an institution provide Afro-Brazilian participants with a sense of power, prestige and pride in their African heritage, a strong feeling of 'community' and a creative outlet for self-expression through singing, dancing and making music in a setting rich in colour and drama.

Putting these facts together, there seems little doubt that the cults, as an

institution in society, act towards the preservation of the existing social structure or 'social order', and that they are 'functional' in so far as they subtly hold in check potential divisive and revolutionary elements. In this connection, it is interesting to find that the Government bans 'Black Power' but tolerates the Afro-Brazilian cults. This toleration is likely to continue since many *terreiro* leaders cleverly echo current nationalistic tendencies, the Brazilian colours (green and yellow) appearing amongst the most assorted collection of cult objects, and the Brazilian flag frequently hanging near the altar.

From the psychological point of view, the significant common element in all the cults is that the spirits (be they the African gods, the Caboclo Indians or the 'Old Blacks') come down to comfort, guide and succour those in need. If the rituals are scrupulously observed, if the gods are called in the proper way, if they are given the correct food and drink, they will not let their followers down. Except for Umbanda, these followers are overwhelmingly the poor, sick, undernourished, illiterate and uninformed. Umbanda, as we saw, is the cult of the comfortably-off middle class, but they, too, in a society undergoing rapid change and development, must on occasion have problems beyond their capacity. In Umbanda, in fact, the talk is only of problems and never of sin, and every Umbandista sees the justification for the existence of his religion (by which he means the calling and incorporating of spirits) as *Caridade*—roughly translated as 'benevolence', 'caring for souls'). The Catholic church does not appear to offer any acceptable alternative. In Rio, at any rate, more believers visit the Umbanda sessions than go to mass in the Catholic churches. Overall, Catholicism is weak in Brazil, the church ministering only to those who attend, and undertaking no extensive active programme of religious instruction. Some evidence of this is provided by a survey in 1966 of the adult population of Rio de Janeiro, which showed that 67% did not know what the Holy Trinity was; 52% believed in the Evil Eye; 68% said that they had attended a spirit centre 'on behalf of a sick relative'.

The problem of sickness and ill-health needs to be emphasised as it is one of the most frequent reasons for casual attendance at the *terreiros* or spirit centres. In Brazil, medical attention is expensive and doctors are few and far between—the estimated ratio being one per 4,400 of the population. In a country with such a low ratio of doctors, and where the ratio of priests is estimated at only one per 7,000 it is hardly surprising that many people will look to unorthodox supernatural powers for aid and comfort in their problems, whether physical, psychological or spiritual.

Analysed in these terms—historical, sociological and psychological—it seems clear that the spirit-possession cults in Brazil will flourish as long as the present social structure continues, since they satisfy significant needs for many Brazilians and offer no threat to the existing social fabric.

[Dr. Frances Rust wishes to acknowledge the grant from the Social Science

Research Council which assisted her in carrying out research in Brazil.]

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ADAM WAS BLACK

by Doris Overland

I KNOW it's not going to be easy for white folks to 'dig'—or red or yellow folks, either—but the anthropologists, after some forty years of inspired digging in South and Central Africa, have come up with the awful truth. Adam was Black—not White, not Yellow, not even American Indian, but Black. These tidings have been denied by uptight congresses of anthropologists. They even forced the discoverer of the last humanoid animal, Raymond A. Dart, to describe his painstaking clue-chasing in South Africa in fifteen minutes flat.

Then came the famous Leakeys, a husband and wife team of anthropologists who dug stubbornly in the Lake Victoria region and came up with further unsettling tidings which confirmed Dr. Dart's findings that his Australopithecus Africanus was a carnivorous ape-man who had advanced to the use of implements to kill other animals for food and even separate the meat from the carcass (for this they collected 'serrated knives' in the form of lower jawbones of animals equipped with rows of sharp teeth). The Leakeys' contribution was the discovery of stone tools which Australopithecus Africanus had chipped and shaped for his uses.

Dart had previously linked the humerus bone of the antelope with the dents found in the skulls and jaws of fossilised baboons who had obviously been killed by a heavy blow. This was very simple to everyone but his opponents. The joint of the humerus bone fitted the dents.

There were all kinds of fascinating discoveries which led to these logical conclusions, and I read it all in Robert Ardrey's absorbing and witty book *African Genesis*. I wish I had read it years ago. It would have set my thinking straight. Nonetheless, I was headed in the same direction in my own roundabout way. I had a theory that the Blacks were Whites who had been turned black by the African sun!

Mr. Ardrey observed that the Northern anthropologists couldn't set their own thinking straight after Dart's incontrovertible discovery. They believed that Man sprang from a gentle, peace-loving vegetarian ape who learned to make and use tools only after he had acquired a large, human brain. They could not conceive of a transitional ape-man with a tiny ape brain, making intelligent use of his front paws as hands—much less, a transitional ape-man who slung a wicked antelope's humerus at a baboon, killed him and ate him.

Fortunately the Leakeys had a son to carry on, and I see by the papers that he has discovered that old missing link—a recognisably human skull some two and a half million years old. And where did young Leakey discover this remarkable first man? In Central Africa, where his parents had dug up those Australopithecus Africanus denizens and their artifacts. The last ape-man and the first man, ancestors of all of us, took their first breath in Africa.

By writing a widely published story about Australopithecus Africanus, Mr. Ardrey helped Dr. Dart to by-pass his unforgiving colleagues and get financial aid from interested Americans who were not in the least dismayed about having been originally Black—or perhaps they did not think of it at all. I think Mr. Ardrey has a mission to preach the gospel that man was never the innocent child of God who fell from grace in Eden (pushed by a woman), but a violent creature who prowled, killing and eating, through aeons of time and whose primary impulse is still to make war, not love. That is fine, and I believe it should go a long way toward helping us to understand a world increasingly filled with 'Mr. Hydes' who never made it back to the laboratory to restoration as the polite Dr. Jekyll.

But I see another mission in this exciting discovery of Africa as the cradle of mankind and it can be expressed in three words—'Adam was Black!' To me this eclipses the discovery of America—even the walk on the moon! The African race was the father of all races. The world was a violent place, ice-capped, roaring with winds, seething with volcanoes, and in the centre of it all was the equatorial heart which was Man's first home—Africa; where he could survive and evolve as a species, where he could live without shelter, kill, as best he could, the animals over which he had dominion, grow from four feet to six (Australopithecus walked erect and was four feet tall)—slowly, surely, through the milennia (Young Leakey said the process was much more gradual than men thought)—and finally surge forward to the Mediterranean.

Consider the evidence: ancient African weapons unearthed in Europe—the first settlers of Italy were Africans—Ethiopia, a kingdom of ancient culture. It was said that the fabulously wealthy Queen of Sheba had her kingdom there and was herself black.

Onward they travelled, these African fathers of ours, from Egypt to Mesopotamia, where Adam may have paused and found both Eden and the Lord God (and Eve as well), on into India where the most ancient race even predates the Dravidians and is black, upward into China, Mongolia, Siberia—and, of course, upward into northern Europe where the sun never shone and black faces paled, black hair turned yellow and black eyes washed out to blue—later to become standards of beauty and superior humanity.

When did all this happen—how many thousands of years ago—how many millions of years ago? We know now that it must have happened. Before the dispersal of the Jewish people, there was a primordial dispersal of our common ancestors, the African people, and we are now all shaded from black to white. But it was so long ago that when pale hordes came sweeping down from the North, they felt no kinship with the dark people they found and conquered and sometimes enslaved. Golden Aryans swept down over India and overwhelmed the black-skinned Dravidians, relegating them to the horrible bondage of 'pariahs' or 'untouchables.'

Wherever our first African fathers settled, they could have found no other people. No evidence of the origin of Man has been found in North or South America, and all prior findings in Europe and Asia are predated by the

little Australopithecus and his emerging human progeny. Apparently, over additional aeons of time, they developed into quite distinct types depending upon the global regions and the conditions of life in which they found themselves—the food they had to eat, the climate and the particular perils they faced. None of them could have had any idea that they were becoming different from the source from which they took their humanity.

But they, too, had the same urge to push out from the place where they lived and to see what other lands were like—even to see if there were any other lands. And so they journeyed south from the north—as their remote African ancestors had journeyed north from the south—and in warmer climes they found beautiful lands and strange, dark creatures whom they immediately assaulted with their weapons and conquered, taking possession of their lands and settling down as the overlords of the hapless, conquered people, and gradually absorbing them through marriage—except in the case of those whom they found too black—'untouchable.'

All the arrogance and all the lust for war seemed to come from the children of *Homo Africanus* who had gone north; who had grown pale and tall and golden-haired. The North was rugged and it bred giants of those who survived. The South also bred Black giants and Brown giants, but in the South a majority of little people survived, because the climate was kindly and, except in the mountains, great physical feats were not required for survival.

And then there were those in Asia who had crossed the mysterious land bridge or ice field into a new country, some say thirty thousand years ago, and they continued to cross over and become lost in that strange land beyond—maybe for thousands of years.

In the strange new land they found all things good and bad—animals as terrible as any which their African ancestors had fought; the great bison, the woolly mammoth with huge, curling horns, and the mastodon. They also found abundant fish in streams and ocean, seeds and plants, trees and stones with which to build shelters and boats, caves which gave greater shelter and even a kind of eared plant which could be cultivated and yield meal for bread and cakes.

The people who settled in this vast new land, stretching from one end of the earth to the other, were a physically varied people, although they were all later to bear the stamp of 'Indian.' Their skin shades went from dark brown to white, their features could be thin and hawk-nosed or fat, broad-cheeked and button-nosed. They were alike only in that their hair was invariably black (except for some red-heads among them) and their eyes were black. But despite these similarities, they had a tendency to divide into nations with strong tribal antipathies and look down upon one another and conquer and enslave one another. They were no different from the children of *Homo Africanus* who had dispersed over Europe and Asia. Each emerging race felt itself to be unique, like none other on earth, and the stronger, more aggressive ones felt that they were the natural masters of all they could conquer, both animal and human. None would agree that they were

all one and the same—offspring of a human race which had its origin in Africa.

Today, I am afraid not even the Blacks would agree to this. But I think they must, and we must, because it is true, and it is a secret which the caves of Africa divulged to white men just when it was most needed. I see the hand of God in this. Maybe others won't.

A RECENTLY DISCOVERED LETTER FROM T. E. LAWRENCE TO MY FATHER

by Edwin Samuel

MY father, Herbert Louis Samuel, was born in Liverpool in 1870 and educated at Balliol. In 1902, he became a Liberal M.P.: in 1906, Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office: in 1908, a Privy Councillor and, in 1909, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster with a seat in the Cabinet. (This was the first Cabinet post to be held by a professing Jew.) In 1910, he was Postmaster-General; in 1914, President of the Local Government Board and, early in 1916, Home Secretary. When Lloyd-George succeeded Asquith as Prime Minister later in 1916, Herbert Samuel refused to serve in the new Government. In January and March, 1915, he submitted two memoranda to Asquith advocating, in the event of a Turkish defeat by the Allies, a British protectorate in Palestine, with facilities for Jewish immigration, land purchase, etc.

Herbert Samuel first met Weizmann in 1914 and helped draft the Balfour Declaration of November, 1917. From 1920 to 1925, he was the first of the seven High Commissioners of Palestine under British Mandate. In 1928, he was re-elected a Liberal M.P. In 1931 he helped to form a national government under Ramsay Macdonald and served in it as Home Secretary; but he resigned in 1936 over policy differences. Knighted in 1920, he was made a Viscount in 1937, and led the Liberal Party in the House of Lords from 1944 to 1955. In 1958 he received the O.M. on the 50th anniversary of becoming Privy Councillor in 1908. In 1931 he had become President of the British Institute of Philosophy and wrote *Practical Ethics* (1935), and *Belief and Action* (1937), as well as many other books.

When my father died in London in 1963, I became one of his three literary executors. We presented his political and philosophical papers to the House of Lords archives and his papers on Palestine, Israel, Zionism and Jewish affairs to the Israel State archives. Some family letters and photographs and personal memoranda I took back with me to Jerusalem in his battered old leather attaché case. Going through it again recently I found a small envelope with a superscription in my father's handwriting: 'T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*' and, in pencil, below, the word 'Sold'.

I do not recollect ever having looked inside this envelope before. When I did, I found five documents in it: these included a manuscript note by H.L.S. of 23.9.1927: two typed letters to H.L.S. from D. G. Hogarth and a manuscript letter to H.L.S. from T. E. Lawrence, then stationed in Karachi, dated 14.12.27.

David George Hogarth, the British archaeologist, was born in 1862. A tutor at Oxford, he later became research fellow in Egypt and Asia Minor and director of the British school of archaeology at Athens. In 1915, he was sent to Egypt to organise the Arab revolt against Turkey, and was appointed

director of the Arab Bureau in Cairo, to which also belonged T. E. Lawrence, Gertrude Bell and Mark Sykes.

The note by H.L.S. reads as follows:

35, Porchester Terrace,
Hyde Park, W.2.

My copy of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars*

Hogarth wrote to Storrs in Palestine in 1923 or 4 asking whether he and I would subscribe to this book when published—£30 a copy, £15 to be paid in advance. We both did so . . . I wrote to Hogarth in June 1927. Hogarth replied that he had communicated with Lawrence and much regretted that no copy was then available.

Subsequently I received the enclosed letter of August 8th, 1927. I replied thanking, and saying that I would rather send the subscription originally proposed. Hogarth's letter of Aug. 16th is the answer to this.

Herbert Samuel
Sept. 23rd 1927.

The two letters from Hogarth read as follows:

Ashmolean Museum
Oxford
8.viii.27

Dear Samuel

Unexpectedly Lawrence (alias Shaw) instructs me to put at your disposal the last 'imperfect' copy remaining of his *Seven Pillars* ('imperfect' only means without six or seven plates). You can either return or keep when read. There is no question of payment, since these 'imperfects' were the copies struck off at the expense of the subscribers for T.E. to present to his helpers; and they have no price, i.e. none for T.E. whatever brokers may have made on them.

If you ever want to return it, do so to my address above.

Yours v. truly
D. G. Hogarth.

Ashmolean Museum
Oxford
16 Aug. 27.

Dear Samuel

I duly received your cheque. Many thanks on T.E.'s behalf. Strictly speaking, it is not due on an 'imperfect' copy; but, if you really wish it so, I shall pay it in to an account which T.E. has at the Bank of Liverpool by grace of Robin Baxter, a partner, and ask the latter to see to it. It can then lie in that account (which was very heavily overdrawn, but has now been cleared by the proceeds of *Revolt in the Desert*) against T.E.'s return from India in 1930 (or later) when, so far as I can see, he will badly need funds. I shall not tell him at present of this payment in, for I believe he does not use that account, and if he knew there was £30 credit in it, would at once draw it out and squander it on a friend! He takes no thought for the morrow.

Yours v. truly
D. G. Hogarth.

There is no carbon copy of my father's letter to Lawrence (then known as Aircraftsman Shaw), written, apparently, after H.L.S. had read T.E.L.'s *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Before quoting Lawrence's reply, let me give the outlines of his career, not well-known, perhaps, to the present generation.

Thomas Edward Lawrence—the British scholar, soldier and author—was born in 1888, one of the five (illegitimate) children of Sir Thomas Robert Chapman, Bt. When T.E.L. was an undergraduate at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1909, he went to Syria and Palestine to study the archaeology of

Crusader castles. This was the subject of his thesis at Oxford, submitted in 1910, for which he was accorded a first class honours degree in modern history. In the same year, through the intervention of Hogarth, he obtained a travel grant to enable him to participate in the excavations of Carchemish on the Euphrates. There T.E.L. worked on and off between 1911 and 1914 under the direction, first of Hogarth and later of Leonard Woolley. In early 1914, Lawrence, Woolley and Capt. S. F. Newcombe explored northern Sinai, ostensibly for the Palestine Exploration Fund. In reality, it was to get information for the War Office about Turkish dispositions on the Ottoman side of the border with Egyptian territory in the event of hostilities.

On the outbreak of World War I, Lawrence joined the map department at the War Office. In December, 1914, after England and France had declared war on Turkey, T.E.L. was sent to Egypt to be attached to the military intelligence staff concerned with Arab affairs—to be known later as the Arab Bureau.

In October, 1916, he accompanied Sir Ronald Storrs (then Oriental Secretary in the British Residency in Cairo) on his trip to the Hejaz to see the Sherif Husain who had proclaimed, in June, 1916, the Arab Revolt against the Turks. On his own, Lawrence visited the Amir Faisal, then commanding an Arab force south-west of Medina.

After Captain Lawrence had returned to Cairo in November, 1916, he was ordered back to serve as political liaison officer with Faisal. T.E.L. devised the plan of using beduin, from March, 1917, to attack the Hejaz railway, interrupting supplies and troops for the Turkish army in the Hejaz. This tied up some 25,000 to 30,000 Ottoman troops to protect the railway line—troops that would otherwise have been used against Allenby in Palestine.

In May, 1917, Lawrence led a band of Howeitat beduin to capture the 'port' of Aqaba. For this, he was promoted to major and made C.B.

In October, 1917, he blew up the Deraa-Amman railway. The following month, while on reconnaissance in Arab disguise behind the Turkish lines, he claimed to have been taken prisoner and maltreated. He escaped in time to accompany Allenby when he entered Jerusalem in December, 1917.

For his part in an action at Tafila (in Trans-Jordan) in January, 1918, he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and awarded the D.S.O. In October, 1918, he accompanied Faisal on his triumphal entry into Damascus. During 1919, he attended the Paris Peace Conference as a member of the British delegation (often in an Emir's robes). He then became adviser on Arab affairs at the Colonial Office in London, but resigned in protest against the Peace Conference decision to place Syria and Lebanon under French mandate.

In November, 1919, he was granted a research fellowship at All Souls to enable him to write up his own war-time memoirs. To escape from the enormous publicity he had received through the film lectures by the American war correspondent Lowell Thomas on Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia, T.E.L. enlisted in the R.A.F. under the name of Ross in August, 1922. He was discovered by the press and discharged. But, the

following May, he was permitted to join the Tank Corps as T. E. Shaw (he adopted that name in admiration of George Bernard Shaw). In 1925, T.E.L. was allowed to transfer to the R.A.F. in which he served for ten years. Two months after his discharge, he was killed in an English country lane while travelling at high speed on a motor-cycle.

His war-time memoirs, entitled *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, were begun in Paris in 1919; but he lost the first draft while on a train journey in England. (He had once planned—before World War I—to write a book on the seven leading cities of Islam—Mecca, Medina, Damascus, Baghdad, Cairo, etc., but had never got round to it. He used the old title for the new book.) The second draft was ready by the spring of 1920; but he was dissatisfied with it and it was destroyed in 1922. Eight copies of the third draft were printed by *The Oxford Times* press to preserve copyright. Bernard Shaw read it and a revised text of 280,000 words was privately printed in 1926 in a limited edition of 150 copies to be sold at 30 guineas each. To cover his costs, T.E.L. prepared an abridged edition which appeared as *Revolt in the Desert*. A trade edition of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* was published in 1935. In the same year appeared a private edition of *The Mint*, an account of his post-war experiences in the ranks of the R.A.F. In 1936, his Oxford dissertation was published as *Crusader Castles*.

It was the 1926 privately printed edition of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* that interested my father. In that connexion, he had written to Lawrence, then serving in the R.A.F. in India, who replied at the end of 1927. The letter, in manuscript, is written on two sides of a single sheet of white paper obviously torn out of a note-book. It reads as follows:

Karachi
14.xii.27

Dear Sir Herbert,

I should have answered weeks ago but so many letters come to me that I have to split them into two files: immediate and pending: and the 'pending' ones get ill treatment.

Hogarth's death put me out of gear. He had been so very much to me: and I liked him more than any man that I'd ever met. I owed to him, too, everything I ever got or did, until I enlisted. I suppose that sense of overwhelming benefits incurred should have made me hate him: for the people I've been able to help in my short career seen to suffer that way: but, somehow, D.G.H. was riper and better than anybody. Oxford existed for me as the place where he lived.

I'm glad he sent you the last copy of my *Seven Pillars*: though I am sorry too, for you will look down on me, as a human being, after you have read it. Yet, when other people judge me as harshly as I judge myself, I find myself pleading that I was in a horrible position in Arabia throughout, with the choice of no more than evils before me: and that I tried always to do the least harmful of them, and to do it so that the fewest small people were harmed by it. However all these things are finished.

If you dislike the book, actively, will you please not hesitate to return it? I am often asked for copies, and have none to give: and my feelings won't be hurt by its return. I know the thing is no good, as writing.

Yes, there is a prospect of my returning to England! I put it at 1930, in the spring. I live only for that. My stay here is to let the publicity blow over. I shall be still in the R.A.F. when I get back. I prefer that to a seat in the Cabinet: is

this rude? I hope not. The R.A.F. delights me, in England, as a way of living. If only I hadn't messed up my past, by climbing out of my proper place.

Yours sincerely
T. E. Shaw

I personally find certain passages in this letter extraordinary, even for Lawrence—the false modesty, the feline approach, the overweening ambition, the introspection.

I myself had known Lawrence during and after World War I; and I have read almost everything that he ever wrote that was subsequently published, including his letters and his *Secret Despatches*—a reprint of selected unsigned war-time reports to London from the Arab Bureau in Cairo that are clearly in T.E.L.s own individual style. I first met him in 1918 when I was only nineteen but already second-lieutenant, R.F.A., attached to General Staff Intelligence at Allenby's advanced headquarters in Palestine, to which I had been posted at the end of 1917. Lawrence used to come over from Arabia to see Allenby and some of his staff officers.

I met T.E.L. again in 1919 when I was an undergraduate at Balliol, after demobilisation. Although Lawrence normally refused to speak in public, I persuaded him to address the University Labour Club (of which I seem to have been a member). We spoke on the same evening—he on Arab nationalism, I on Jewish nationalism (i.e., Zionism) to which, incidentally, T.E.L. always showed a sympathetic attitude.

After the meeting, I remember, he walked me up and down the Broad, explaining in great detail his plans for unseating Lord Curzon, then Foreign Minister, whose policy T.E.L. was supposed to be carrying out in the Colonial Office. I was then a political innocent and was horrified at such disloyalty.

With all his quirks, Lawrence to me is one of the few great Englishmen of the first half of the 20th century. I would put in the same class Orde Wingate, whom I got to know much better than I knew T.E.L. when Wingate was serving in Jerusalem in the late thirties. The undisputed leader of them all was, of course, Winston Churchill, and he was one of the first to recognise the genius of T. E. Lawrence.

[We are indebted to Messrs. Jonathan Cape Limited for having arranged with the Letters Trust permission to print this hitherto unpublished letter by T. E. Lawrence.—*Editor.*]

JAN'S ROOM

by R. Barber

CHRISTMAS in London is many things. The town is far too large for any one communal feeling to exist. People in the quiet suburban avenues on the outskirts can hardly be any more aware of the jollities of their fellow men in Hackney than can Americans in Park Lane Hotels be aware of tramps queueing for free dinners on the Embankment. If there is a Christmas spirit in the place it can only be an infinite number of different presences posted here and there to where their paths are unlikely to cross.

Take this area in West London today on Christmas morning. For the rest of the year it is alive with people who all have small flats or bedsitters. Most are young and few will regard these lettings as permanent homes. The accommodation is too cramped and too expensive. At the time of the festive season they go their separate ways to join their families in the provinces and in the suburbs. The spirit of Christmas here wanders past faded Victorian villas, heavy doric porches and bell panels which list the names of the departed; all gone home to Hemel Hempstead, Croydon, Woking and beyond. In this street there is little sign of life. It is deserted save for a few vehicles with expired tax discs. The only sound to be heard is a cycle of carols which blare out from a tannoy system set up in the High Street by the local Council. The noise penetrates crisply into the surrounding neighbourhood. 'We three Kings from Orient are . . .' coruscates around the stonework.

Here in the front garden of Number Twenty-seven lies the remains of a London taxi once painted in psychedelic patterns. Now bereft of its wheels, it awaits the breakers' yard, a forlorn remnant of the trendy Nineteen-Sixties. Should the roving shade become inquisitive and enter the house, it would come into a hallway ornamented with a luxuriant growth of pipes and gas-meters. The wall round the coin-operated telephone is much scribbled on and lighting comes from a naked forty-watt bulb. The first door on the left is Jan's room. Nobody else has ever lived at this address for any great length of time, but Jan has been the tenant of her room for over twelve years now.

The first thing that catches the eye in here is the great globular lampshade hanging from the centre of the ceiling. It is coloured red and when the lights are on, the room is filled with a rosy translucence. On the shelf above the gas fire are joss sticks standing in long ago stolen beer mugs. About the walls there are posters in art nouveau of fauns in enchanted woods and wistful maidens bowing to their reflections over limpid pools. Place of honour, over the shelf, is given to Jan's own creation, a rather soulful collage of paper cuttings and cardboard.

A large bay window looks out onto the street and to identical houses opposite. The recorded singing, although muted, can still be heard in here and the track has now changed to Bing Crosby dreaming of a white Christmas.

At the rear of the room, a sink, cooker and refrigerator have been partitioned off to form a little kitchen. Just now the washing-up has been left and everything is a mess. Yoghurt cartons flow out of the wastebin and the floor is cluttered with old wine bottles. By the cooker is a rack of small containers once used to hold spices. Though old and faded, the labels can still be read; tumeric, parsley, bay, sage, mint and marjoram. The pilot light on the small geyser has gone out and there is a slight whiff of gas to combine with a general air of staleness.

Bing crackles out and gives way to what seems to be an assembly of eunuchs who launch into *Jingle Bells.*

The gas fire is set where the hearth used to be and the old chimney casing protrudes into the room, forming an alcove at each side. Across one of the alcoves, sliding doors have been fitted to make a built-in wardrobe and across the other there are shelves of books. In the wardrobe hang Jan's slacks and coats and dresses. Beneath these is an assortment of sandals and shoes. The most recent articles are all down one end in easy reach, whilst the less fashionable pieces recede the other way into an eventual heap of never-to-be-worn-again;—white knee socks, kinky boots, stiletto-heeled shoes and crumpled kaftans and mini-skirts.

On the shelves the books are mostly paperbacks and the more worn and tattered have been placed at the bottom, the Georgette Heyers and *Angelique and the Sultan.* A little higher up there is Freud and the Post-Freudians, classical Russian novelists and some works of Herman Hesse. Higher still can be seen the names of D. H. Lawrence, Shaw, and Virginia Woolf. The top shelves are graced with fresh-looking editions of Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal.

Over by the windows is a dressing-table and mirror. On the table stands a transistor radio in leather casing with its telescopic aerial pulled out to full extent. The rest of the space is taken up by hairbrushes and curlers and a formidable array of female potions and powders; make-up, make-up remover, some deodorant for the feet, some for more 'intimate' purposes. There is eye shadow, nail varnish, talc, mascara, scent, toilet water and other things too mysterious to identify. The drawers below contain underwear and sheets and junk; odd bits and pieces, old postcards, leaving cards from jobs and souvenirs. Amongst the souvenirs are theatre programmes, a handkerchief with embroidered signatures from a piece of paper at a party, beer mats from Germany and Holland and an expanding sliver bracelet. The bracelet, a gift from a first love, had been inadvertently flung into the sea during a game of ducks and drakes and holds memories of waiting for the tide to recede on a twilight beach.

As oscillating sound is dimly heard in the distance and then comes a Welsh choir with 'Silent night, holy night . . . '

The room is fairly orderly. The table looks polished and the carpet and rug are clean. There is, however, a record player and records stacked untidily beside it. Next to these is a pile of photographs, and an album lies open.

On the front cover in flowery gold lettering is the command 'Take a trip down memory lane'. Over the page is written 'To Janet from Uncle Fred

and Auntie Kath—Christmas 1952'. The pictures are clumsily pasted in and a blotchy rambling scrawl gives provenance to some of them. There is 'Dad in the desert army' and further on 'Our Coronation Party'. Later come school photos; girls in gingham dresses flanking benign teachers in brogues and home-perms.

Where the album finishes the loose prints continue. Here are youth club outings, boyfriends, boys in draped jackets, boys in duffle coats, day trips to Southend, on the Rotor at the Kursaal, the wind tunnel and giggling girls trying to hold down billowing dresses. Then there is a glossy one of an almost pretty girl and dinner-jacketed escort at a college dance. There are more glossies of office parties, of long trestle tables, and politely smiling faces. Holiday snaps are numerous. All jumbled together, they form a kind of distillation of package holidays over the years to Majorca, Lloret, Benidorm, Torremolinos and Tenerife, with glimpses of long forgotten friends and passing love affairs. Germans, English, Dutch and Danes stare out from Spanish nightclubs, rudely tanned and sipping cool drinks; Cerveza Especial, Cuba Libre, Fidel Castro and Sangria. Then come pictures taken by Jan of John and by John of Jan. Here is one of him leaning against the wall at the front of the house. In one of the upstairs windows someone has put up a poster with red and black circles which says 'You know Labour Government Works'.

This one seems to have been taken inside this room and the table has been laid ready for one of her special curry dishes. Behind Jan on the mantlepiece you can see an alarm clock with a union jack fascia surmounted by two absurdly large bells. Where the collage now hangs there is a poster from which Lord Kitchener peers out massive and accusing. After this come photographs in white embossed folders of weddings and christenings; grooms in new suits and white carnations, smiling parents at the front, other people's husbands, other people's babies.

If the enquiring presence should wish to complete its inventory, it will note two armchairs and a bedside table. On the table is a small travelling clock which has stopped and a glass containing water. Minute bubbles attach to the side of the glass. Next to the table is the bed and on the bed is a teddy bear. Next to the teddy bear is an empty pill bottle and next to this lies Jan. She is asleep, in a sleep from which she might never awaken because she has taken all the pills, perhaps a dozen or so. The face is still taut from the emotions of a few hours ago, but it may soon fall into repose.

Outside the carols grind on. 'I saw three ships come sailing in, come sailing in . . . ' chants a chorus of young voices. A few doors down a caretaker's child emerges to play with his new toy machine-gun; rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat.

Jan might live, she might not, she doesn't know, she doesn't care and if she doesn't care, it's for certain that on this merry Christmas morn, nobody else does.

IN LONDON AND PARIS

by James Morton

IT was Oscar Wilde who wrote 'When good Americans die they go to Paris'. The same can certainly be said for cinema buffs. On both the Left and Right Banks there is an almost infinite variety for the viewer which should put London to shame. Old and new films jostle one another around the Champs Elysées and the Boulevard St. Germain. Quite apart from the new films, many of which are shown months before their arrival in London, there have been, in recent months, such diverse attractions as a Joseph Losey season, an almost complete Ingmar Bergman retrospective, *hommages* to Bogart, Jouvet, Hitchcock, von Stroheim, and the Marx Brothers, and all the while odd little films such as Tod Browning's *The Devil's Doll* pop up for a day or so and then submerge for a few more weeks. Indeed when I left one of the most surprising things was that John Ford's *Grapes of Wrath* had been running, five shows a day, for over two months.

The first film I saw in Paris was Richard Lester's first part of *The Three Musketeers*. This is an ambitious two part project and takes the story to the point where D'Artagnan recovers the Queen's diamonds. We are promised soon the second half, *Milady's Revenge*. There have been at least ten English-speaking versions of the film and the tendency has been to play up the comedy. Lester takes the story (the screenplay is by MacDonald Fraser) along at a fair pace which is really the only way to do it. He relies heavily on the 1948 Gene Kelly version and whilst that film now seems a bit worn in places, in particular the cardboard-like scenery, it seems that Lester has pushed his humour over the limits with Spike Milligan and Roy Kinnear as the principal buffoons.

Michael York is D'Artagnan and with Oliver Reed as Athos, Frank Finlay as Porthos and Richard Chamberlain as Aramis the quartet is as good as Messrs. Kelly, Van Heflin, Young and Coote. The other protagonists, Faye Dunaway, Raquel Welch, Jean Pierre Cassel and Charlton Heston, all ham along merrily, although the final fight between the girls seems insipid compared with, say, *Destry Rides Again*. All in all though the film is great fun and children will love it, although how Lester will sustain the jokes throughout the second half is difficult to see. In fairness, though, Les Charlots, a French comedy team, has already made a two-part version presently showing in Paris. The Charlots are thought by some Parisiens to be the ultimate in sophisticated humour. A generation ago some people thought the same of Frankie Randall.

In the early sixties there was a great enthusiasm for rather middle-aged body-builders and weight-lifters who played in such spectaculars as *Hercules Unchained, The Last Days of Pompeii* and *The Colossus of Rhodes*. Much of the charm of these films was in the publicity. We were always invited to see 'Vestal Virgins in the Temple'. In addition, there was the invitation to 'See Steve Reeves/Dan Vadis/Gordon Scott fight 10/20/30

men in the Colosseum/Temple of Diana/Sunken Baths'. These combats were always the climax of the film and always proved a disappointment. Reeves/Scott/Vadis would find himself surrounded in the Baths/Temple and two stunt men would leap on him, only to be thrown to the ground. The same would happen to the next two and so on. Hollywood has not learned from the Italians. Steve Reeves has been replaced by Bruce Lee as the all-conquering hero. Gladiatorial epics have been superseded by Martial Arts films, but it is still the mixture as before. In the guides to the Paris cinema these now merit their own column and London abounds with them too. Mostly they are produced in Hong Kong with a limited budget. The story line is the simple, staple diet of the lone avenger who leads the village against its wicked overlord. Violence is endemic.

With *Enter the Dragon*, Warner Brothers produced the first American martial arts film. This multi-dollar spectacular involved Bruce Lee, John Saxon, Jim Kelly and various karate professionals in a martial arts tournament on an island near Hong Kong, the overlord of which was suspected of producing heroin. The story line is thin and the dialogue limited. The acting is reminiscent of the Italian epics. After an hour and a half of bloodshed, Lee discovers the secret of the master of the island. The latter tells two of his men to kill Lee and Saxton with predictable results. Lee and Saxton are at this time surrounded by hundreds of men on what resembles a polo field. The overlord calls on four more men, then eight and we are back in the happy days of Rome. Eventually he orders all the remainder to kill them. Fortunately by this time several hundred prisoners, all products of the Hong Kong gutters, all being forcibly fed with heroin, have been released from the dungeons. Miraculously they throw off the effects of the drug and happily they have all been trained in martial arts. The ensuing carnage ends with the arrival of the American marines. Apparently there are better examples of the genre. What can certainly be said is that the actual fight scenes are balletic, spectacular and dangerous. Lee has recently died from internal injuries received whilst making his last film.

Philip de Broca's latest offering, *Le Magnifique*[1], has amused *le tout Paris* for several months, but in its dubbed version has not been successful here. A de Broca film is a rarity in this country; the last I can recall was *Roi des Coeurs* and before that he had a success with Belmondo in *L'homme de Rio*. *Le Magnifique* has Belmondo in a double role as a pulp writer and as the invincible hero he has created. Jacqueline Bissett also has a double role as the writer's girlfriend and the heroine of the books. She rejects the writer, becoming more and more fascinated by his fictional hero. The film slides neatly between the reality of a rainy Paris and the fantasy of the Caribbean of the novels. The great thing about Belmondo is that he can make you care for his insignificant writer whilst being entertained by the hero's exploits. You actually want it to work out for him. The sight gags are amusing and numerous. A double agent is eaten by a shark in a telephone kiosk whilst continuing a call to his head of department, a cleaning woman hoovers the beach in the middle of a battle. All in all, as a send up of the spy story it is far better than *Casino Royale* or *The Liquidator*.

Jacqueline Bissett also appears in Truffaut's *hommage* to the cinema, *La Nuit Americain*. This is the technical term for shooting a night sequence in the daytime by using a particular filter lens. It is difficult to praise this film too highly. The story is of the making of a film in the summer on the Riviera and the troubles the production runs into. Jean Pierre Aumont, in his last role, dies in a car accident and we are shown the technique of the double for the final shots; the whole set is covered in snow for a winter scene by using gallons of foam; an actress cannot remember her lines and notes are pinned over the set to help her; Jacqueline Bissett has a breakdown as a result of the tantrums of Léaud. We are continually being given insights into cinema making and the whole process is fascinating.

W. C. Fields, when asked how he liked children, remarked 'Fried'. Films involving children and animals are always noted traps for the adults with whom they appear. *Paper Moon* is one of them. Tatum O'Neal appears with her real life father Ryan in a wry comedy of a small time con man who is forced to take the child to Louisiana. It is never quite made clear whether he is her father, but certainly he was a close friend of her mother. The child is more than a match for the adult. She improves the techniques of his cheap fraud a hundred per cent and has more than an edge on him in their regular quarrels. She has the ability to think and argue as an adult. Between them they build up a mutually dependent relationship. When, after a run-in with the local sheriff, O'Neal's business has foundered and his capital gone, she refuses to leave him. Finally he takes her to her relations but she is desperately unhappy. It would have been easy to make the relatives ogres, but in fact they are kindly bodies. It would spoil the charm of the end to reveal it. Peter Bogdanovitch directs this film in the style of John Ford, yet another in his growing series of *hommages* to the various Hollywood genres. This film carries you out of the cinema on a warm wind. There are few enough films which can do that.

Certainly one of them is not *Nada*, Claude Chabrol's film of dissent, anarchism and police brutality. A small group decides to kidnap the American Ambassador from a *Club Privé* where he goes regularly to watch a harlot dance Salome. In the abduction, one of the gang kills a policeman and the remainder of the film is devoted to the destruction of the gang by the police as a political exercise. The film, one of the few not to be scripted by Chabrol, has a curiously disjointed effect. At one point it actually cheats and there seems in addition to be a false ending. Neither the police nor the members of the gang are in any way likeable. The film is further weakened by newsreel shots of the student troubles of 1968 which purport to be contemporaneous protests for the destruction of the gang. Chabrol's best films have been studies of the French bourgoisie. This is not one of them. Indeed, its title is apt.

Finally, it is pleasant to record that *The Beguiled*, the film considered by Don Siegel to be his best, is now having a limited release. This is far from his usual format. Clint Eastwood is the Union soldier found injured outside a girl's seminary in the South. He sets out to ingratiate himself and seduce the two women who run the school. The film is a melange of sexual repression and deviation, and is far superior to the flatter style of his usual

A MODERN ILLUSION

by A. N. Gilkes

BELIEFS affect actions and not seldom decide them. Even something as vague as 'the climate of opinion' influences legislation in Parliament as well as much casual behaviour in bed-sitting room and pub. It matters to which of the two following views of human nature we incline.

'My little Grildrig', remarked the King of Brobdingnag to Gulliver, 'I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth'. Similarly a wise and humane psychiatrist like Mr. Anthony Storr is driven in his treatise on Aggression to declare that 'we are the cruellest and most ruthless species that ever walked the earth'. At the other end of the scale the Psalmist has no doubt about our potentialities: 'Thou has made him a little lower than the angels': and Shakespeare displays all the morning confidence of the Renaissance in his 'What a piece of work is a man! . . . In action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!'

Though our own sophisticated century, which can also be incredibly naive and superstitious, is unlikely to accept either of these extreme views, we are undoubtedly moving towards the pessimistic attitude of Dean Swift. Kathleen Whitehorn in the *Observer* spoke for many when she confessed that from one point of view we can feel a positive relief if we are really as bad as that. How pleasant to be free from those guilt-laden responsibilities, especially from the demands of Christian pilgrimage! Can we not now beg to be excused, and do what we like?

It is only too easy to collect contemporary ammunition for such an indictment—the two World Wars, Buchenwald and Hiroshima, the inability of the two Super Powers to establish a truly liberal and desirable culture and our own failure to create a purposeful kind of intermediate society, the many unacceptable faces of capitalism, and the steady descent of the Trade Union movement into an ignoble and selfish tyranny. No sensible person could make light of such evidence. Yet is it not apparent by now that the three main lines of thought that are constantly used by the media to popularise such pessimism are so heavily over-emphasised as to be positively misleading? I mean, first the belief that the decisive element in our psychological make-up is not what we can do that animals cannot, but what we share with them as a result of the evolutionary process; second, the cult of the Freudian death wish, and the acceptance of hate as primary while love is considered secondary; thirdly, the uncritical insistence that 'self-expression' is all-important in the education of children. All these errors lead directly into culs-de-sac.

Take first the immense success of Desmond Morris's *The Naked Ape*. Attractively written, supported by genuine scholarship, and additionally popularised by 30 pages of detailed information about sexual intercourse which would make the purchase of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* unnecessary for those who were so inclined, it was obviously destined for world-wide

readership. Other similar books have been less deserving. The cumulative effect of them, however, has been both weakening and narrowing, because nearly all the most distinctive and fascinating capacities of mankind have been left out.

It is, of course, salutary to be reminded of our evolutionary origin. When Robert Ardrey, for example, insists that mankind was not born in innocence or in Asia, and that the desire for one's own piece of territory is an instinct as ancient as sex and even more powerful, we are rightly concerned to find that the evidence for this is far stronger than had previously been supposed. What, then, when he informs us that among red sword-tails defence of status is the most belligerent preoccupation, that Zuckerman was led astray by making his observations of animals in captivity instead of in the wild and that, if a widowed lioness desires to join another troup, it is not the king lion but the other members of his harem who decide whether to blackball her or not? I find this absorbing as well as instructive, and am delighted when he provides additional corroboration for what I had previously supposed—that Rousseau over-simplified when he asserted that, while God made all things good, man made them evil by his meddling, or that Marx provided his own special brand of opium for the masses when he embraced the illusion that man is merely the product of his environment, or that Freud talked even bigger nonsense when he claimed universality for the Oedipus Complex without realising that Australian Aborigines live in communities of about 100 without any trace of it.

All these are valuable insights, forcefully presented and factually supported, but the impression conveyed is that the habits of birds and fishes are infallible guides to the progress of man—more decisive for his future than those other parts of his psychological make-up that have been chiefly responsible for his past achievements.

It is, also, very worthwhile to listen to Mr. Anthony Storr and be reminded how deeply aggression is embedded in our psychology; how necessary for every child is a home so secure and affectionate that he can reach an impregnable conviction that he is both lovable himself and able to love others, and that even our own dangerous tendencies towards aggression have had some useful biological function in helping to preserve the race. But at the end of his thoughtful discussion on how to reduce our internecine hostility and prevent it from turning into hatred, we are left with the impression that nothing short of an actual mutation can do any good, and that the animal side of our nature will always prove decisive over any deliberate conscious effort at progress. Yet this is patently not true of many individuals whom we know well, and furthermore there can be no doubt that in our recent history what really matters is what we can achieve when we go on from where the animals have to stop.

Give a child of three a sheet of paper and some coloured pencils and he will make a series of lines and splodges, but suddenly something clicks: he realises that a circle with a couple of dots and lines inside it looks like a head, or that a four-sided figure with other four-sided figures inside it resembles 'a house with a door and with windows one, two, three, four'.

Then away he goes to draw and paint, and may become a Rembrandt or a Leonardo. But his cousin the chimpanzee can ride a bicycle, but never make one, still less can he reach the moon: and is stuck with his lines and splodges. He cannot become a lord of language, engage in three years' study for a degree or consciously decide to try to love God with all his mind and his neighbour as himself.

In fact, it is the sheer narrow-mindedness of contemporary Naked Apery that is its most distressing aspect, especially when it preens itself before the adolescent on its up-to-date broadmindedness. It needs a curious mixture of folly, irresponsibility and lack of nerve so resolutely and so continually to underestimate how rich our achievements already are, how encouraging our potentialities for conscious progress and how available the remedies for our discontents.

A second line of thought that has helped to create the modern illusion is concerned with 'the exaltation of hate as primary and the cult of the Freudian death-wish'. It has indeed been a disaster that the man who conferred such benefits upon mankind with his work on the neuroses, revealed a whole new psychological continent in his exploration of the unconscious, and helped innumerable individuals (especially teachers) to a better and more tolerant understanding of the failures of others as well as themselves, should in later life have misled so many by those bold speculations to which his enormous prestige lent a disproportionate authority. The weaknesses of Freud's *Beyond the Pleasure Principle, Totem and Taboo,* and *The Future of an Illusion* have often been carefully exposed. The books are now widely seen to contain as much mythology as Jung and Karen Horney always said they did, but they are still quoted and still contrive to add their own pollution to the contemporary atmosphere.

This is particularly observable among those who believe that civilisation has become the villain of the piece and can never be more than a ceaseless warfare between instinct and morality from which sensible people must opt out. Freud himself, as Dr. Stafford Clarke has brilliantly described in *What Freud Really Said,* started by believing that the motivation of the ego must always be to seek pleasure in satisfying its instinctual drives, but had to modify his theory when he found it did not fit the facts—notably when he realised that patients suffering from traumatic neuroses, continually and non-therapeutically repeated in their dreams the distressing events that had caused the neurosis. He noted also that children at play often seem compelled to re-live the most painful situations of earlier days, and that adults will deliberately delay the climax of sexual intercourse. Hence he postulated a 'death instinct', a drive present in living matter to return to its previous inorganic condition. From this concept of Thanatos he advanced to the notion that masochism was a primary instinct.

But this gloomy and destructive guesswork, as the majority of psychiatrists were not slow to point out, is backed by practically no scientific evidence. Perhaps the ablest and most thorough demolition of it is to be found in Mr. David Holbrook's *Human Hope and the Death Instinct.* This book is a very valuable antidote to our pessimistic malaise, challenging the

curious sickness that has infected the mind of J. P. Sartre, and the unhappy perversity that has made R. D. Laing declare that art must be insurrection, and the unjustifiable assumptions by which Lorenz and others transfer wholesale to human beings the instinctual patterns of geese and chimpanzees.

The notion that parental love can be reduced to a sort of rehash of an earlier narcissism or that 'instinct status' can be assigned to hate but not to love, is a manifest distortion which could only arise in the minds of those who share Freud's notorious misunderstanding of women. It should not be forgotten that in 1905 he confessed, 'The erotic life of women is still veiled in impenetrable obscurity', and again in 1926 the sexual life of adult women is 'a dark continent for psychology'. Three months' study of maternal love (about which his ignorance was shameful) would have shown him how meagre was the empirical corroboration for his guesses.

Mr. Holbrook maintains that what the self seeks is integration, and this search arises from its own natural energy, love being the gateway to the formation of an identity—far more fruitful concepts than the fictitious universalisation of the Oedipus Complex. The primary need for the child both before and after birth is a proper interaction with its mother. Human experience begins in the womb, and grows then and after in the shadowy consciousness of relationships, wherein the child gradually distinguishes himself from his environment—a process in which love plays its part from the start.

'As a man moves towards essential isolation, he abdicates from human status and becomes less than man.' Yet Freudian psychologists aspire to a purely scientific attitude, and their aim has been more and more to treat the individual as an object. Since they misunderstood the primary nature of mother-love, it is no wonder that the candid *Psycho-analysis Observed* could only quote very low figures for anything that might remotely be described as a cure.

In David Holbrook's view, emerging relationships are as 'primary' and 'real' as outbursts of crude instinct, mother-love being the earliest and most important as the individual strives from the very start to develop his own identity. 'The wish of every man', said Martin Buber, 'is to be confirmed by men as what he is, and as what he might become'. Such an understanding of human nature could dispel much of that modern malaise, of which the most foolish side is to suppose that we can comprehend others better through I-It objectivity than through the cultivation of I-Thou relationships.

But probably nothing has served to spread this illusion more than ill-defined slogans of education. The admirable growth of education for all has popularised a number of catch-phrases which sound convincing at first hearing, and are indeed almost platitudinous, but are so general as to allow limitless application in practice.

For example, few teachers would disagree with Homer Lane's dictum that pupils should feel sure that their teachers are on their side; but in the course of his dubious career, Lane interpreted this to mean that pupils should never be faced with compulsion: in the famous window-breaking episode he even went so far as to join the alienated pupil in his protest

against authority, and by breaking a number of windows himself succeeded in undermining that protester's main motivation.

A stimulating teacher, who was much praised by Bertrand Russell and W. B. Curry, Lane must have possessed a persuasive personality, but he may also have done harm to many individual pupils, if his most recent biography is to be believed, and lasting damage to the general cause of education, as is almost certain to happen with those who believe that if you rebuke a child (even more if you punish him) you cannot still be on his side. No statistics can be available here: as in most educational issues, the psychologist who requires scientific objectivity is at a disadvantage—personal relationships are decisive.

Again, all teachers will agree that education should be 'child centred'. Obviously, schools do not exist for the sake of the governors or parents or teachers, but for the sake of the pupils, though some governing bodies in the past have behaved as if the school's main function was to provide them with a luxurious lunch; some parents have only regarded schools with favour because their offspring's incarceration ensured more peaceful periods in the home; and many teachers may be candid enough to confess to having conducted a lesson or two more for self-gratification than deliberately for the benefit of the class. Just as Socrates had no difficulty in getting Thrasymachus to admit that a ruler, *qua* ruler, must always seek the interest of his subjects, it is easy to prove that a teacher, *qua* teacher, exists in order to develop the best interests of his pupils.

But from this platitude it has been falsely inferred that in practice no restriction should be placed upon the wishes of the pupil. Froebel even went as far as to assert that the individual always wills what is best for himself, which is patently untrue if the words are taken in the sense in which some modern headmasters have taken them. The mistaken attitude is dispelled as soon as it is realised that it is impossible to 'develop the best interests' of the pupil unless he is required to perform his duties as well as to recognise his rights.

But the woolliest and most comprehensive of all the catch-phrases is the one previously mentioned, which begs the whole question from the start—i.e. self-expression. If we avoid for the moment the philosophical problem of whether such a thing as the self exists at all, and assign the normal, everyday meaning to the concept, we must allow that the 'self' contains much that is good, and much that is bad. Clearly we do not want our pupils to cultivate and express what is bad: so we return at once to square one.

In so far as 'self-expression' means to do one's own thing, to find out what one is good at, and then develop one's skill and knowledge of it, most teachers would accept the value of this aim and regard it as their major function to find out what their pupils' chief interests are, and encourage them along these lines. One of the best aspects of modern education is this wider recognition that 4/5ths of good teaching consists of encouragement. Many older people can recollect some sadistic pedagogue before whose baleful sarcasm and basilisk stare all one's tentative efforts at creative thought shrivelled to nothing. Another admirable modern improvement is

the scope given to creative imagination, which makes it a sheer joy to visit most school exhibitions, see their plays and hear their concerts.

But here again, the emphasis that now prevails in what might be called 'official', or even 'conventional', theory is so strongly in favour of expression, and so nervous of anything that could possibly be described as repression that discrimination is ruled out. Yet any educationist who does not from the start encourage a high standard as part of the pupil's conscious aim, and a sense of responsibility towards the school as a community, is a victim of the familiar illusion and is neglecting a major part of his own responsibility.

Indifference to this has already taken its toll on more than one school generation. The vital time for child-centred care is from conception to the beginning of primary education. If this need, which is noted by social workers everywhere, were made clear to all pupils at each stage of their education with half the zeal that is assigned to self-expression, fewer of these future parents would undertake as casually as they do now the creation of a new life, or break up the marriage so callously before the children grew up.

At the moment it is fashionable so unremittingly to urge primary and secondary pupils to do their own thing that the sense of duty is actively discouraged at exactly the time when the dawning sense of responsibility can be developed and when this misdirection is most likely to come back on pupils when they later become parents. The experts at the B.B.C. seem the most ill-balanced of all. I have seen endless education programmes (most of them admirably stimulating) devoted to an undiscriminating type of self-expression. I do not believe I have ever heard the word 'duty' mentioned in any of them: yet self-expression without self-control normally issues in self-assertion.

Beliefs affect actions, and it is no accident that the illusion that feeds on such over-emphasis should flourish as the influence of Christianity declines. The swing is not merely away from the traditional presentation, but, much more dangerously, away from those basic Christian attitudes and beliefs which assert not only that 'Man can do it', but that the Holy Spirit is the 'Lord and Giver of Life'; which delight in creative imagination no less than in rational inquiry; which welcome our evolutionary past, but place love in the forefront because love's ability to conquer hate is a fact of continual experience; which stand not for undiscriminating self-expression, but self-mastery through service that is perfect freedom.

Any check to the spread of our inadequate modern illusion about human nature is valuable if it helps to restore a proper balance through an essentially Christian kind of confidence in the average man.

[Dr. Antony Gilkes was High Master of St. Paul's school 1954-1962. Publications include *Independent Education* (1957), *Faith for Modern Man* (1960) and *The Impact of the Dead Sea Scrolls* (1962).]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

'THE UNNECESSARY WAR'

The X Documents by A. P. Young. Edited by Sidney Aster. Andre Deutsch. £3.50.

Much credit is due to Mr. Sidney Aster for his careful editing of these documents, which consist mainly of five secret meetings between A. P. Young, an unusual industrialist from British Thompson-Houston in Rugby and Dr. Carl Goerdeler, a Conservative and distinguished German industrialist, formerly Burgomaster of Leipzig and a central figure in German civilian opposition to Hitler. In an earlier and brilliant study, Sidney Aster analysed all the Cabinet papers, now available for the first time in a masterly book: *1939, The Making Of The Second World War;* without the knowledge so gained he could not have done justice to this second volume, to which he has written a revealing appendix.

The friendship between these two men and indeed their families, Young and Goerdeler, is a little-known story of the years leading up to 1940. Young was not only an industrialist of repute, but a pioneer in technology, and every aspect of management and social service, appointed later by Ernest Bevin to be part-time Director of Labour Supply at the Ministry of Labour. Goerdeler a judge, banker and municipal administrator who also worked for the vast Bosch organisation, was asked by Hindenburg to be Price Controller of the Reich and recommended by Bruning to be the next Chancellor. Both men were devout Christian patriots and become family friends.

Young, whom I knew in the early days of P.E.P., was introduced to Vansittart by Sir Wyndham Deedes, also a great friend of mine and, although I was a Junior Minister at the time and interviewed Rudolf Hess at the Olympic Games in 1936, I knew nothing of these secret meetings, though Goerdeler's name appears in most authoritative books of the period, such as Alan Bullock's *Hitler,* along with those of General Beck, Ulrich van Hassel, Stauffenberg, and the rest of the conspirators against Hitler, who were all murdered sooner or later.

For some months, even years, between 1937 and 1940, Goerdeler was taken seriously. Vansittart wrote in his autobiography: 'He (Goerdeler) seemed the only genuine conspirator. I admired him for his later convictions . . . German conspirators all wanted illicit rewards for fictitious exploits; but here was a genuine article, the only man with such a past that I ever liked; for Goerdeler desired the destruction of Hitler with catonian simplicity' He won the approval of Ashton-Gwatkin, Economic Counsellor to the Foreign Office, to the end; his documents were read by Lord Halifax and Anthony Eden. But others, including William Strang, Sir Orme Sargent, Sir Alexander Cadogan, were suspicious, as were also a number of journalists. For example, Strang minutes that the Goerdeler programme 'has a familiar likeness to other plans sponsored by the so-called "moderates" in Germany'. Sir Orme Sargent admitted that if there could be a revolution in Germany 'it's the biggest thing of centuries'. Finally and sadly Vansittart himself who had described Goerdeler as 'an impressive person, wise and weighty, a man of great intelligence, courage and a sincere patriot', wrote five months later, 'I take this opportunity of saying again: do not trust Dr. Goerdeler except as an occasional informant. He is quite untrustworthy and he is in with the wrong kind of person'. But why this overthrow of a formerly trusted and respected informant? Why did trust turn to scepticism and finally to disbelief? My only conclusion is that events overtook plans. The

conspirators were in my opinion genuine, but none of them had much to offer except a *promised* uprising against Hitler and a *promised* revolt from important sections of the Army.

But other things must be said. Just before the Olympic Games of 1936, when Goerdeler was re-elected Lord Mayor of Leipzig, the Nazis opposed him and demanded the removal of the monument to the Jewish composer, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Goerdeler immediately resigned. Secondly, the British Government, rightly or wrongly, compromised over Czechoslovakia and refused to take the strong line consistently advocated by Goerdeler and his friends.

KENNETH LINDSAY

HUNGARIAN REBEL

Born 1900: Memoirs by Julius Hay. Translated from the German and abridged by J. A. Underwood. Foreword by Arthur Koestler. Hutchinson. £4.25.

Julius (Gyula) Hay is one of Hungary's major dramatists, author of such plays as *God, Emperor, and Peasant,* which makes the point, in its study of King Sigismund and the Czech John Hus, that no emperor has the power that money has; *Mohács,* with the Turkish victory of 1526 in the background; and *The Horse*—the only one so far done in England—a comedy about the Emperor Caligula who made his horse a Consul.

Hay's theatrical sense is at once potent and scrupulous; but in his autobiography he says little of the plays that established one part of his fame—created originally in the 1930s. The other side of his renown derives from his work as a rebel on behalf of Hungary, which explains why today he is living in Switzerland: not an old man as we judge ages now, but a man worn by his experiences under the storm of European history.

Arthur Koestler, in a preface to the English text of this book, calls Hay, with reason, 'the romantic type of revolutionary who would have felt more at home in the last century, on the barricades of 1848'. His main crime, it seems, just before the Hungarian uprising—which all in Budapest now speak of as 'Fifty-six'—was to create (in a satire on 'the bureaucrat as a wielder of power, an exploiter of our society'), a figure called Comrade Kucsera, 'the great mistake of our history'. The Hungarian language adopted Kucsera—used both as noun and adjective—as part of its vocabulary: many people appealed urgently to the Ministry of Labour for permission to change their names. Hard upon this came the rebellion which Hay describes with extreme clarity. The pith of his book is in the sentence: 'A Communism for humanity and a Communism for Kucseras—that is the great antithesis of the years to come'.

Hay had always been a fighter. 'I and the century have marched side by side, even if one or the other of us has occasionally been a little out of step'. Naturally, future historians, in discovering why and how he was out of step, will find his book valuable. But most readers will appreciate its quality as the testament of an independent fighter with a passionate love for his country and for the beautiful city of Budapest, and with a way of remembering detail. What he called his brushes with world history, his ardours and endurances and imprisonments (in Vienna and Budapest), as a middle-class Communist intellectual, are told here without bitterness. And some famous figures cross his path, in Germany and in Russia as well as Hungary. One name only: Bertolt Brecht:

> A lot of the time we spent together [1932] was passed in silence. It was not always easy to understand what he was saying when he talked about the theatre. Every now and then I would try to express my disagreement, but I suppose I did it very clumsily and was often unclear myself. I cannot

remember whether he had already coined the terms 'alienation' and 'alienation effect' at that time; but, with or without the terms, it was always these concepts that formed the core of our discussions.

Always he felt sad after these talks: 'Must the new dramaturgy really be based on this *fear of first-hand experiences*? I could never agree. . . . Here was a great writer who kept trying to be a "meanie" at the same time'.

Personally, I am haunted most by Hay's evocation of that unpleasant character, Ernö Gerö, one of 'the pocket tyrants'. For a time successor to Rákosi in 1956 as Hungarian ruler, he was ultimately removed by 'the simple expedient of pensioning him off'. At the time the book was written, Gerö could still be seen 'old and half-blind, taking his constitutional in the streets of Budapest'. Julius Hay ends with his own release from prison in April 1960. It is a moving record of sustained intellectual independence.

J. C. TREWIN

A RECORD OF TWENTIETH CENTURY SINGING

The Grand Tradition. Seventy Years of Singing on Record. J. B. Steane. Duckworth. £10.00.

The Grand Tradition. The HMV Treasury; HLM 7026. £1.20.

This book, with the illustrative gramophone record also available, has been written to survey the history of the recorded voice since the inception of gramophone recording in 1900 until 1970, with an addendum chapter dealing with 1971. I am afraid that it has taken me an unconscionable time to read the book for review, but hope that this notice may serve to recommend both book and record as highly suitable Christmas presents for the vocal enthusiast and record collector.

Unquestionably Mr. Steane, whose knowledge is encyclopaedic, record collection enormous, and enthusiasm boundless, has done a work of great service to music lovers in general and opera lovers in particular in writing this massive work. Whether he should have attempted to produce it as a book to be read rather than as a reference work remains, however, more questionable. Undoubtedly its use as a reference book will be invaluable, and its assistance as a companion to gramophone and radio listening, particularly when historical recordings are played, immense. I am more doubtful, however, of the author's success in writing 'a book'. Inevitably, in such a survey, hundreds of singers are reviewed, and thousands of songs, arias, duets and ensembles critically inspected. Thus the poor reader is confronted with chapter upon chapter of review and analysis, so that judgments and adjectives proliferate and mental indigestion begins to set in. It is undoubtedly fascinating to find out about Tamagno, Patti, Caruso, Melba, Tetrazzini, Chaliapin, Plancon, Louise Homer, Lily Pons, Tiana Lemnitz, Helge Roswaenge, Ezio Pinza and so on, and on, and on. But this is to name only some of the best known, and the lesser figures are scrutinised with equal care. Thus readability begins to ebb, and one begins to wonder whether Mr. Steane might not have served his topic better by an alphabetical reference book of singers, with cross-references where necessary.

But he has a thesis to promulgate. The author considers the graph of singing 1900-1970 to be 'V-shaped', with the pre-electric 'greats' of the Golden Age, a hangover from the 19th century, sloping down into the depression of the electrical 78s recorded between the wars, and then sloping gradually back up to the heights of stereophonic, and indeed quadrophonic, recording we enjoy today. I suspect this theory. No question that there were 'greats' in the first decade of

this century, nor that superlative recordings of complete operas have proliferated in the last dozen or so years. On the other hand the record industry between the wars was tending to abandon its initial enthusiasm for opera and lieder and Neapolitan songs in favour of the fox-trot, the jazz band and the popular singer.

By confining his examination to the recorded repertory, the author not only shakes this thesis, but on many occasions, as sometimes even he himself is prepared to admit, does less than justice to the singers. All opera lovers know that the *frisson* of a live performance in the opera house is quite special and can only begin to be recaptured by a live performance being recorded. The studio recording with its numerous 'takes' and editing produces something quite else, admirable though that in its own way may be. One must therefore beware of accepting Mr. Steane's judgments as too final, and as one reads the book should at times bear in mind any experience one personally may have of actually having heard a particular singer in the opera house or concert hall.

With the increase of historical recordings reissued on long-playing records, this book will prove an essential, if sometimes provocative, companion to the listener. The HMV record offers a very limited selection of examples in terms of the book's totality. Inevitably one single record which relies solely on the HMV/EMI archives must be limited, but it is fascinating for all that. How marvellous to hear Verdi's first Otello, Francesco Tamagno, singing *Esultate!* from that opera in 1902; to go on to Caruso, Melba, Leider and Melchior in *Tristan und Isolde,* Chaliapin, Lotte Lehmann in Schumann, Florence Austral singing Sullivan, and to end with Kirsten Flagstad delivering Isolde's *Liebestod,* conducted by Furtwangler, in 1952. One only wishes that at this very reasonable price EMI had settled on a 3-record boxed set offering a far wider selection. Nevertheless there are riches here, and a fascinating Christmas and New Year to be spent by the music lover armed with both book and record.

DAVID FINGLETON

THE QUALITY OF RESTORATION COMEDY

Topics of Restoration Comedy. Donald Bruce. Victor Gollancz. £3.75.

It was Charles Lamb, with his large compassionate understanding of life and Literature, who said of the dissolute characters of Restoration Comedy, 'we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings—for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated—for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted, no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil . . .'

'The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues for life or death as at the battle of the frogs and mice.'

Mr. Donald Bruce takes his theme in detail, introducing one by one Congreve, Farquhar, Wycherley, Aphra Behn, Dryden, Shadwell, Etherege, Vanbrugh, Cibber and Rochester and depicting and interpreting all their strange and ludicrous posturings and attitudinisings. He explores the topics that unite them in their explorations of the one constant and abiding topic, lawlessness. 'Rochester designated himself a law unto himself in the London of 1665. He belonged to a fellowship aggressively, and perhaps luckily, bent on the destruction of its members. Their sexuality was the cosy, accommodating sexuality, though a trifle smeared, of the pigsty and the monkey-house.' He told Bishop Burnet that he was continuously drunk for five years.

The poor sick debauchee had written:

To an exact Perfection have they brought
The action Love; the passion is forgot.

Like Wycherley, Rochester was an unhappy man. 'People looked to Wycherley to set the fashion; as a kind of dancing-master to guide their movements in the artificial performances of society . . . he leads them on, none too sure of the steps himself, but lamenting and raging, at least, to a defined rhythm.'

Sir George Etherege was as disreputable as Rochester. He was thought to be one of the most disreputable ambassadors ever sent abroad, to the Hague where he lost hundreds at play and 'caressed "every dirty drab that came in his way".' He did not long survive his deposed master, James the Second.

Of Thomas Shadwell Mr. Bruce gives a sparkling account vis à vis Dryden and their famous quarrel. The author calls him—'a parish Ibsen in a scratch-wig', but his dialogue of rough comedy is forceful and convincing. Aphra Behn was the first known woman living solely as an author and professed something of the present-day 'Women's Lib'. Her satirical vein is sour and watchful but her writings excel in cynical grace and cadence, ludicrous invention and witty incident.

The thought of the Romantic Recovery of Restoration of Love will for most people be associated with an age of vice and abandonment. Dr. Bruce leaves us his debtor.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SCHOOLS OF CRITICISM

Sexual Alienation in the Cinema. Raymond Durgnat. Studio Vista. £4.50.
All My Yesterdays. Edward G. Robinson. W. H. Allen. £3.50.
A Heritage of Horror. David Pirie. Gordon Fraser. Hard cover £3.00 Soft cover £1.50.

There can be said to be two schools of film criticism prevalent at the present time. One, which could be described as 'School of Shipman', produces film criticism in a palatable and easy to read form. The second, 'School of Durgnat', is by no means as easy to digest. The intellectual mastication involves a considerable amount of effort by the reader and involves disentangling such thoughts as 'From a Kleinian angle, the film's spiritual protagonists might be schematised as (1) a baby narcissism seeking gratification and appeasement and (2) oral eroticism—desire for the breast (woman) with genital primacy a resolution of the two (phallus as narcissistic breast) which needs a further movement outwards'. Which school will prove more durable is a matter which only time will prove.

In this latest book, Mr. Durgnat, Professor of Film at the Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, expands on his earlier book *Eros in the Cinema.* The quotation I have used is taken from his consideration of Fellini-Satyricon which, together with *Oedipus Rex,* takes up much of the first half of the book. Quite apart from the well-known implications of the latter film, Fellini's later work has become a compilation of dreams, memory, suggestion and fantasy, and both provide Mr. Durgnat with a lush pasture in which to graze and in which he sates himself. The films which he covers in the first part are indeed various. He very properly takes in the currently unfashionable Samuel Fuller's *Naked Kiss* and *Shock Corridor* as well as the neglected *Lilith* and that pair of popular socio-erotic pieces of the sixties, *What's New, Pussycat?* and *The Graduate.* He also considers one or two films which do not add much to his thesis, such as *Deadlier than the Male.*

The second half of the book is devoted to the underground cinema and as the blurb says, 'the author also explores the search for a liberated sexual set of sexual mores and the search for a new society . . .' Which is what he was doing in the first part anyway. Much of the second half is an attempt to relate the various films and attitudes to the commercial cinema. One of Mr. Durgnat's great strengths is that he provides an opinion but does not attempt to ram it down the reader's throat as the definitive version. For example, he acknowledges the ambiguous ending of *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* as equivocal whereas many a commentator has written *this* is what happened. The writing is often amusing and the book is copiously illustrated from the films with curiously labelled stills. Unfortunately there is no index.

As a film autobiography, *All My Yesterdays* is sadly disappointing. Edward G. Robinson, that doyen of the gangster film, together with a visible ghost, Leonard Spigelgass, recounts his childhood in Bucharest and his career in the theatre and the cinema in America up to the time of his divorce from the actress Gladys Lloyd. Everything is rather coy. This itself is an antidote to the second half of the previous book, but the continual writing of lines such as 'If you film buffs suspect I've skipped a picture I made called *Dark Hazard* you're so right!' eventually becomes tiresome. This is all the more surprising because Spigelgass, who provides an Epilogue which is the best part of the book, has written a number of screenplays, books and plays in his own right.

Halfway between the Durgnat-Shipman schools comes David Pirie who incorporates the best of both in his book *A Heritage of Horror*. This review of the English Gothic cinema from 1946 to 1972 is lucid, comprehensive and thoroughly readable. He considers the beginnings of the *genre* in Gothic literature and carefully traces the beginnings of the Hammer horror film, paying particular attention to the master director Terence Fisher, who adopted the mantle of Tod Browning and James Whale. For anyone interested in the gothic film in particular and the English cinema in general, this book is indispensable.

JAMES MORTON

THE WILDER SHORES OF PSYCHOTHERAPY

Free to Feel. Jerome Liss. Wildwood House. £3.75.

Dr. Jerome Liss conducts us on a tour to the wilder shores of psychotherapy. The embarkation point of the psychotour is the observation that: 'People are unhappy. They are unhappy alone. They are unhappy with their "loved ones".' And it is out of unhappiness, dissatisfaction, that what he calls collectively the 'New Therapies', to which he offers this essentially practical guide, have been evolved. Basically, their purpose is to provide 'an open-ended method for people to interact and grow.' How? By, we are told, concentrating on three structuring principles: emotional frankness, self-initiative and bodily awareness. Dr. Liss insists that mutual respect for individual differences and for each person's self-initiative is a hall-mark of the new therapies. Their ethic is to shift the power of decision-making away from the central authority (therapist, group leader, boss or parent) and make it a shared decision. An important objective is to disclose vulnerability, and this involves the ancillary processes of discovery and communication.

In a nutshell: traditional psychotherapy works out 'inappropriate affect' or 'unrealistic feelings'. The new therapies restore the capacity to feel. Traditional psychotherapy emphasises insight through talk-out. The new therapies emphasise function, through talk *and action*. Therefore, each new therapy refers to a method paramounting a human function. There is the person-to-person contact

of *Encounter*, the body enlivening techniques of *Bio-energetics, Neo-Reichian Touch Therapy, Primal Scream Therapy, Lowen Expressive Therapy*, and *Psychodrama*. Dr. Liss explains the methods, rationale and purpose of each of these and many others. All employ body-orientated, role-playing and fantasy methods to revivify problems and create solutions. The new therapies are to the old therapy as is the bespoke suit to the mass-tailored three-piece. All this is scarcely as acceptable to mainstream psychotherapy as is, say, Laingian theory to psychiatry, but its doctrine of negotiation, especially when it is so persuasively argued as in this book, is certainly worthy of a serious hearing.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Libya the Elusive Revolution (Penguin Books. 70p; USA $2.95). Ruth First, born and educated in South Africa, has become mainly associated in her political activity and publications with the African cause in the South. Now, in this important book, she moves north to survey Colonel Gadafi's Libya from historical, economic and political viewpoints. She strives to be objective as possible and the textual references point to the considerable research put into this study. She has also visited Libya four times since the revolution in September 1969 when Gadafi and his Revolutionary Command Council seized power. His aim is Arab unity and the construction within Libya of an Islamic socialist society, rejecting both capitalism and western socialism, with 'his own ideological compound of nationalism, religion and social reform'. Miss First presents Gadafi as a dedicated, ruthless and sincere man, with a 'cryptic self-spun philosophy', not fully informed and curiously naïve. 'His view of the world is uncomplicated by any real knowledge of it'. Her chapter on the economic environment is not very encouraging. The country's vast oil revenues have not yet been adequately directed towards the foundation of an industrial and agricultural economy independent of oil which is likely to last only a generation. Planning inefficiencies and Arab inertia are two of the problems. As it is, 'there has been almost no industrialisation. There is no financial or industrial bourgeosie; only a dispersed and fragmented commercial class that sells to the internal market'. Nonetheless, Miss First is confident that the attempts to diversify the economy will be successful, though like a foreign transplant.

The First Four Georges (Hamlyn. £3.95). Professor J. H. Plumb's well-known survey of the Georgian period, 1714-1830, was first published in 1956. It has now been revised and republished in a lavishly illustrated edition of coffee table proportions. The illustrations consist of 183 in black and white and 24 in colour. They are largely reproductions of contemporary prints, drawings and paintings. Professor Plumb's text certainly requires no illustrations. It is complete and a delight to read entirely on its own. Indeed, the text makes no reference to them. They are a complementary balancing feature illustrating the period and they will be greatly appreciated.

Our World Today (New Caxton Library Service Ltd. £8.00). This is a supplementary volume to *History of the Twentieth Century*. It is a reissue in book form of the contents of a weekly magazine published by Purnell. The Editor is A. J. P. Taylor and contributors include Asa Briggs, Sir Roy Harrod and Colin Ronan.

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